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POST

10

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THE MEANING OF THE SELMA MARCH

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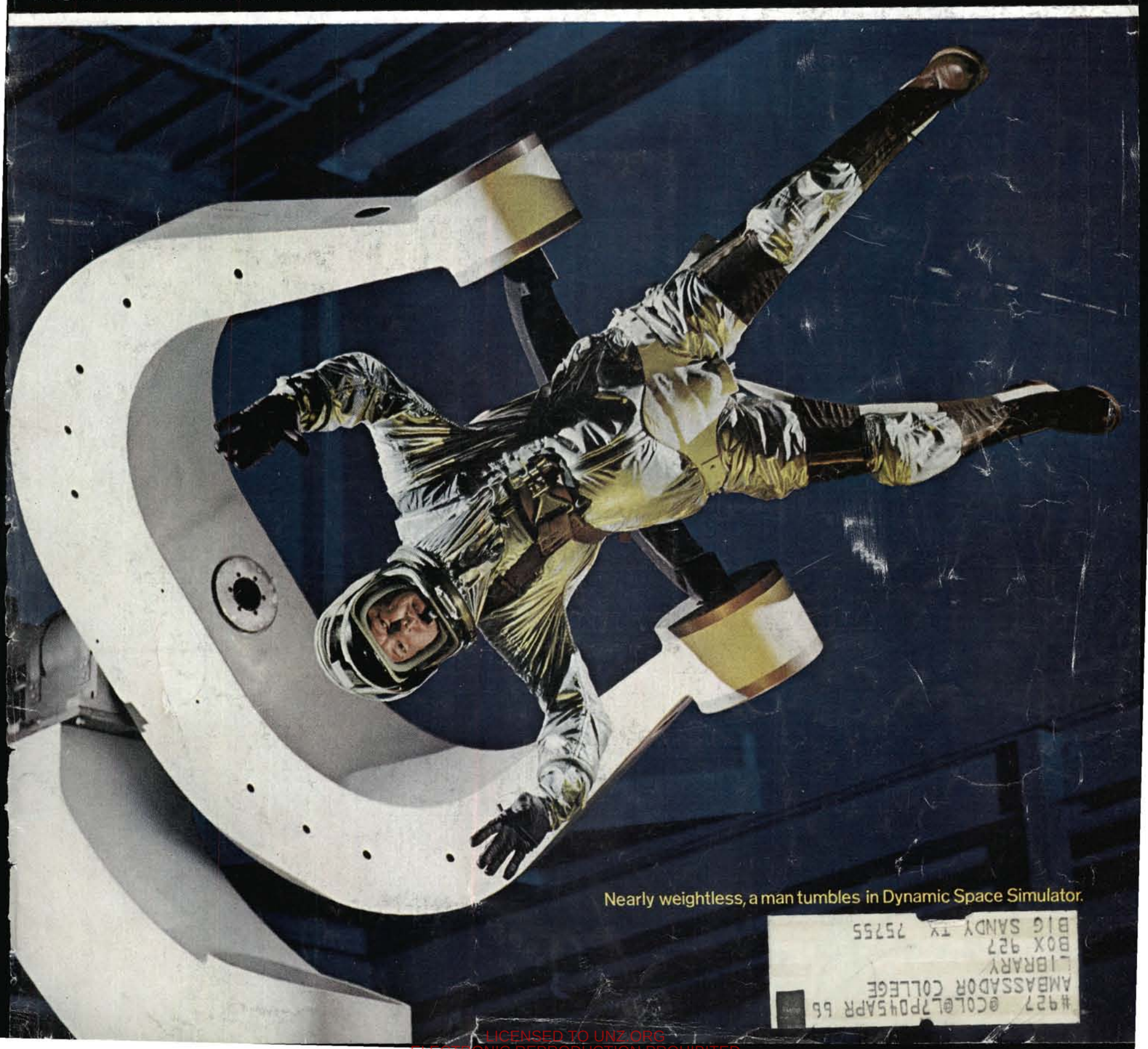

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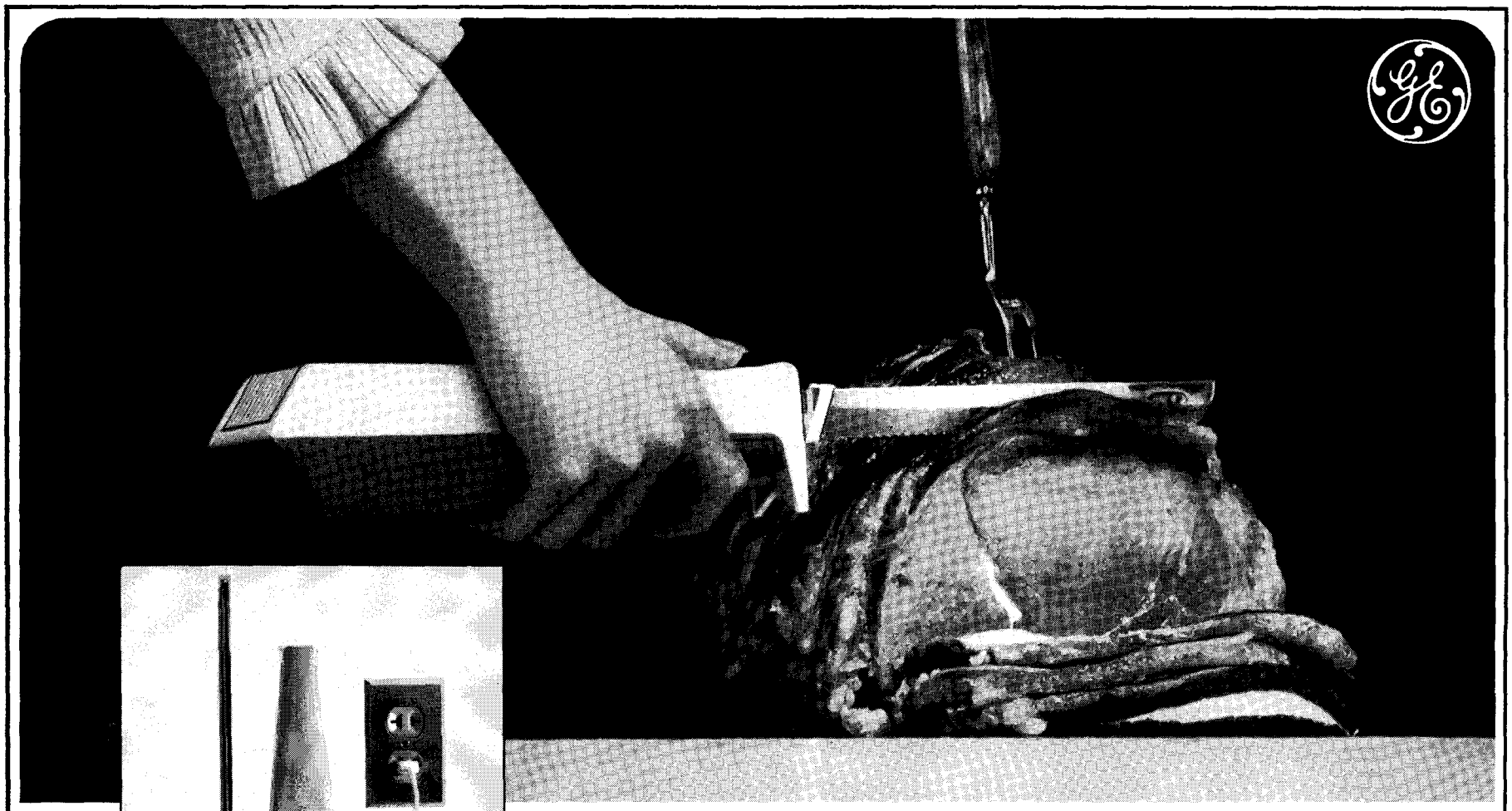

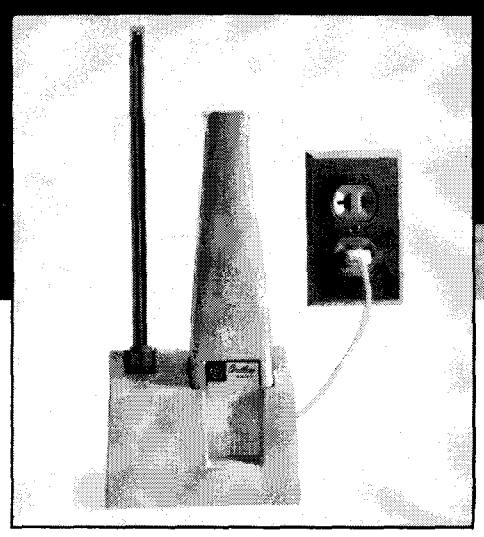

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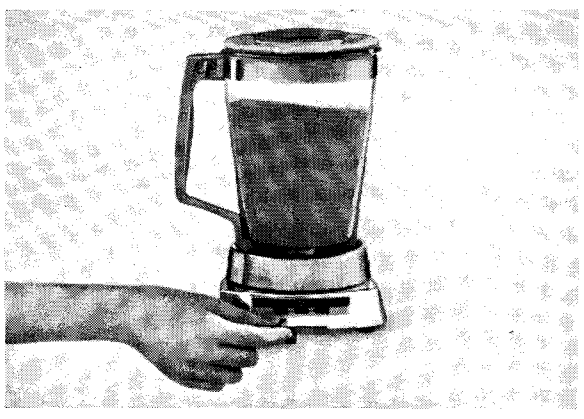
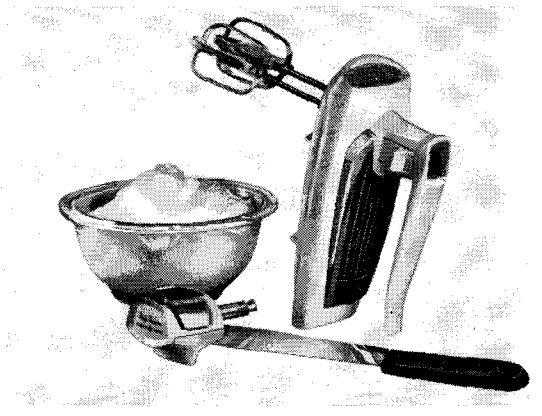
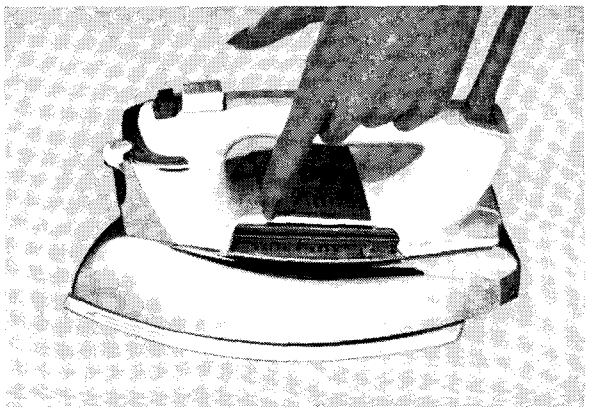


General Electric Deluxe Blender is only 10½ inches high. Stores easily. Grates, chops, purees, aerates.



General Electric Portable Mixer—mixes even heavy batters. Detachable cord. Optional knife sharpener.



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POST

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About this issue

Roger Vaughan (left) and John Zimmerman.

Learning about the rigors of space travel for HOW MUCH CAN YOU TAKE? (page 32) was more than just another reporting job. Assistant photography editor ROGER VAUGHAN, who wrote the article, and photographer JOHN ZIMMERMAN spent three days in physiology classes and then endured tests in an ejection-seat simulator and various disorientation devices. Finally they flew in 37 parabolic flights, where they worked in a weightless environment. The assignment took six months, and they came through in good shape. . . . W. C. HEINZ and BARD LINDEMAN, both graduates of Middlebury College, have been friends since 1949, but covering the Selma march was the first time they ever collaborated on an article. . . . ROBERT WERNICK, author of *The Drinking Man's Diet*, first appeared in *The Post* last February 13 with THE WORLD'S BIGGEST GAMBLER. / Cover photo by JOHN ZIMMERMAN.

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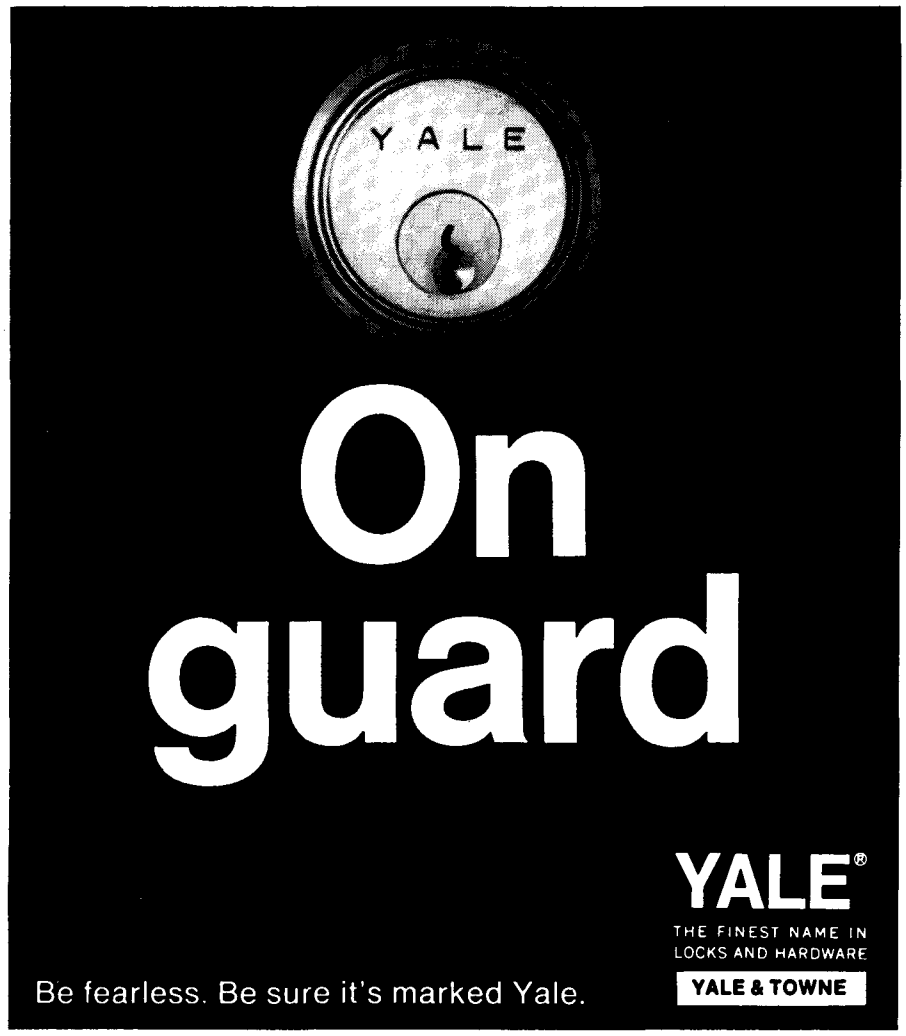

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Letters

The American minister

The analysis by Harold H. Martin of the American minister [April 24] is without question the most accurate and illuminating that has ever been done on the life and work of Protestant clergymen in either a secular or a religious publication.

[THE REV.] HENRY A. MCCANNA
National Council of Churches
New York, N.Y.

• It was so truthful and honest that I suddenly realized how tired I had become. Mr. Martin demonstrates much human understanding of the "human" found in the clergyman, for sainthood is not easily found, nor is it easily given.

REV. ROBERT D. GRUENBERG
Triune Evangelical Lutheran Church
Cleveland, Ohio

• Yes, all this about inadequacy is true. I have felt it, too. But it's necessary. The moment we stop feeling inadequate, we are no longer God's *man* in the pulpit, but God Himself.

[THE REV.] ANDRE BUSTANOBY
Arlington Memorial Church
Arlington, Va.

• The article really takes one inside the mind and ministry of today's pastor. Every church member should have an opportunity to read it and get to know his pastor—perhaps for the first time.

H. VICTOR KANE
American Baptist Convention
Valley Forge, Pa.

• To be a minister requires much work and a lifetime commitment, but it does not require the Suffering Servant posture which the author was determined to impose on those he interviewed.

WILLIAM L. DAY, *Seminarian,*
Episcopal Theological School
Cambridge, Mass.

• Small wonder that congregations are lukewarm and apathetic when ministers preach politics and sociology. If ministers would again teach the Bible and tell its ageless story of sin and salvation, they would see eager listeners filling their pews. The clergy's special function is not to correct social evils, but to show how God's redeeming love can cure the sin-sick soul and change the human heart.

PRISCILLA C. TOWNSEND
Youngstown, Ohio

• The ministers of whom you write are nearly all those of conservative churches. I wish that you had included a few Unitarian-Universalist ministers. I think that you would find a different outlook on their part toward their profession.

You mention one Unitarian minister, the Rev. James J. Reeb, as having left his congregation to go to Selma. Mr. Reeb had no congregation. He was a social worker in a poor district in Boston.

GEORGE MELCHER
Nashua, N.H.

• . . . A thought keeps recurring in my mind which I once heard from another Protestant minister: "Although we ministers are usually twice as busy as our people think, we are usually only half as busy as we ourselves think we are."

[THE REV.] PAUL H. KNUTSEN
St. John Lutheran Church
Mosinee, Wis.

Broadway bomb

HAS ANYBODY HERE SEEN KELLY? Writer Lewis H. Lapham [April 24] certainly did, and so did I. Mr. Lapham's reporting and diary of this "instant turkey" should have been titled A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE THEATER. Messrs. Levine, Susskind and Melnick would do well to consider Mr. Lapham's story for a musical book. Only please, in Act Five, let's have a happy ending.

TOM TRAINOR
New Salem, Mass.

• The theater doesn't need this kind of "exposure." What earthly good does it do to rehash mistakes and place blame? Those of us who work in the theater know the odds when we sign contracts. Nobody sets out to fail. The most knowledgeable practitioners goof.

Much more loot is invested in oil wells which are dry, trips to the moon which never come off, wars which never pay off. Why advertise the figures for a play which bombs? It was meant to elevate and entertain. It went for a worthy cause. In short "be big and forget it."

ANNE JACKSON AND ELI WALLACH
New York, N.Y.

Vietnam

U.S. Senator Frank Church is right when he says WE SHOULD NEGOTIATE A SETTLEMENT IN VIETNAM [April 24]; that "we only deceive ourselves when we pretend that the struggle in Vietnam is not a civil war. . . . That the government of North Vietnam has deeply involved itself in support, or even direction, of the rebellion in the South doesn't make the war any less a civil war."

Stewart Alsop, in THE MEANING OF THE DEAD, is right in showing that the U.S. can win the war, but leaves out the all-important question, "Why? Why are we fighting the Vietnamese peasants?" Because they are Communists? That's nonsense; they're Communists only because we've hung the label on them.

ROBERT SHILLAKER
La Crescenta, Calif.

• What a contrast on the war in Vietnam offered by Mr. Alsop and Senator Church. But there must be a victory, whether by negotiating or by the bayonet. This is no civil war; it is a war of free men against the unrelenting tyranny of Communism.

The simple fact that the leftists in America cannot see is that the Communist plan for world conquest is external encirclement of the United States plus internal demoralization; Vietnam is a dot on the rim of encirclement.

BEN H. MCCURRY JR., LT. AGC USA
Ft. Benjamin Harrison, Ind.

• If proof were needed that the worst part of war is its murderously corrosive effect on men's minds, one would only have to read Stewart Alsop's horrifying article THE MEANING OF THE DEAD. Mr. Alsop incredibly is actually asking us to find encouragement and comfort in the fact that 17,000 Viet Cong soldiers were killed as against "only" 7,000 South Vietnamese!

RABBI ALEXANDER GRAUBART
Long Branch, N.J.

• The 1954 agreement at the Geneva Conference, which we carried out in good faith, was violated by the Communists, as were the Korean and Laotian armistices. Shouldn't we wait for some evidence of their good faith before hustling to the conference table again with our accustomed alacrity?

TIMOTHY B. NORBECK
Milwaukee, Wis.

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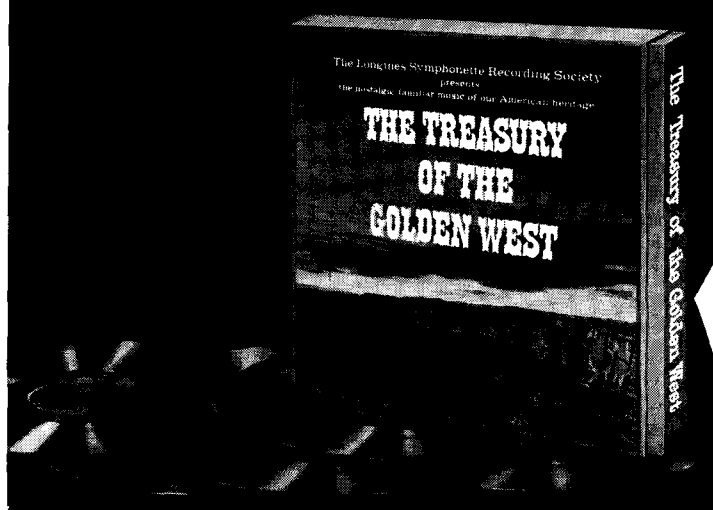

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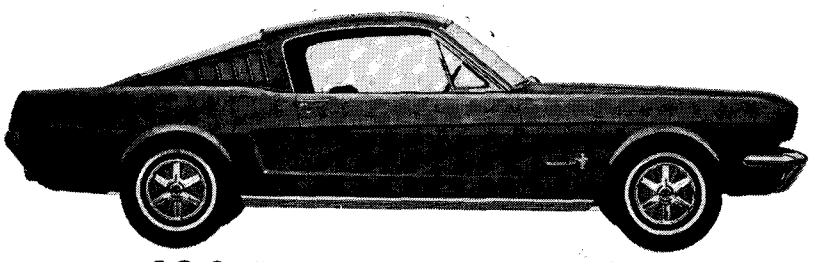

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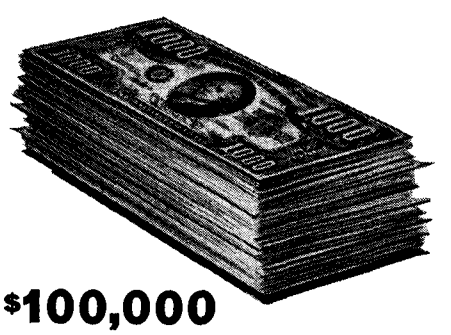

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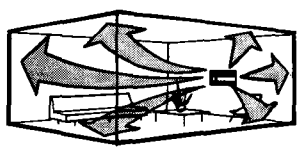

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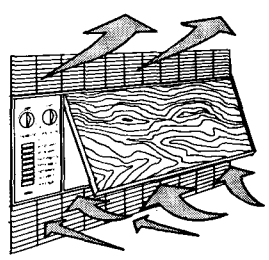

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Letters

Teen-age drinking

My compliments to Bill Davidson on a fine job. If his article, TEEN-AGE DRINKING [April 10], starts people thinking, as I believe it will, a lot of good will be done.

GOV. JOHN DEMPSEY
Hartford, Conn.

• Does Davidson really believe that the ill effects of suppression are cured best by more suppression? The real cause of the trouble he was most careful not to mention: our idiotic laws. A young man of 18, according to the law, is old enough to marry and to father children; he is also old enough to die for his country; but a beer he cannot have. Only because drinking is prohibited does it become a tool and a focus for rebellion, which means consumption to excess. And the necessity of having to become a lawbreaker to obtain what in saner societies is available as a matter of course does not produce moderation either.

PETER W. SPERLICH
Berkeley, Calif.

• In my case, I must disagree with Dr. George Maddox, quoted as saying, "Teen-age drinking usually follows the old adage 'Like father, like son.'" My teen-age sister and I have chosen not to drink because we have seen our father drink "excessively and compulsively." We'll not make fools of ourselves just because our father does.

AN OKLAHOMA SUBSCRIBER

• As a teen-ager myself, I'd like to comment on your article. One sentence sums up the reason—"Today's youngsters have never known a world at peace." We don't know how long we or the world will live. The pressures on us from all sides are immense. I think drinking is a sign of immaturity, but it is one release from tension, however many better ones there may be, and I don't blame any teen-ager who drinks.

TRACY ADAMS
Brookline, Mass.

• I just turned 16 and I do not drink; I do not smoke; I do not date too much. You never hear of good teen-agers, only of the bad ones, who are definitely in the minority. Please! Any self-respecting teen-ager gets sick and tired of reading about how horrible his fellow teen-agers are. It's bad enough to drive one to drink.

JANE WELTY
Berea, Ohio

Religion in government

I am not as enraptured with the "glimpse into the inner workings of a great man" as Mrs. Ann D. Robertson (LETTERS, April 24, in reference to LYNDON JOHNSON'S RELIGION by John Bird, March 27). He may be a great man, but for reasons other than that he deliberately parades his godliness with "prayer breakfasts" and the proposed "Memorial to God." No, a greater man would evince a greater sense of propriety from the knowledge that true religion is a sacred, exclusive, inviolable personal matter, and no one else's business.

Are we not constitutionally entitled to less religion in government and to a government less obsessed with it?

R. L. GREENE
Amherst, Mass.

The appraiser

What came through to me crystal clear in Malcolm Wood's story, THE APPRAISER [April 10], was the author's sensitivity to and acceptance of man's need for other human beings. I found the story's reaffirmation of trust was, for me, a spiritually uplifting experience. Thank you.

ROSALIND DWORKIN
Albany, Calif.

• If Malcolm Wood is typical of today's college instructors, someone had better rescue the young people who look to the faculty for standards of behavior. In his story he writes tenderly of a 19-year-old girl who travels around with a fellow, sleeping in one of two sleeping bags laid out inside the boy's station wagon. They're not married—just busy taking photographs of waterfowl.

ALMA D. KAPLAN
New York, N.Y.

Coming soon...in The Post

The mess in Massachusetts

A major report on the scandals in the Kennedys' home state

THE HUMAN COMEDY:

Can the Astros play Beethoven?

50 YEARS AFTER HIS FIRST 'POST' STORY

Fiction by P. G. WODEHOUSE

A SCHOOL WHERE CHILDREN TEACH THEMSELVES

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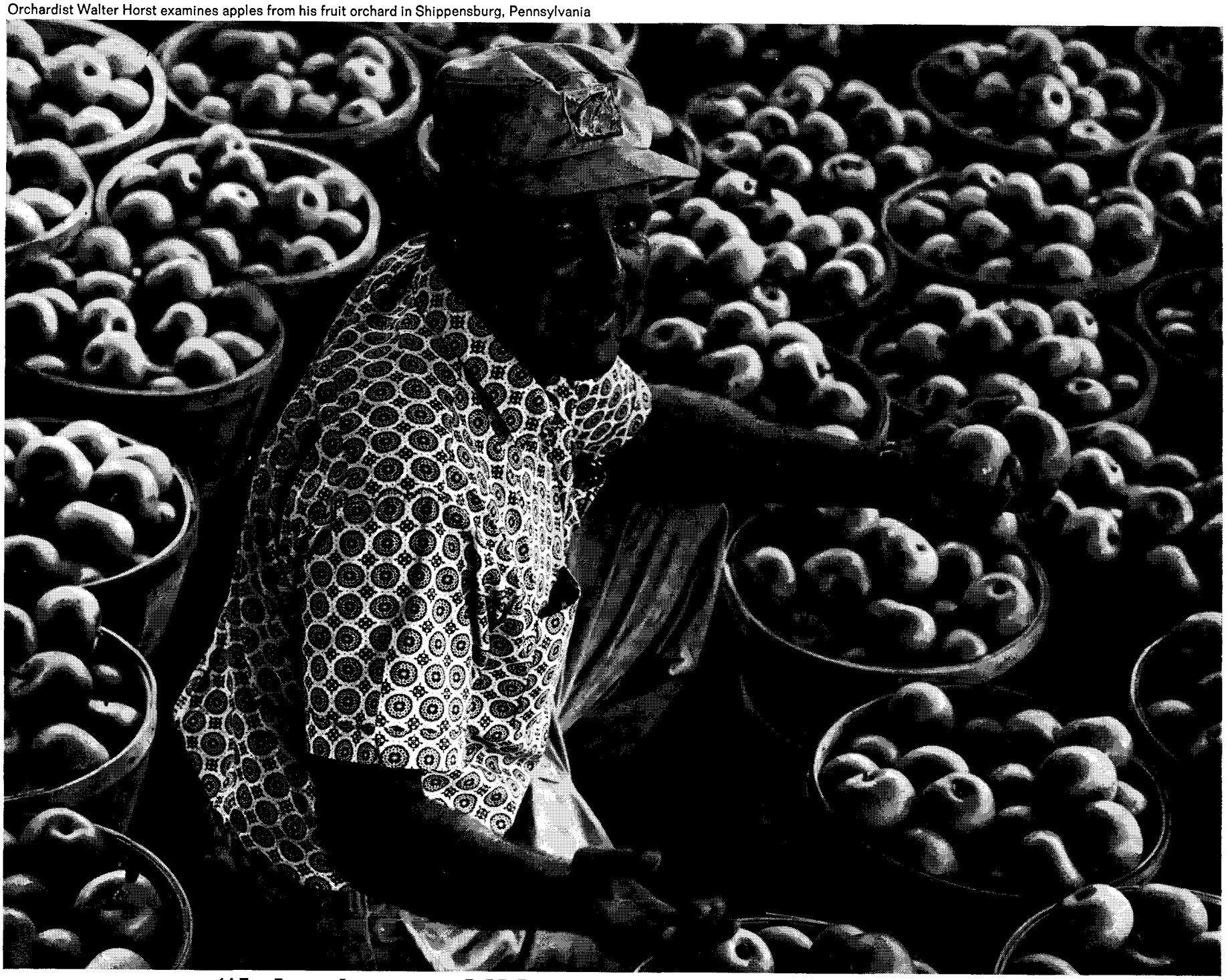
Orchardist Walter Horst examines apples from his fruit orchard in Shippensburg, Pennsylvania



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"That's what I said till a MONY man showed me how I could build a nest egg and protect my family when I got married!"

Walter Horst talks it over with Graydon Schlichter

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"Later on I did get married and started to raise a family. Then I got my own orchard. Graydon's been advising me all along and I've been adding to the plan. Harriette—that's my wife—and our 5 children have nothing to worry about if anything happens to me... they'll be able to keep the orchard going.

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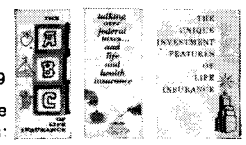

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J. Paul Getty, the richest living American and probably the richest man in the world, started his vast oil empire at 21 and made his first million at 23. In an earlier venture, at age 12, "I used to collect copies of THE POST to sell every week in offices and homes."

The world is mean to millionaires

By J. Paul Getty

Never have the burdens of wealth been greater than they are today, and never have its rewards been slimmer. Rich people once lived in a world apart; today almost the only difference between the multimillionaire and the reasonably well-to-do man earning $15,000 to $25,000 a year is that the millionaire works harder, relaxes less, is burdened with greater responsibilities and is exposed to the constant glare of publicity.

The greatest difference lies in the exposure to publicity. As soon as this is published, I know my mail will increase from an average low of 50 letters a day to 300, 400 or even 1,000. My two secretaries will be working overtime for weeks dealing with long letters from complete strangers, usually written in crabbed, almost indecipherable handwriting, and headed "Dear Paul"—so that they *might* conceivably be from old friends, long lost sight of. Some will be from cranks and religious maniacs, urging me to give away my riches for the good of my soul; but mostly they'll be from people who genuinely need—or at any rate claim to need—financial assistance for themselves or their families, or from perfectly well-to-do people who wish me to contribute to their pet charities. A few, like one I received recently, will demand "one million dollars by return mail since you have so much of the stuff."

I have received up to 2,000 letters a day. Obviously, if I read them all, I'd have time for nothing else. And if I acted on them, I'd be bankrupt very quickly. Calculating the average request at $500, with an average of 200 letters a day, I would hand out about $100,000 a day for the rest of my life if I obliged every request for funds that is imposed on me.

I want to make it clear that I don't resent this state of affairs. I accept it as part of the penalty of being rich and known. I don't resent such publicity as comes my way. On the contrary, I feel that throughout my life the press has been overwhelmingly fair, even friendly to me. Like the publicity, the letters are part of the price I pay for being a millionaire. I hate rudeness, but I can't reply personally to all the letters I receive. So I have a polite printed reply, a "Mr. Getty regrets," which my secretaries use in most cases.

But this is not to say that I am indifferent to all the unwanted attention. Indeed, it often annoys me. Perhaps it's the lack of consideration of the well-to-do solicitors for charities that irks me most: It doesn't seem to occur to these people that I, too, have charities I'm interested in, and that I'd never dare to do indiscriminate fund-raising among acquaintances of mine, let alone total strangers. As Groucho Marx once said, in an unforgettable hotel-lobby scene: "Boy, what are you shouting my name for? Do I go around shouting your name?"

The charity solicitors, and those who write straightforward begging letters, display an elementary ignorance of the basic financial facts of life which is almost touching. They seem to think that all my wealth is in cash, ready for distribution. It never occurs to them that, as an active businessman, I invest my money, or that I'm in competition, in the oil business, with some of the world's largest corporations. Even successful corporations have to borrow money for expensive, essential development, and no successful corporation, to my knowledge, has ever had a surplus of liquid cash. Why should these people assume that I do?

I first became aware of the penalties of being rich when my father died. I was 37. My father's affairs had never been publicized during his lifetime, and he died a very wealthy man. The size of his estate was commented on in the press. The effect was instantaneous. My mother, Sarah Catharine Getty, his widow, then aged 78, received hundreds of proposals of marriage from total strangers from all over the world. Acquaintances who had never paid particular attention to me would come up and say, "You related to that rich oil man who died the other day?" When I explained, they'd say, "You mean to say he was your *father?*" and I could see in their eyes a sinister glint that hadn't been there before. Constant exposure to this sort of thing has, I suppose, made me wary of the "old friend" who calls up, just because—or so I first suppose—he is glad to see me. I am glad to see him, but I become depressed when I realize that he doesn't really want to see me at all: What he wants is a loan. I have become gun-shy about such people, to the extent of never carrying on my person any sizable amounts of cash.

If I were convinced that by giving away my fortune I could make a real contribution toward solving the problems of world poverty, I'd give away 99.5 percent of all I have immediately. But a hard-eyed appraisal of the situation convinces me this is not the case. The best form of charity I know is the act of meeting a payroll. If I turned over my entire fortune to a charitable foundation, would it do any more good than I do with it? The answer is no. However admirable the work of the best charitable foundation, it would accustom people to the passive acceptance of money—and incidentally deprive of their jobs thousands of hard-working people associated with me.

I disagree, now more than ever, with Scott Fitzgerald's often-quoted remark to Ernest Hemingway: "The rich are different from us." Take the case of the man earning $20,000 a year and compare him with the multimillionaire. Looking at them, more often than not, you simply can't tell the difference. They wear the same clothes, drive the same cars, and live in more or less the same style. In fact, most multimillionaires I've known have been rather frugal in their personal expenditure. I doubt whether many of them spend more on groceries than the man with $10,000 a year. The limousine was once a status symbol. It isn't any longer. Neither are yachts, private planes or world tours. Look at the hundreds of thousands of Americans today who own small yachts (the only kind worth having, in my view) or fly private planes or travel round the world.

One of the few status symbols left to the really rich is art collecting, but even in this field the true value of the picture isn't necessarily in its price. I can prove my point: the best picture I ever acquired was a Raphael, picked up in a sale for $112. Not many modern painters will acquire Raphael's stature, but a small investment in a picture can get

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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you a great picture, if you have taste and a certain amount of luck. The connoisseurs who recognized the genius of Jackson Pollock before he became famous did not only acquire great paintings. They also made a fortune.

When I was a boy, multimillionaires owned huge steam yachts, with large crews. I had one—until 1936. It gave me so much trouble I felt I was in the shipping business. If I ever buy a yacht again, it'll be a small one I can handle—and enjoy handling—myself. As far as I'm concerned, the transatlantic liner of today is more comfortable than the most luxurious private yacht, and the scheduled airliner as comfortable as—and a good deal safer than—the most expensive private plane.

Since multimillionaires have been stripped of so many status symbols and must live very much as other people do, they should, I think, be entitled to the same courtesies. If I go to a doctor, I should be charged the regular fee. If I go to a hotel, I should pay the standard charge for a room. And when I tip, I shouldn't be expected to tip more than the average man. It's rude and inconsiderate to overtip. It only makes things difficult—and embarrassing—for people who are not as rich as I am.

But can really rich people live completely normal lives? It isn't easy. Speaking personally, I find it necessary to insulate myself so I can keep away from professional hangers-on—and I've got awfully good at spotting them. I'm always slightly wary about meeting strangers. Most of my social life revolves round old friends whom I know really well. Not all of them are wealthy—but none of them is obsessed with money. For some years, in Paris, I lived in a hotel room, partly because a hotel provides the same kind of protection from strangers as that afforded by a fleet of servants in a mansion.

I must concede that I'm not overcharged systematically, but some restaurants do inflate my bill, and so do some hotels—and a doctor or two. When that happens, I retaliate very simply by crossing the place, or the specialist, off my list. It isn't quite so easy to cope with the unwarranted attention given to little things I do, especially if money is involved. There was this business of the pay phone I had installed in my country house in England to be used by my guests. When *I'm* staying with friends and have to make long-distance calls, I make a point of making them from a pay phone in the nearest town or village. I had the pay phone installed in my place because I knew that guests preferred it that way. It saved them the trouble of settling with me afterward, or of attempting to pay for their phone calls. It saved them trouble. And yet a spate of letters and cartoons resulted. You might have thought I was pathologically inclined, instead of taking the simple, rational step.

Just as a millionaire has to be wary about hangers-on, he has to be wary about the feminine company he keeps. This is where the rich man is penalized enormously for being rich. The penalty he pays for divorce makes many a rich man unwilling to marry in the first place. Whereas it's generally assumed that the multimillionaire should pay no more than the next man for a meal, a hotel room or a doctor's bill, it's regarded as normal for a judge in an American divorce court to impose the maximum settlement the husband can afford. Old-established family fortunes, usefully invested for the benefit of society, have been broken by excessive divorce judgments. The multimillionaire who marries is always possible prey. His wife may not be the classic gold-digger, but she may become neurotically intent on obtaining the maximum settlement, either to humiliate her husband or as a kind of revenge. And lawyers will egg her on and encourage her wildest demands.

We all know of women who make life unbearable for their husbands, in little ways which can never be proved in court. I find it incredible that such women can obtain millions of dollars for having suffered the misfortune of being married to multimillionaires. It is offensive that the more spendthrift and extravagant such a woman has been during her marriage, the more she can legitimately claim as being commensurate to her standard of living. I also find it strange that a woman can claim huge sums of money earned by her husband's creative talent and without her help during their marriage.

Most very rich people who end up in the divorce courts have very unpleasant experiences, and this is perhaps why millionaires often marry women who have money of their own, and generally mix with people of comparable incomes. There is less risk of an unpleasant situation arising. Most ordinary wives have nothing to gain from divorce. In the case of the millionaire, women have every incentive to behave unscrupulously.

With all these problems, why bother to become a millionaire in the first place? In my case, I inherited a certain amount of wealth and was determined to use this wealth constructively. I take a certain pride in running a corporation, if not more successfully than other people, at any rate just as successfully as most. I could have turned all my assets into liquid cash, instead of working at the drilling business as I do, an average of 12 hours a day—longer hours, incidentally, than your average-income business executive or salary earner. But that, to my mind, would have been running up the white flag and admitting that the responsibilities were too much for me. And I've never felt tempted to give my fortune away to buy my way into a better mood. There are people, of course, who have been destroyed, physically and morally, by their wealth. The same people, born poor, would probably have become alcoholics or thieves.

Though our rewards may be small, we are, if our society is to remain in its present form, essential to the nation's prosperity. We provide others with incentives which would not exist if we were to disappear. As active businessmen, we find it useful to have money simply because a tolerable margin of financial security makes for increased efficiency and competitiveness. If I were not using my fortune usefully, I would have little justification for having it in the first place. And if you then took it away, it wouldn't make all that much difference to me. At least I wouldn't be getting all those letters.

J. Paul Getty

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The Soviet spymasters

WASHINGTON:

Every once in a while an American who has been recruited into a Soviet spy net gets caught—like Robert Thompson, whose peculiar story begins in this issue of *The Post*, or Sgt. Jack Dunlap, whose story was told in *The Post* last year. But little or nothing has been revealed about the professional Soviet spymasters who recruit and control the Soviet espionage networks in this country. Certain interesting facts about the Soviet espionage apparatus in the United States can now be reported.

Reporting these facts may help to even the score a bit between the new chief of the Central Intelligence Agency, Vice Adm. W. F. Raborn Jr., and his Soviet opposite number, Vladimir Semichastny, chief of the formidable KGB. In the nature of things, Semichastny has a big head start on Raborn. Semichastny, still in his early 40's, has been in the cloak-and-dagger business all of his adult life, while Raborn, a pleasant-mannered man of 59, is new to the business. But Semichastny's real advantage over Admiral Raborn lies in the difference between the closed Soviet society and the open American society.

Nothing that could conceivably embarrass the work of Semichastny's organization for foreign espionage ever appears in print in the Soviet Union. By contrast, the CIA has now become the whipping boy of a large section of the American press, while no less than four novels in which the CIA plays the role of villain have been published in the last few weeks.

Like his predecessors, Admiral Raborn is powerless to staunch the flow of facts and non-facts about the CIA. Typical of the non-facts is the notion that the CIA was principally responsible for the tragic assassination of South Vietnam's president Diem. This is a main theme of Morris West's best-selling potboiler, *The Ambassador*—and it is totally untrue.

As for the facts, which are much more damaging to intelligence operations, a choice collection is to be found in *The Invisible Government*, a less recent best-seller by David Wise and Thomas Ross. Wise and Ross are extremely competent reporters—too competent. They somehow discovered and printed, for example, the names of a number of CIA secret operatives. For this sort of thing they would certainly have been imprisoned in England or France and summarily executed in the Soviet Union.

To even the score a bit, there follow the names of a number of the KGB's chief operatives, past and present, in the United States. The list starts with the name of Pavel Lukyanov. Mr. Lukyanov has the rank of Counselor in the Soviet Embassy. He is an unremarkable-looking man—five feet ten, gray eyes, medium build, brown hair brushed straight back. But he has a remarkable job. He is the "station chief," or No. 1 man, in the KGB's espionage apparatus in this country. The KGB station chief in Washington certainly outranks in importance every other KGB agent abroad, except possibly the station chief in Peking. As this pre-eminence suggests, Mr. Lukyanov, at 39, has had a notably successful career in his chosen field.

Mr. Lukyanov has from the start specialized exclusively in espionage against the United States. After suitable training by the KGB, he arrived in New York in 1950, at the age of 25, with his wife and small son. The KGB assigned him to a post in the United Nations Secretariat, which in the 1950's provided cover for the extremely extensive Soviet espionage apparatus in the United States.

Other high-ranking KGB men who have used UN cover include Lev Burdyukov, Sergei Antonov, and Mikhail Svirin. Burdyukov, who shared an apartment in New York with the Lukyanovs, is now KGB station chief in Canada. Antonov, another close friend of Lukyanov, is now in Moscow as chief of the whole Latin-American section of the KGB.

Lukyanov's first major promotion in the KGB hierarchy came in 1956, when he replaced Mikhail Svirin in the office of Undersecretary in the UN Secretariat. Shortly thereafter, Reino Hayhanen, an incompetent, hard-drinking Soviet spy in the Rudolf Abel ring, defected to the CIA in Paris on his way back to Moscow from New York. Hayhanen testified that Svirin gave him and other Soviet agents their espionage assignments, a duty which Lukyanov assumed when he replaced Svirin.

Lukyanov must have been good at the work, for in 1961 he was recalled to Moscow and promoted to deputy chief of the KGB's section for espionage against the United States. In January, 1964, Lukyanov replaced Aleksander Fomin (real name: Fensikov) as KGB station chief in Washington. Fomin's diplomatic cover was broken—and he became briefly famous—when it was revealed that he had passed on the late President Kennedy's urgent warnings to Nikita Khrushchev during the Cuban missile crisis in 1962.

As on that occasion, an intelligence apparatus has its uses, even to what is euphemistically known in the trade as "the host country"—Fomin's direct access to Khrushchev through the KGB communications net was immensely valuable to both sides. Moreover, in delicate negotiations, such as the attempts now going on to find a way out of the Vietnam crisis, intelligence agents with diplomatic cover can serve usefully as disposable diplomats, subject to instant repudiation if things go wrong.

Yet the essential purpose of the KGB remains what it has always been—to encompass, by clandestine means, the discomfiture and ultimate downfall of the capitalist enemy. To accomplish this vital mission, the KGB is lavishly financed and staffed with brilliant careerists.

The KGB makes mistakes. For example, it has recruited such dubious agents as Messrs. Thompson, Dunlap, and Hayhanen. Nevertheless, it is a most formidable organization, and Mr. Lukyanov and his colleagues are, as spymasters, first-rate professionals.

The CIA makes mistakes too, and its mistakes provide useful ammunition for the current literary onslaught on the agency. The CIA is, obviously, a gold mine for journalists and fiction writers, since it provides both juicy cloak-and-dagger copy and a villain who can't talk back. But the CIA also has its share of first-rate professionals, and it has more than once most usefully served the national interest. The plain fact is that, without a secret intelligence organization, this country would be like a rich blind man in a den of murderous thieves.

Stewart Alsop

Vice Adm. W. F. Raborn Jr. of CIA.

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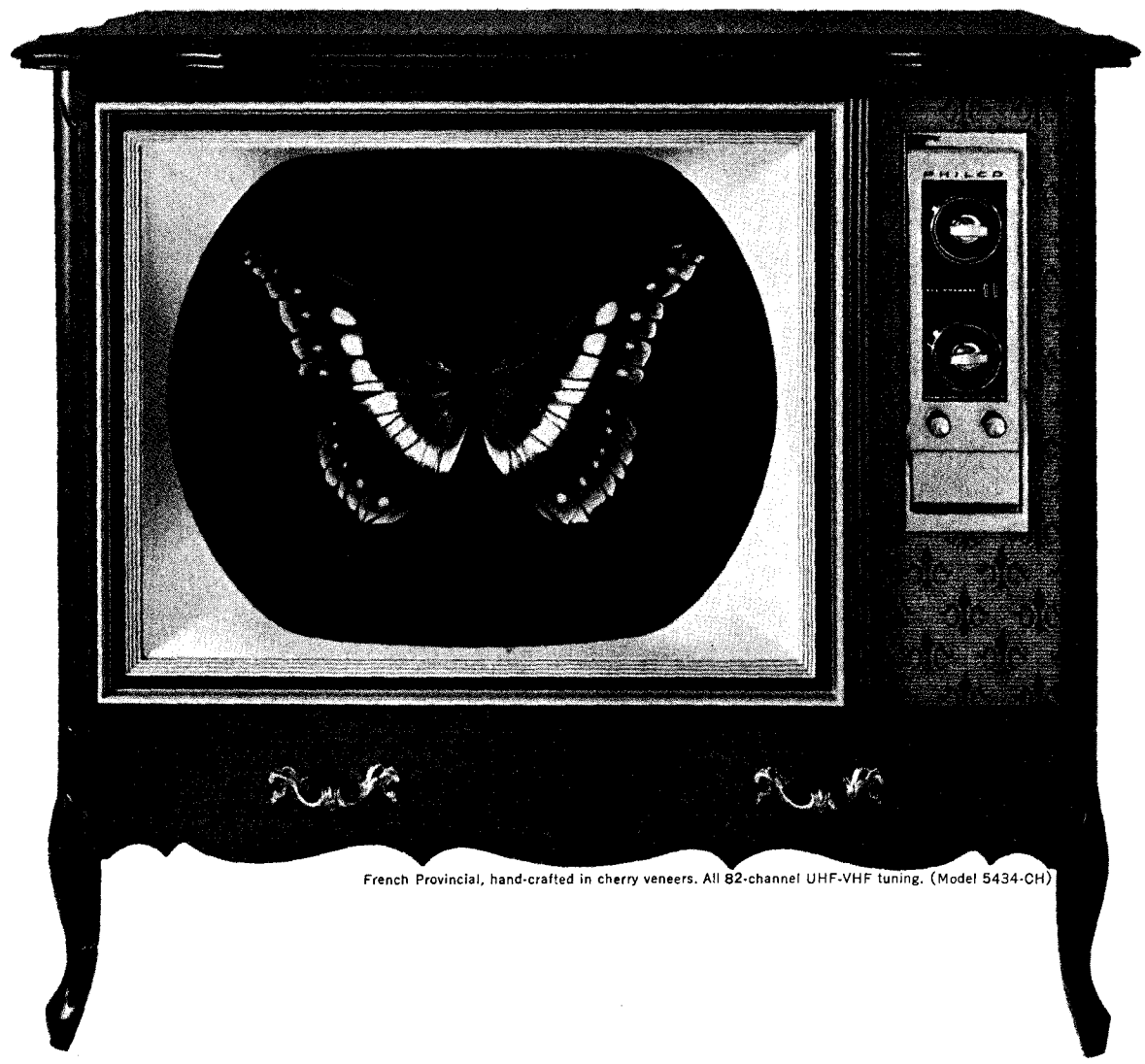

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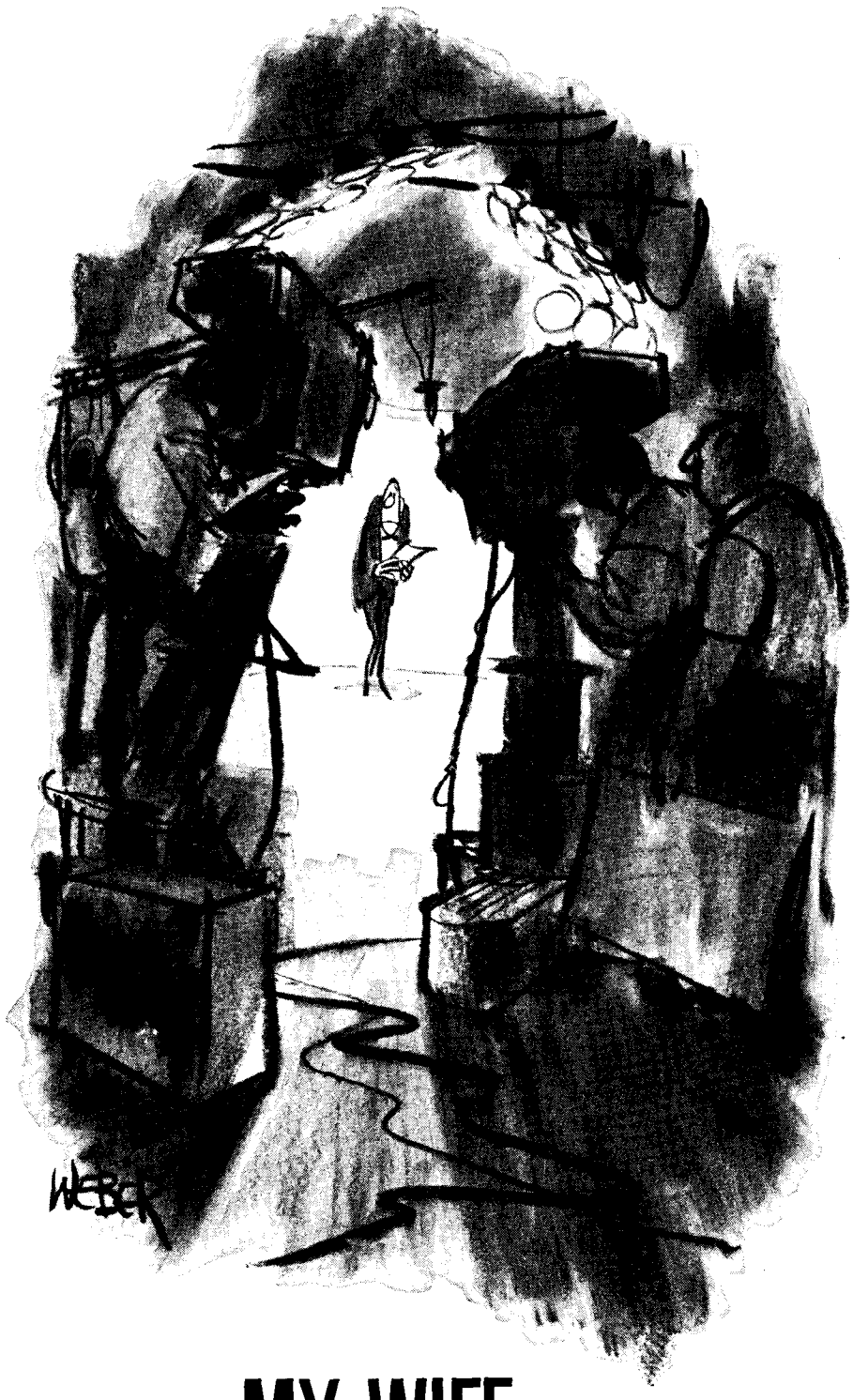

MY WIFE, THE CRITIC

By Marvin Kitman

After running for President last year I lived only for the day when one of the broadcasting companies would invite me to discuss my specialty—national politics—on some show. Television is always looking for recognized authorities who can add dimension to their shallow programs, and only a handful of us competed for the Republican nomination in 1964. I finally received my political plum when ABC-TV asked me to appear on a late-night news show as a theater critic.

Their first choice might have been Dick Nixon or Bill Scranton, but they really wanted me. If I did a good job of reviewing a new musical comedy, the network promised I could review two other openings that week—provided Ike didn't come in from Gettysburg.

Fortunately I was qualified for the assignment. The powers at the network probably had heard that I had gone to the theater several times in the past few seasons. My only defect as a critic might have been that I never knew what to think of a new show until I read the reviews. But you just don't say no to the third-largest network in the nation.

The network official in charge of creative programming interpreted my uneasiness as stage fright. All I had to do, he said, was see the show, write my review in a cab, have makeup applied as I rushed through the newsroom, and go on the air promptly at 11:19 P.M. Then I had a full 60 seconds to say anything I wanted, as long as it was in depth.

"It would save time," I said professionally, "if I didn't actually go to the theater. It might confuse me if I saw the show." The executive objected. His network took pride in its thorough coverage of the arts, he said, handing me a pair of $12.50 aisle seats for the theater.

I knew enough about the reviewing business to give my wife one of the tickets. The secret of critic Walter Kerr's success, I had heard one big producer say often, was Kerr's wife, who told her husband what to write. Naturally my wife was nervous at the responsibility of telling millions of people through me whether the show was a hit or flop.

"I don't have anything to wear for an opening," she cried. I offered to lend her one of my suits. Judging by the way she clutched her cloth coat as we made our way down the aisle of the theater, she decided instead to wear nothing but a slip.

Knowing that critics working under the pressure of a deadline sometimes leave before a play ends, I was ready to jump out of my seat at the end of the opening medley. "Not yet," said my wife like an old trouper. "Watch the other critics."

I watched the other critics, missing most of the first act. At intermission, I began applying Kerr's Law. "Well, what do we think?" I asked.

"I wish those brocaded evening dresses were for me," she said. Then she fell strangely silent.

My wife never fails to talk at home when I want her to be quiet. But when I needed her, she failed me. As the houselights began dimming, I gave her a cue for an argument. "I think the music is awful—I can't whistle a single melody yet."

"Well, I wouldn't say that," she finally said. "There are some good things in this musical comedy and some bad things." I wrote down furiously everything she said, pausing only to warn her not to talk so loud. I was afraid one of the other critics might steal her lines.

By the time I reached the TV studio, all my self-doubts as a critic had vanished. The executive in charge of the news show asked to hear a capsule version of my full review.

"You can't say that on television," he yelled, the clock pounding in everybody's ears.

But it was too late to send anybody else out to see the show. At 11:19 I went on camera.

"This isn't the best musical to open on Broadway this season," I explained to the millions waiting for my verdict, "nor is it the worst. There are some good things in it, and some bad things. Some people will like it, and others won't, depending on their taste in musicals."

I managed to finish my review like an old pro right on the button at 11:20. But the way the executive looked at me when it was all over, I felt like the first theater critic ever to say anything like that on TV.

When the reviews in the dailies came out the next morning, I discovered how little my wife really knew about the theater. The musical comedy, all the critics agreed, was awful—just as I had thought.

I tried to avoid the kind of scene they probably have all the time at the Kerr house, limiting my post-mortem remarks to "You've ruined my career as a critic." I also swore never to take my wife to an opening again.

I've been able to keep my word because ABC-TV didn't pick up my option to review the two other shows opening that week. I'm not bitter. I know reviews like my wife's are what's killing the theater. □

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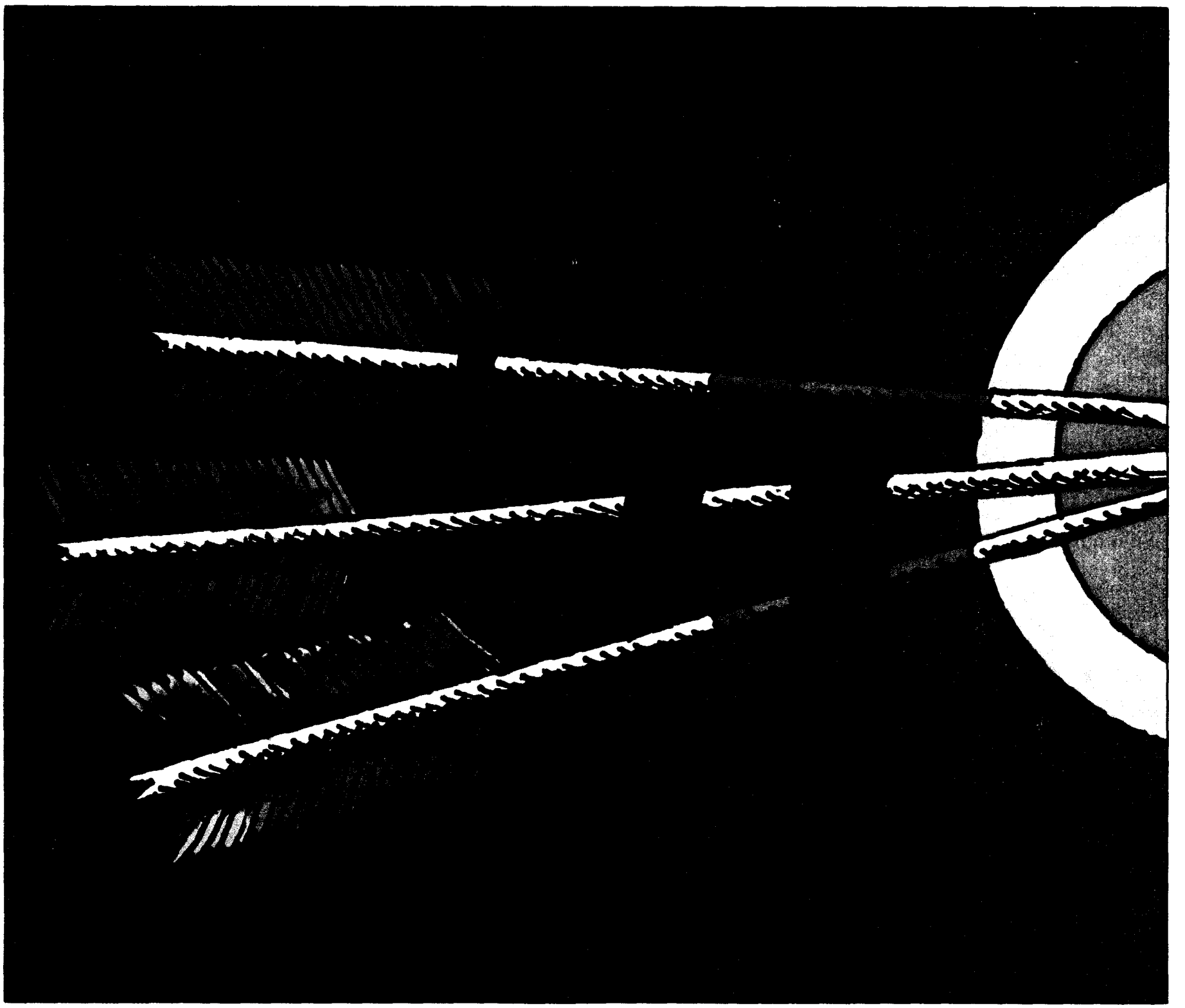

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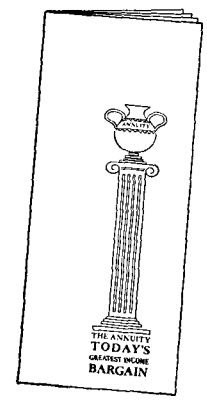

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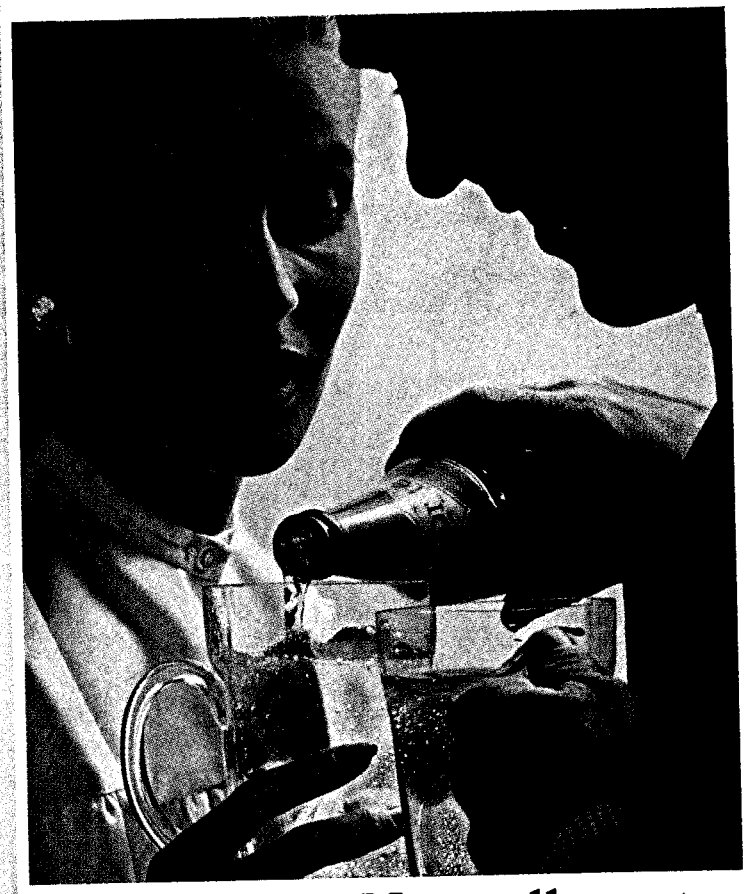

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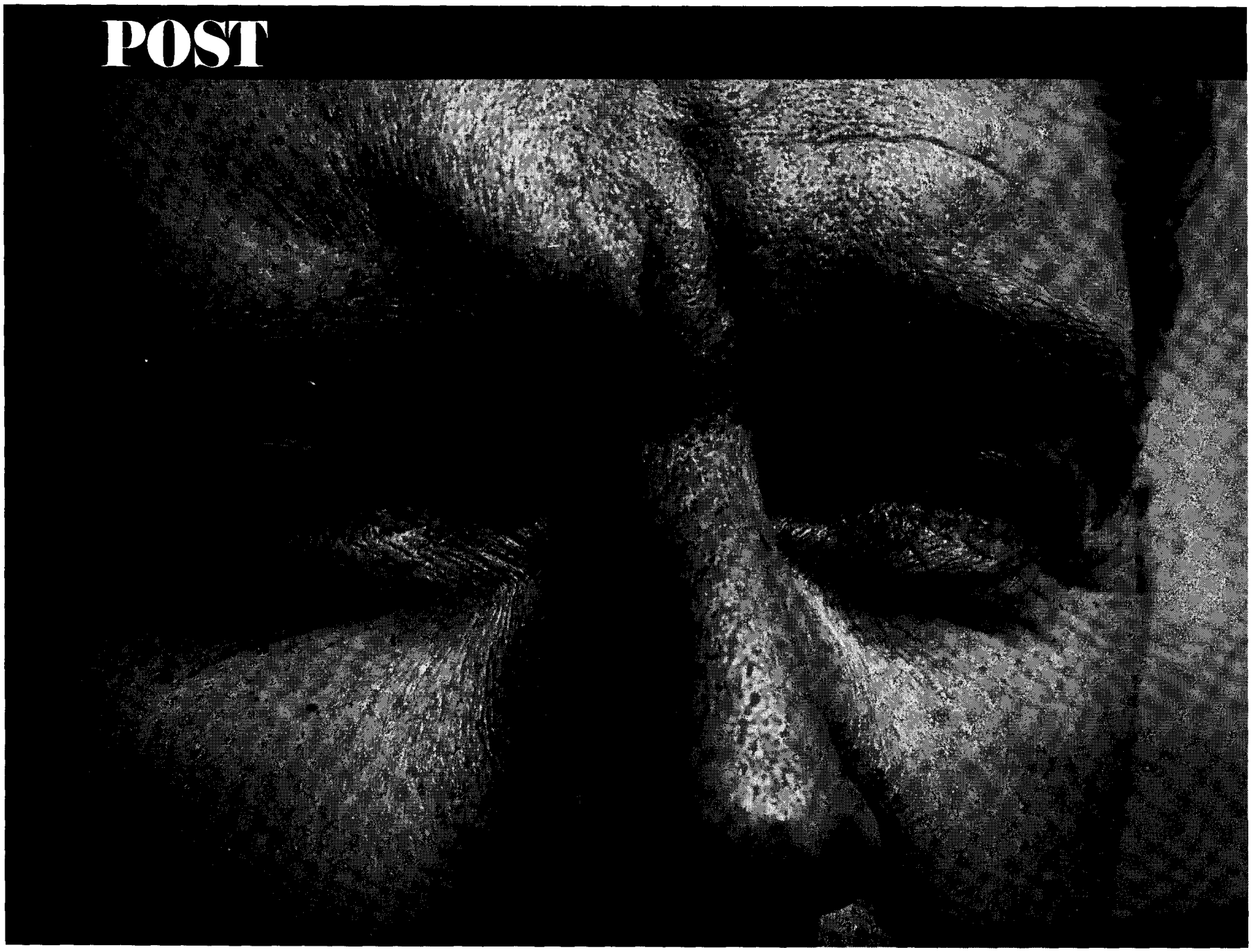

'I SPIED FOR THE RUSSIANS'

BY ROBERT GLENN THOMPSON WITH HAROLD H. MARTIN

For nearly seven years Thompson betrayed American secrets—first in Berlin, then in this country. His absorbing two-part story reveals how the Soviets recruited him, what kind of information they wanted, and how he got it.

It was getting dark, and I was beginning to sober up a little when we pulled up in back of the "safe" house. It was the same kind of place we had over in the American sector—a big, stucco house in a nice residential suburb, shut off by trees and bushes from the houses around it. Like ours, it was a good place to take a defector to question him when he slipped over from East Berlin.

The only difference was that this house was *in* East Berlin—in the Weissensee district, by a lake they called the White Sea. And the guys in the car with me were not my old airmen buddies of the Office of Special Investigation but members of the East German secret police. And this time I was the guy who was crossing over, the one who was going to be put under the microscope.

We stopped by an iron gate in a high iron fence. There were three German shepherd dogs in the yard, barking and raising hell. The driver honked his horn, and a guy who must have been a caretaker came out and grabbed the dogs by their collars and locked them in a garage that stood over at the side.

Then the black sedan pulled in through the narrow gate, and the guy in the back seat with me, a little blue-eyed guy with brown, thinning hair, who said his name was Karl, told me in German, "OK, get out." So we got out of the car at some steps and went up to a small landing. I took a quick look around, and behind the high shrubbery and the trees I could see, two, three hundred yards away, the rooftops of other houses. It was a very isolated place.

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'I knew by now I was hooked. I was caught in the middle. So I told them all I knew.'

I followed Karl in, and the other guy followed me—a chunky, curly-haired guy, the duty officer with the German secret police who had come to pick me up when I telephoned to say I wanted to defect. We went up a carpeted stairs, down a wide hall with Oriental rugs, into a room that I guess was a sort of upstairs sitting room with a sun porch that looked out over the lake.

They told me to sit down, and a guy named Mielke came in. He asked me did I want something to drink, and I did, for it had been about two hours since I left the bar in West Berlin. But I said, "*Nein*"—I was speaking German with them—for I was beginning to worry a little, and I figured I better lay off the booze. Pretty soon a housekeeper came up, bringing coffee and sandwiches, and we ate them, and another guy came in and asked me for my documents, and I handed them over, and he took them off, I guess to photograph them. Anyhow, in a little while, he brought them back.

Then they started asking me a lot of questions. They asked me who I was, and what I did in the U.S. Air Force, and I told them I was Robert Thompson, Airman First Class, and I was a clerk in the file room of the O.S.I. at Tempelhof Air Base in West Berlin. All of which they knew already, because they'd already published my picture in the East German paper *Neues Deutschland*—the Communist Party paper. It showed me and some other O.S.I. guys in a bar, and the caption under it said, "Beware! These people are Americans who recruit spies." So they knew who I was, all right.

They kept asking me why I'd come over, and I told them I wanted political asylum. I was disgusted with my life in the American Air Force. I was tired of the liberties the American Government was taking with the working class, meaning the liberties it had taken with me—a regular airman. Like making me send the German girl I'd married back to the States. For let's face it. If you are an enlisted man in the military, you are working class all right. I told them in detail how disgusted I was. And I wasn't kidding. I meant it.

They asked me a lot of other questions—who my commander was, what the chain of command in my organization was, what my duties were exactly. They asked me about a lot of people in my organization—what their drinking and sex habits were.

By this time the coffee and the sandwiches had sobered me up pretty good, and I was getting pretty tense and tight. My belly was in a knot. I realized I had done a damn-fool thing, and I was trying to figure how I was going to get out of it. So I held back a little, not cooperating too much.

So finally they said, "Look, it's impossible for us to give you political asylum. You must first prove your worth by going to work for us. You must go back, and we will give you instructions what to do."

I didn't even argue with them. I just said OK. For I figured it this way—what's to stop me from going back to the West and never seeing these guys again? We talked till about 1:30 in the morning. Then I went to bed in a big room across the hall, but I didn't sleep for a long time. I lay there and thought, what the hell am I going to do, how am I going to get out of this thing? I was really wound tight, I tell you, really afraid.

Next morning they talked to me again. Told me to meet them on the following Wednesday night at the Warsaw Bridge. I said OK, but I knew damn well I wasn't going to do it.

They took me down to the S-Bahn, the elevated station, and I waited, to see if I was being followed, until the conductor hollered, "All Aboard." Then I jumped on the last car.

When I got on that train headed back to the West, I felt light. I felt born again. The feeling of fear slid off me the minute we got to the first station in the West, which is Sonnenallee. I felt I was safe, and free, no problems.

I got off at the Hermannstrasse station and got a taxi—two or three taxis in fact, which was my training—and went back to Tempelhof. I shaved, took off the old civilian corduroys, jacket and striped shirt I had been wearing, and got back into uniform, and Monday morning I went back to work in the file room. But I'll tell you this. I was jumpy. Every time the phone would ring I'd about go through the ceiling, and when the colonel would call me into his office for something, I'd break out in a sweat. I was more and more ashamed of what I had done, and more and more determined I wasn't going to meet Karl on Wednesday night at Warsaw Bridge.

And I didn't. I stayed around my quarters all that day, and for two or three days after that I stayed pretty close. But I couldn't stay cooped up on the base all the time, so pretty soon I started going out again, seeing this girl Ushy I'd met after my wife left Berlin.

For about two weeks nothing happened. Then one night, early, I was walking up Columbiadamm, which is a street that runs by the base, headed for the Manhattan Bar. This D.K.W. sedan passes and pulls in to the curb, and this guy Karl jumps out, and said, "Tommy, get in the car." And he showed a small automatic pistol, similar to those Belgian jobs. He didn't point it or stick it in my ribs or anything, he just showed it. So I got in the car and the driver made a U-turn right there on Columbiadamm and cut back into Soviet territory. There was no trouble crossing then, for that was in June of 1957, which was before the wall.

There were three guys in the car. Karl, and this guy Mielke—Erich I believe his name was—and a guy named Stephan, who I had never seen before.

They had sounded pretty tough and hard when they told me to get in the car, but when I got in, they sounded friendly, but sort of exacting. They gave me a cigar, though none of them smoked, I noticed, and asked me why I hadn't met them. I told them security was too tight, and they said, "Well, we don't want you to disappoint us again, and if you do we are going to pass the word to the Air Force and see to it that you are apprehended for coming over here in the first place."

We went back to the same safe house where they had taken me the first time, went back to the same room. They showed me a lot of pictures of my wife's relatives in East Germany—her grandmother and grandfather and her Aunt Greta, and a lot of young people I didn't even know. And they said, "You want us to take repercussions against these people?"

Then they showed me a picture of me and Ushy in a bar, and they said, "How'd you like your wife to know you are going around with this girl?"

They also had a lot of pictures of people in O.S.I., including a couple of them making love in the back of a Volkswagen, and they asked me to identify these people and tell them all I knew about them, age, sex habits, drinking habits, military status, where they lived, what languages they spoke, where they were born, what families they had, everything.

I knew by now I was hooked. I was caught in the middle. So I told them all I knew. I cooperated with them. At first it was out of fear. Later on that changed. They didn't have to use fear anymore. They warmed up to me, and I warmed up to them. A few meetings later they gave me a little Minox camera and taught me how to use it, photographing documents, and I did use it. I cooperated with them 100 percent, and I actually got so I worked hard at it. I didn't feel fear anymore. I didn't feel ashamed. I just worked at it, like a job. Not for the money, for they never did give me much. Maybe for the excitement. Maybe the feeling I was getting even with some guys who had made it rough for me in the Air Force. I don't know.

I've thought about it and thought about it. But I still don't know why I acted as I did. Maybe a psychiatrist could understand it. Maybe somebody else can figure it out if I start at the beginning, which is January 30, 1935, when I was born in Detroit, Mich., the first child of Robert and Bernice Thompson. My father was born in Canada, but in 1932–33, somewhere along in there, he moved to this country and got naturalized and married my mother and a year after that, I was born. In 1940, when I was five years old, my mother had another baby, my sister Dorothy, who is married now and has children of her own.

I guess my father had a pretty good job. He worked for a creamery, the Jersey Creamery, and he was in charge of their salesmen. About all I remember of my early years is that I was about as happy as any other kid, I guess. Then in 1941, a year after Dorothy was born, my father got sick with rheumatic fever. He was sick in bed for two months, and then he died. That was on March 10, 1941. I remember it because on the morning of the day he died, I went in to say goodbye before I went to school, and he told me, "Son, you are going to have to look after your mother and your little sister." While I was at school he died, and the next day I got the chicken pox and didn't get to go to the funeral.

He was a little stocky guy, curly hair, blue eyes, always wore a suit, and he would take me with him sometimes when he went out to check up on the salesmen. Easygoing, didn't smoke or drink, and he had no vices at all I ever heard of. I got along very good with him. He walloped me just once. That was when I painted my little sister green. He had been painting the storm windows, and left the paint bucket out, and I got the brush and painted her, all over green. He gave me a hell of a licking for that, but I never held it against him.

When he died, we had to move out of our house, and my mother and sister and I went to live with my grandmother and grandfather. I was very shook up psychologically by my father's death, and it had a bad reaction on me. I was very nervous and jumpy, and I stuttered pretty badly. I had started to school, and I hated it. I hated it so bad my mother had to take me in the car. But it wasn't far, and by the time she got back home, I was already back there. I realize now a lot of this was because I missed my father, but I was too young to know it then.

My grandfather and grandmother were very strict people, but my grandfather was very good to me—treated me just like a son—and we got along very good. I got to be very close to him. He was a little guy, stood about five feet six. He was a master stonemason. I used to call him Pop.

We stayed at my grandfather's house four years. Then my mother decided she wanted to be on her own again, self-supporting. So in 1945, when I was 10 years old, we moved to a place of our own, and she went to work as a saleswoman for a company that made cooking utensils, dinnerware, that sort of stuff. She worked mostly at night, for that's when most of the demonstrations were held. And when she went out at night to work, I had to look after my little sister, who by now was about five years old.

By this time I was doing very good in school. About two years after my father died, I started making all good marks, very good marks, and I kept this up until I went to high school. My stuttering was better too. I had some speech therapy in school that helped, but I still stuttered a little even after I was in the Air Force.

After I finished grammar school, I went into an intermediate school and took a commercial course, shorthand and typing. I also took a machinist's course, and an automotive mechanics course, which is what I've always been interested in more than anything else.

So when I went on into high school, I also got a job at night, as a coil splitter's helper in a factory, making $1.20 an hour, and I pretty soon moved up to machine operator, making $1.80.

I was underage to go to work legally, but I falsified my age. I knew a guy in the printing business and got him to print a phony draft card for me, showing I was born June 23, 1932. Then I

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took the draft card down to the motor-vehicle bureau and got a driver's license with that age on it. I showed this to the company, and they hired me.

At the same time I was going to high school, and I wasn't doing so good. Between the job and school, I didn't get much sleep, maybe five hours a night, and I didn't have time after school to do anything with the other kids. We got along all right, but I never got to go to dances, or school parties, or anything, because I had to work.

I went to school by day and moonlighted on this job at night until the 11th grade. Then, in April, I came down with rheumatic fever, the same thing my daddy had, and I was out sick—out of school and out of work—until way up in the summer. And when fall came I didn't go back to school, but I did go back to work. I worked at the coil factory at night, and in the daytime I worked for a heating company, and on Saturdays and Sundays I pumped gas and worked as a mechanic in a filling station and garage.

By this time I was 17, and I knew I was going to be drafted at 18 anyhow, so along about December, 1952, I decided to enlist. My mother was against it. She said I was a boy of good morals, which was true. I had always been very attached to the church when I was younger. My father had been Episcopal, and my sister and I went to his church. It was St. Timothy's Episcopal church. I sang in the boys' choir, and was an acolyte, meaning I lit the candles at the altar, and I had very strict values at that time about drinking and gambling, and girls.

So when the service idea came up, my mother argued against it, but I told her, look, millions of guys have gone into the service, and it didn't do them any harm, and maybe I can learn a trade that will help me make a good living. Anyway, I've got to go next year, so why not go now and get it over with? So she finally signed the papers, which she had to, since I still was not quite 18. But I remember her saying, when she signed the papers, the service wasn't what it was cracked up to be, and I was going to be crazy disappointed. And she was right.

I went down to the recruiting office in the Federal Building in Detroit and signed up for the Air Force. It was the ninth day of December, 1952, and that night, along with 58 other guys from the Detroit area, I left for Sampson Air Force Base in upstate New York. A sergeant met us, I remember, and he had a few choice words to say about us that can't be printed.

I was assigned to a training flight, which is what they call a platoon in the Air Force, and drew my uniforms and started my basic airman's training. Pretty soon I was made to realize I wasn't an individual anymore, but just a number, and I got a little disgusted with the way the service was run. There were so many things you had to do that were just a waste of time and energy. For instance, they'd make you polish a garbage can until it was like glass, and then they'd throw garbage in it. I didn't rebel against this, though, for I knew it was just a form of military discipline and training.

On the 12th or 15th of March, somewhere along there, I graduated and got my stripe as an airman third class. Then they shipped me out to Sheppard Air Force Base in Wichita Falls, Tex., to an aircraft- and engine-mechanic school. I thought this was because my aptitude tests showed I was good at mechanics, but there was one fellow sent out with me had taught English literature at one of the universities in Virginia, and he had no more mechanical aptitude than the man in the moon. The only reason they sent us there was because they needed mechanics.

I liked this school and had no problems at all. I graduated first in my class in the first and second phases of the training, and in the last phase I graduated third. They worked us hard. Sunday was the only day we had off, and on Sunday I'd go to a movie, in town or on the base, with three or four other GI's. But no drinking or anything like that.

I graduated from there in August, and got a 15-day leave, which I spent at home in Detroit. Then I caught a bus for Sacramento, Calif., and reported for duty at McClellan Air Force Base. They assigned me as a mechanic to the 55th Strategic Reconnaissance Squadron, a B-29 outfit. I enjoyed my life at McClellan. But then one day, when I was working on an engine, I fell off the crew-chief stand and banged up my back so bad I could hardly walk. For about a year, up into 1954, I had to wear a big steel brace. They were going to discharge me on physical disability and give me a pension, which would come to about $28 a month. But I refused the discharge and went up before a board of doctors, and after they checked me over, they decided I could be retrained for another job. But instead of retraining me, they just reassigned me, making me a mail clerk in the same outfit I was in. I stayed in that job about a year and a half, and made corporal.

Then I got reassigned to Europe—rather to Camp Kilmer, N.J., to await transfer overseas. I took some leave and got to Detroit about the 20th of December. And my mother, who hadn't liked the idea of me going into the service, was now very proud and patriotic. So I had to get dressed in my uniform and go around and see a lot of relatives I had no interest in at all.

I checked in at Kilmer on the second of January, and I was standing there in a whole roomful of GI's, all of us clerks, waiting to get my shots before going overseas, when a sergeant came over and pulled me out of line and said, "The major wants to see you." So I went in this little office, and the major says, "Thompson, you've been in the Air Force longer than those other guys. How would you like to stay here instead of shipping out? I'll give you a real plush assignment."

I said, "Nah, I don't want to stay here. I want to see the world. I want to ship out." So I turned the major down.

Shortly before his date for sentencing, May 13, the confessed spy wandered completely unnoticed through crowds of New Yorkers.

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'For a while I was happy—in my marriage, not in my job.'

Over a year before his defection the young airman married Berlin girl Evelyn Matthes, here shown with her parents on wedding day.

Looking back on it, I guess that decision changed my whole life, even though I didn't know it then. If I'd stayed there, everything would have turned out different. For when I left there, I had orders to the 7493rd Special Investigation Wing at Rhein Main Air Force Base in Frankfort, Germany, and then from Frankfort I went to the O.S.I. unit in Berlin, and that's where all my troubles started.

But hell, there's no way a man can figure these things. If I hadn't studied typing in school I never would have been a clerk. If I hadn't fell off that workstand on my tail I would still have been a mechanic instead of a clerk. And if I had been a mechanic I never would have been in O.S.I. So you can't tell what's going to work out good, or bad. Anyway, when I turned down that major at Kilmer—that one instance changed my life.

The 7493rd Special Investigation Wing is a division of intelligence in the Air Force. Its jurisdiction spreads all the way from Europe to the Middle East and up to Norway, Sweden and Denmark. Its job is to support local Air Force commanders in their investigations of crimes involving Air Force personnel, or civilian employees of the Air Force, and it is also a counter-intelligence unit.

The day I reported at Rhein Main the colonel called me in and asked me if I'd like to be assigned to Berlin. I told him it didn't make any difference to me where I was assigned. I had my three years to do and one place was just like another to me. He said well, he would like for me to go up to Berlin, for there was an officer up there he was having trouble with. This officer, he said, was having sexual relationships with a German female, who was a Soviet agent, a spy.

It shook me up that he should tell me this. Here I was, just an airman, and here was this officer, telling me this sort of stuff about another officer. I couldn't see what the hell he expected me to do about it. As it turned out, I didn't do anything, for the officer he was talking about left for the States about the same time I reported in.

That night I left for Berlin. An airman first class met me at the station and drove me out to Tempelhof Air Base, where the unit I'd be working with was stationed. It was a small outfit, 26 officers and five enlisted men. This airman took me to my room in the big building. So I put my gear down and he took me down to the central file room to show me around.

All I did that first day was type out names and addresses on three-by-five index cards and file them. I didn't know what this was all about, but I found out later. Anyway, the second day, the C.O. of the unit, Colonel Carlson, called me in and told me I was assigned to the file room and to keep my nose clean, and to report to him personally anything suspicious about anybody who works in this office. I said suspicious like what, and he said "anything involving security." Then he told me about some homosexual allegations that had been made against some Air Force personnel, and though a couple of them had left, one of them was still there. So I began to understand what kind of outfit I was in, where everybody was spying on everybody else. I wasn't too happy about being mixed up in this kind of deal. I never had any experience in investigative work, and this stuff about homosexuals, and the officer who was supposed to be sleeping with the spy, shook me up a little.

It shook me up worse than this when I was told, "Boy, you are expendable. The Russians got this town ringed with troops and tanks. They could overrun this place in five minutes." Matter of fact, the office was set up as if we expected the Russians to be there in five minutes. All the O.S.I. personnel files were left back in Washington, D.C. If you wanted to know how much leave time you had coming, you had to keep it in your head, or send a message back to headquarters. On all the files we kept there, each cabinet had a five-gallon jerry can of gasoline on it, plus an incendiary grenade, so we could burn the place down in a hurry if the Soviets came in.

Pretty soon I found out what these index cards I was filing was all about, and that seemed to me like a dirty business too. What happened was this. All the mail that came into Berlin from the States, whether it was military or civilian, was sent here, where it was opened and photographed. They'd slip a steam pencil under the flap of the envelope and steam it open and photograph the letter, and then they'd seal it back, and without a microscope you couldn't tell it had been opened. This was a joint operation between the CIA and the O.S.I. They had German civilians doing the photography. There were only two Americans there. One was an Army major and the other a civilian. They would examine the photographs of the letters and decide which was of Air Force interest, and which Army interest, and which should be referred to the CIA. Then the Air Force names were put on these index cards, and the letter was filed. That's what I was doing. We had about 68,000 of these cards in our files.

Later on, when I learned to read German, I read some of these letters, and some of them were kind of interesting. There was one officer, back in the States, a very high officer, who used to write to an old German girl friend he'd known way back in the '30's. He wrote pretty good letters.

Nobody's letter was immune—congressmen, senators, anybody. I remember one letter from this guy Mike Mansfield of Montana. Not from him, but from his office, telling somebody in East Germany about one of their relatives or something in Montana. Perfectly innocent, but it was on file.

About a week after I got there they put me in charge of the file room. The guy who had been in charge was married to a German girl, and I think they were a little leery of him on account of that. Anyway, he was transferred to another job—somewhere in West Germany, I heard.

About this time I found out that some of the names on the cards came from telephone taps. This outfit called Communication Intercept, that opened all the mail, also had charge of tapping the telephones and tape-recording the conversations. Everybody in any responsible position at all had a tap on his phone, all the West German politicians, all the troop commanders, anybody involved in security matters in any way, his telephone was tapped.

I had to read the verbatim transcription they made from the tapes to see if there was any security matters involved. Everybody was being watched all the time, everybody had to watch somebody else. Once a month you'd make a verbal report to the colonel. But if something spectacular happened—if a guy was starting to spend money like it was going out of style, or starting to go around the bars with a new girl friend—you'd report anything like that immediately.

I had to watch all the O.S.I. personnel, and a couple of times I was asked to put a particular lookout on some guy, like maybe a GI who had been born in Germany. And I know that a couple of guys had been assigned to watch me, though we never talked about it. You just knew somebody was keeping an eye on every move you made. For instance, a guy would get called in and they'd say, "Where'd you get that dough you've been flashing around?" Worst thing you could tell them was your girl gave you the money, or was paying for the evening out. Then they'd suspect she was a spy, sent to buy you off.

We were doing the same thing on the other side, of course. We'd send girls over to try to seduce some key guy, like a big-shot's chauffeur, so we could blackmail him, or we used narcotics. We had a woman in East Berlin who ran a house of ill repute patronized by the Russian soldiers.

Now, I thought all this was wrong. When I was a postal clerk, I wouldn't even read somebody else's postcards. The whole operation was a strain on everybody connected with it, and if you will look at the number of officers we had who broke under it, and got in some sort of trouble, you'll see what I mean. It was an emotional strain.

The way it showed up on me, I wanted to get off by myself. I'd work from eight to five, five days, sometimes six days a week, and then at night I'd go out and walk all over the city. That's how I got to know it so well.

I started to drink, though I'd never done any drinking till I came to Berlin. Once or twice back in the States, maybe, I'd go out and get bombed like any young soldier. But nothing serious. Then one night, when I was walking around, I passed a small bar and I saw some Americans in there. They were Army guys, and I got to talking with them, and I had a few beers, and a few more, and a few more, and then I had a couple of cognacs.

The next morning I woke up in a hotel somewhere. I didn't know where the hell I was and how I got there. I woke up alone, for I hadn't taken a

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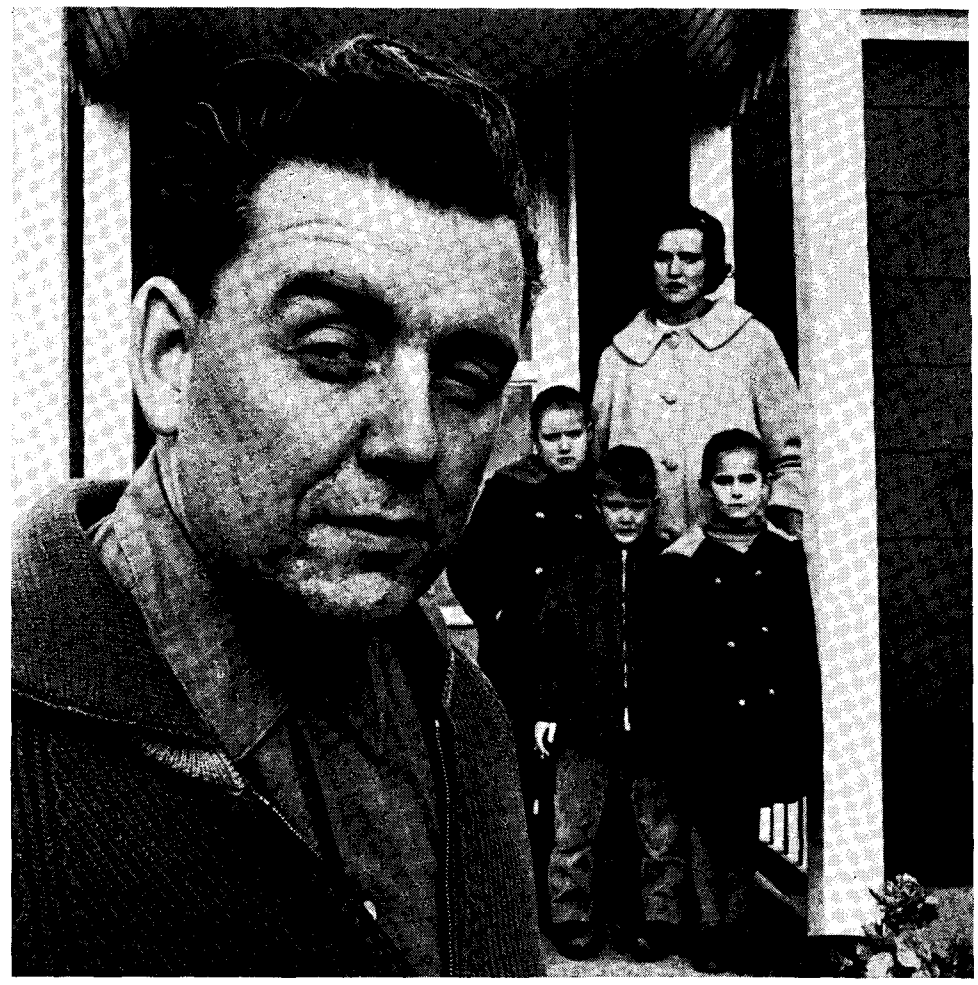
Family portrait, outside their house in Bay Shore, L.I. The Thompson children are Patricia, 8; Dean, 4; and Karen, 6.



woman there or anything, and I jumped up and got my clothes on quick. I went downstairs, not knowing whether I was in the East or West. And in Berlin you were constantly afraid of wandering into the East, for if you had a job like mine it could be your death. I peeped out the door and seen a taxicab, and it had West German markings on it. So I got to the base all right, but I was in terrible shape, real hung over. For a while after that I slowed down on my drinking. But I did keep taking those long walks, just wandering around.

A couple of months later, there was some sort of American holiday, Air Force Day or something, and I went out for a long walk and got lost. I knew I was close to the border, but I didn't know exactly where, and one thing sure, I didn't want to cross by mistake, and get picked up. So I saw this sign ERNST MÜLLER, PLUMBING, over a shop, and I looked in the door and there was a tall girl in there. Big, clean-looking, tall girl, red-haired, nicely dressed. I went in and asked her, in German, how to get back to Tempelhof Air Base. I had on some old beat-up civilian clothes, an old pair of brown corduroy pants, old sports jacket and a trench coat that had seen a lot of wear. I looked so shabby I guess she thought I was a German. Anyway, she told me the route, and I went back.

About a week later I was reading the Berlin phone book, looking for a piece of information, and I run across this same name, "Ernst Müller." I got a photographic memory for names. I see a name, I can remember where I saw it before, and I remembered this was the plumbing shop where this girl worked. So I said to myself, I'm gonna call up and ask her for a date. She answered the phone, and I told her I was the guy who was lost and asking for directions. She must have thought I was a nut or something, for she wouldn't make a date. But I called her again the next day, and this time she agreed to meet me at seven o'clock that night. That's how things started between me and Evelyn. One thing led to the next, and three months later I decided we would get married.

They don't encourage you to marry a German if you are in O.S.I. They want everything to be 100 percent American, so there was a whole lot of red tape to it, and it was nine months before the papers came through. When I knew I was going to get married, I had reenlisted and asked for a transfer to an outfit down in Italy. I hated the O.S.I., all the Big-Brother-is-watching-you stuff, and I figured that in another outfit we could get married without all the delay. But they accepted my reenlistment, and three days later turned down my request for transfer.

Evelyn turned 18 on the ninth of February, 1956, and we got married on the 10th in the Berlin City Hall. Then we got married again at the American consulate, and then we were married again in the church. My wife is Lutheran, and I am Episcopalian, and we were married by an Army chaplain in the chapel on the Army side of Tempelhof. It was a beautiful wedding. Evelyn had a long, white dress and carried a bunch of carnations, and I had on a brand-new blue suit I'd had tailored special for the occasion.

The celebration lasted three days, which is the German tradition. My best man was a German fellow named Hans I went around with a lot. I had picked up the language fast, and by the time I got married I could just about pass as a German. I used to associate with Germans a lot more than I did with GI's, just to get away from Big Brother. This guy was a nice guy, worked in a brewery as a keg maker and played soccer. The maid of honor was his girl friend, a girl my wife knew.

We got off to a pretty good start in our married life. Had a baby, Patricia Ann, born the 30th of October, and for a while I was happy—not in my job, but in my marriage. We had an apartment on Kaiserwerther Strasse—the second house down from where the Four Powers had their headquarters. It was a nice apartment on the fifth floor—the top floor—and we had a balcony, a living room, a dining room, bedroom, and kitchen. All furnished with old-style German furniture, but nice.

Later we moved to another top-floor apartment on the corner of Gartenstrasse and Unter den Eichen. It was the most tastefully furnished place my wife and I have had since we married, and we furnished it all ourselves. We bought the furniture out of a mail-order catalog and from the PX, and some of the furniture we built ourselves. It was really nice.

I slowed down on my drinking for a while after we got married. Then the job got to bugging me. We had a new colonel, Colonel Davidson, and it looked like I couldn't do anything right for him. I will say, though, the colonel was nice to me once. He invited me and Evelyn to bring the baby and come see his cathouse. He had a Siamese cat and a Manx cat and he had a draftsman draw up the plans. A split-level cathouse. Lights, running water, heat—everything.

Mostly, though, he really bugged me. Like when I got this telegram that my grandfather back in Detroit was dying in the hospital, and I applied for an emergency leave to go back there, Colonel Davidson told me I was too valuable a man, and they couldn't spare me even long enough to go back to my grandfather's funeral. I said, "Hell, I know how valuable I am. I never get promoted or anything I'm so valuable." And so Davidson got in a huff and a puff about it, and I didn't get leave to go back, and that hurt me, for losing my grandfather was like losing a father for the second time.

I was disgusted with my life in the service. I was disgusted with the Air Force—disgusted with what they were doing. For instance, things like this: Kids would come over from East Germany and apply for political asylum—nice young fellows, young boys, 19, 20, 22 years old, crossing over because they didn't want to get drafted into the East German Army. But we'd tell them no, you go back, go in the army, and we'll pay you 400 marks a month to spy for us. I seen so many of these guys fall for this. They'd go back, and the next thing they were caught and shot, or had a life sentence. These things got to me, and sometimes I'd come home and tell my wife I couldn't stand another day of it.

When I started drinking heavy, Evelyn and I started quarreling. I'd go out sometimes and come in intoxicated, and she would get sore, and I'd get up feeling lousy and raise hell about the coffee didn't taste right, or the eggs didn't look right, and she'd get out and walk home to her mother's house. But she never did leave me, except maybe just for the day.

Things got worse at the office. They assigned me to jobs I wasn't supposed to do. Jobs that were not in the job description of a clerk who is an administrative man. Naturally I could do nothing about it though, for you've got no union to protect you when you are in the service.

One of the jobs they assigned me to was duty agent, which is like a guard. You are on duty 24 hours a day, and you take all the incoming intelligence calls, decide what to do, and maybe you have to go out and arrest somebody. Only an accredited O.S.I. agent with credentials, not a file clerk, was supposed to do this job. But Colonel Davidson assigned this job to me one Sunday anyway.

That Sunday is when my trouble started. I was on duty, and this airman came by who was a stool pigeon reporting to Colonel Davidson. He was responsible for several guys getting broke in rank. Anyway, he came in the office and told me, "Look, let's go down to the Silver Wings Club and have lunch." I could do this because this was the noncommissioned officers' club right there on the base, right beneath our office. So him and me went down there and had a couple of drinks, a couple more, a couple more. To be honest, I couldn't tell how many.

We went back to the office, and this guy brought along a bottle of cognac, and we drank that, and then we were really drunk. So we left there in my car and went into Berlin to a bar called the Rancho Bar, a place much favored by American servicemen, with a little dance floor and a small combo playing lots of Spanish music.

It was hot in there, so I took off my jacket and hung it up, and later when I got back to base I found out the .38 Smith & Wesson Chief's Special revolver I had in the pocket was gone. I found out later who took it. Two guys from the security detachment, a radio-monitoring service at the base, was in the bar, and they had stole it. I figured it was gone for good, so I went to the supply room and took a .38 out of supply, thinking I could buy one on the black market and replace it.

The next morning my gun showed up. The two guys from security had turned it in. So Colonel Davidson asked me, "How is it you've got two .38's?" and I told him. He said, "Well, I'm going to hang you. I'm going to court-martial you." Under the Uniform Code of Military Justice he couldn't

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After his honorable discharge from the Air Force, Thompson decided to move his family to Long Island. Here he usually met his Soviet contact at some local railroad station.

'That was the day I broke. I got drunk, and when I left the bar, I walked over into East Berlin.'

court-martial me himself, so this captain flew up from Wiesbaden and court-martialed me.

It took just five minutes. I pleaded guilty, which I shouldn't have done. I should have fought it. I should have said, "Let's go to court, I didn't steal this gun to steal it, I stole it to replace it." But I was green. They took one stripe off my sleeve and fined me two thirds of my pay for a month.

But this wasn't all my punishment. The day after I pleaded guilty, Davidson called me in and said, "Thompson, I'm not through with you yet. I want your wife sent to the States, and I want you to live back on this base."

My wife was really shook up. We were just getting settled down, establishing a homelife, had a little baby. We were getting together a few things like a married family should. And we had to sell them all, for I wasn't authorized to ship them. It was rough, I tell you. Just married a year, and then you have to part. The worst thing about it was my wife couldn't understand what was happening. She thought I was doing this just to get rid of her.

So, a year and a day after we were married, she and the baby left for the States, to go to my mother's house in Detroit, and I moved back onto the base. I was really teed off, I don't mind telling you. I was really disgusted with the American Air Force.

The colonel was constantly on me about little details. This, and my wife being gone, made me very irritable, and I got in serious arguments with the other O.S.I. guys over very unimportant things. For instance, I was sharing a room with a guy, and he ate an orange and left the peeling in an ashtray. I got so mad at him, I picked him up and shook him, which was not my normal attitude. I'm not a guy to fight—I'd run before I'd fight, probably. But I was about cracked up. I was walking right along the razor's edge. I even thought about committing suicide. I went out and bought a little 25-caliber German automatic. But drunk or sober I didn't have the guts to pull the trigger.

I kept on drinking heavier and heavier around the bars, and that's where I kept seeing this kid Ursula. "Ushy" we called her, because there was a comic-strip character by that name. She was a good-looking brunet kid, dark hair, green eyes—emerald-colored. Not stacked, but a good build, wore a pony tail, black toreador pants. She was a cute little trick. Looked like Connie Stevens on *Hawaiian Eye*, except for the brown hair. But sort of a nut. We'd have a drink in the bars, and talk, and then eventually we started going around to her room on Obentrautstrasse, but there's no use saying anymore about that. It happened so many times I couldn't count them.

The reason I bring up this girl Ushy is she figured in what happened next. It was on a Saturday morning in June of '57. It was my day off, but I had gone back to the office to catch up on some filing. Because we were authorized three file clerks but had only one, which was me. So I was in my office working like hell, and I had my uniform on, but I had taken my tie off because I wanted to be comfortable. And I hadn't taken time to shave that morning. I was sitting there, typing these index cards, when I looked up and the colonel was standing there. He was a big guy, heavy-set, tall, about 230 pounds, white hair, what was left of it, and a white moustache.

He began bawling me out, raising hell about me having no tie on and needing a shave. This made me so damn mad I said, "I didn't even have to be here today in the first place. This is my day off." And he said, "You don't have any days off—you are on duty twenty-four hours a day. Anyhow, you're here, and you are going to have to be neat." Then he shoved off.

The way he said it just went right

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through me. So I said the hell with it, and about 12:30 I left and went down to the Manhattan Bar. Ushy was there, and I had a lot of drinks—cognacs—good-sized ones too, believe me. And I told her about my run-in with the colonel, and I guess I got it all off my chest—about that office and how I couldn't stand to work there anymore. I don't remember exactly what was said, for I got pretty drunk pretty quick. But I do know I wanted to be completely clear of the Air Force.

That was the day I broke, went to pieces, that Saturday between the hours of maybe 12 noon and 5, 5:30 in the afternoon. Now I don't want to condemn this woman—I don't remember enough to know whether she put it in my mind psychologically to cross over or not. I just feel that when I got it all off my chest, she said something like, "Well, why don't you do something about it?" Anyway, when I left her there in the bar, I had it in my mind to go to East Berlin.

I walked along Mariendorfer Dam, over across Friedrichstrasse, which goes into East Berlin, all the way to Stalinallee. There was no wall or guard there, and I just walked over, and I walked along until I came to a telephone booth on the street. I called 555-361, the number of the Berlin secret police, which we had in our files at the office. I asked for the duty officer, and the girl at the switchboard fussed around a while and finally the duty officer came on. I told him I was an Allied soldier and wanted to talk to him. He told me to wait, he'd be right over.

It was getting along toward six o'clock, but still light, and I walked around in that area, looking at the shops, about 45 minutes. I was across the street when a car pulled up at the phone booth. I saw in the back window a little medicine chest with a red cross on it. I knew from my work this was a secret-police car, for this medicine chest is actually a tape recorder.

So I walked over, and there was a chunky, blond, curly-headed guy in civilian clothes in the car, and I said, "Who are you?" and he said, "I'm the duty officer," and showed me his credentials. So I got in the car and told him who I was and where I was from. He was all shook up and drove around the corner, past this bombed-out ruin, to a bar, and went in and used the telephone.

Then we left there and went to a little house in the Baumschulenweg district, a suburb. And this guy came out who introduced himself as Karl Emrich, a little blue-eyed guy with thin brown hair, a snappy dresser, spoke good English. He got in the car and handed me a pair of dark glasses to hide my face a little, and we drove from there by a hell of a roundabout way, to the safe house in the Weissensee, where I agreed to work for them.

I met with them lots of times after that. I'd take a certain train to get there at a certain time. I'd take the S-Bahn—an elevated train like the Chicago El. I'd get off at the station near the Russian War Memorial and walk a couple of blocks, so they could surveil me to see if I was being followed, and they'd pick me up and take me to a safe house. Not the same one every time. A lot of different ones.

Like I said before, pretty soon I began to warm up to them, and they began to warm up to me. They began to give me a little money—50 marks, about $12.50 U.S. About the fourth time I went over, they gave me this little Minox camera and told me they wanted me to photograph all the documents that came across my desk. For about an hour and a half they showed me how to use it. Then they made me sign for it. "I, Gregor"—which was my cover name—"receive one H-Minox camera from agents, and two rolls of film," and I signed it. I put the camera in my tobacco pouch, and slipped the two rolls of film down inside the lining of my jacket at the shoulder, one in the front, one in the back, so they wouldn't clink together. That way, if they frisk you, you just hold your jacket out and they don't feel the film.

I was alone in the file office a lot, so it was no problem to photograph documents. But the first time I did, my hands shook so bad I was worried the pictures wouldn't even come out. I was so afraid, I was sweating. I had the door locked, and the key on the inside so nobody could put a key in from outside. But I was afraid somebody might knock. I was afraid they had the office bugged, and the mike would pick up the little click-click the camera made when you squeezed it back and forth to cock the shutter and advance the film.

But I finally finished two rolls of film. The first papers I photographed were the Berlin daily police reports, and lists of people on the "waybills"—people flying out of Berlin. I took the two rolls—a hundred pictures—across that night, and as soon as I got off the train, a guy grabbed the film and took off in a black automobile, with two motorcycles as escort. They took me to the safe house, and in about two hours one of the motorcycles came back, and a guy said the films had been processed and they were OK.

They didn't just want pictures, they wanted information also. They wanted details on all the safe houses on our side. They'd show me a picture of a house, or give me an address, and I'd go by and look. Then I'd tell them which organization it belonged to—Army Intelligence, CIA, O.S.I., or what. In the files I had a list of all the O.S.I. safe houses and their addresses, so I photographed this and took it over.

All the time I was doing this, I was fairly happy with the arrangement. I wasn't doing it for money. I was doing it just for my own personal satisfaction, getting back at the people who had given me so much hell. The office job was still as lousy as it had been, but I didn't let it worry me anymore. I guess I felt like—well, somebody is recognizing my talents, even if you don't. I think, maybe, in a weird sense, I felt like a hero or something. I didn't have any regrets. And even if I had thought about quitting and giving myself up, something that happened about that time would have made me change my mind. An American staff sergeant who had defected to East Germany came back, and I was one of the men who arrested him. He got six years in Lewisburg prison.

Two or three times I had to arrest a guy, and I tell you, it gave me a queer feeling. I was shook up. Here I was a spy for the Russians, arresting another guy for being a spy. This staff sergeant I helped arrest had been in that same room, the one with the sun porch, where I had been. He told us about it, and I had a hell of a time to keep from saying, "Yeah, yeah," when he was describing it.

Not long after I got the camera the Soviets gave me this special pair of shoes, oxblood, slip-on type, Italian cut, very good quality shoes. They also gave me a tiny screwdriver, about three quarters of an inch long. If I slipped it in a nail hole in the back of the heel of the left shoe and gave it a quarter turn, a lock mechanism inside released, and the heel came off. It was hollowed out so that two rolls of Minox film fitted in it exactly. The right heel was the same way. It had a place for capsules, and they gave me two capsules. They were to commit suicide with, in case I got caught. They told me the poison in them brought on a reaction similar to a heart seizure, and it could not be detected in an autopsy unless you knew what to look for.

One time the shoes nearly caused me to have a heart attack without taking any poison. I was working in the office, and I had two rolls of film in my shoe, because I was going over that night. This guy in charge of our counterintelligence came in and said something to me. I turned quickly and the shoe heel popped off. My heart beat so bad I thought it was jumping out of my jacket. I stuttered something about "This damn shoe," and leaned over and clicked it back on. I guess a typewriter was in his line of sight, or something. Anyway, he didn't notice.

Right after they gave me the shoes they gave me four female electric outlets that screw into the wall. These were actually microphones, radio transmitters, but they would also function as a normal light plug. They were easy to put in—just unfasten a couple of screws, take out the old plug and put in the transmitter. I installed all of them on a Saturday when I was duty agent—one in the central file room, where I worked, another in the C.O.'s office, another in the office of the chief of the Counterintelligence Section of O.S.I., and the fourth one in the Informant Control Office, where they made up the pay sheets for the informers who came over, evaluating what their information is worth—4,000 marks, 2,000 marks, whatever.

We had a system for checking whether the plug was working or not. If it was, they could hear me, screwing the plate back on, whistling, muttering to myself. Then I'd go downstairs to the Silver Wings Club, and call this certain number, and when the guy answered, I'd say, "Is this such-and-such's flower shop?" And if the guy said "*Ja*," I'd know the plug was working. So I'd ask some innocent question about the price of roses or something and hang up. If he said, "*Nein*, you got the wrong number," I'd know it wasn't working. Then I'd try it again and, a little later, if it was working, I'd hear two honks on an auto horn outside, and this would confirm it.

The first three I put in worked fine. But the one I put in the office of the Chief of Informant Control didn't work. We tried and tried. Finally, I found out why. Hitler had used this building to store X rays and films and the entire wall was shielded with lead.

Not long after that they told me not to come back over until I got a particular signal. I was to look for a roofing nail stuck in a certain wooden telephone pole on the Obentrautstrasse. When I seen this nail, I was to come over and meet them at a safe house on the following night. I went by there two or three times on my way to Ushy's house, and finally I seen the nail.

I needed to go over, for I had some news for them. My orders had come in, transferring me back to the States, to Malmstrom Air Force Base at Great Falls, Mont. The Soviets got alarmed when I told them this, for they thought I had been compromised or something. But I told them, "Nah, it's just my normal time to rotate. I've been here three years." This calmed them down, and they asked me did I want to go back to the States, or did I want to go and live in Russia.

I told them I wanted to go back. So they said OK. But if you do go back, you got to keep on working for us. Then they started to talk about how much money I'd need in the States, for equipment and traveling around, and so on. And they asked me if I could take five or 10 days' leave before I went back. They wanted to take me to the Soviet Union and teach me a few techniques I'd need to know, so I could send them information from the States.

So I put in for leave, signing out to go to West Germany. The leave came through OK, and on a cold night in December I crossed over to the East.

Dressed in civilian clothes as always, I went to the phone booth in Stalinallee and dialed a number, and when the duty officer answered, I said, "Here is Gregor, please. Peace."

I was on my way to Russia.

In the next issue, Robert Thompson describes in fascinating detail the techniques he learned at a spy school in Soviet Russia, tells of his return to the United States and reunion with his wife and daughter, and reveals how he continued spying for Russia until the FBI finally closed in on him.

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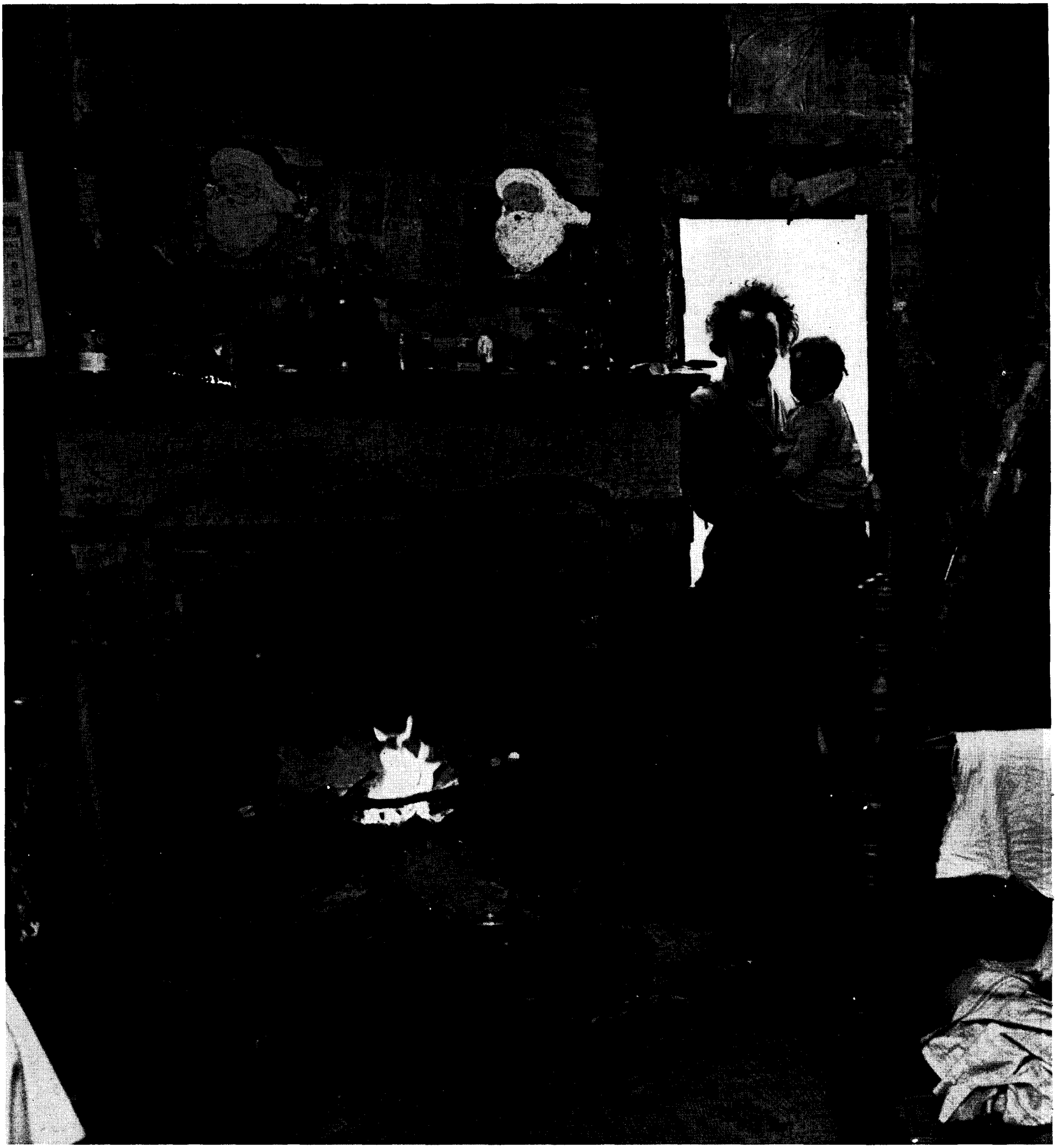

The Selma march passed close by the three-room shack where this mother struggles to raise her nine children. She was asked if she knew why the marchers had come. "No, sir," she replied. "I don't know why they march."

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Dressed for outer space, three men try weightless maneuvers around scale-model space capsule inside blacked-out airplane during parabolic flight. One man is tied to the capsule by a simulated tether line. The other men move about wearing proposed life-support packages.

How much can you take?

By ROGER VAUGHAN

The men now exploring space risk tortures that humans have never before faced: the killing cold of the moon's dark side, the hellish heat of fiery reentry, the numbing effects of total silence and the mysterious hazards of weightlessness. To learn how much of this a man can survive is one of science's most urgent, compelling tasks.

Photographs by John Zimmerman

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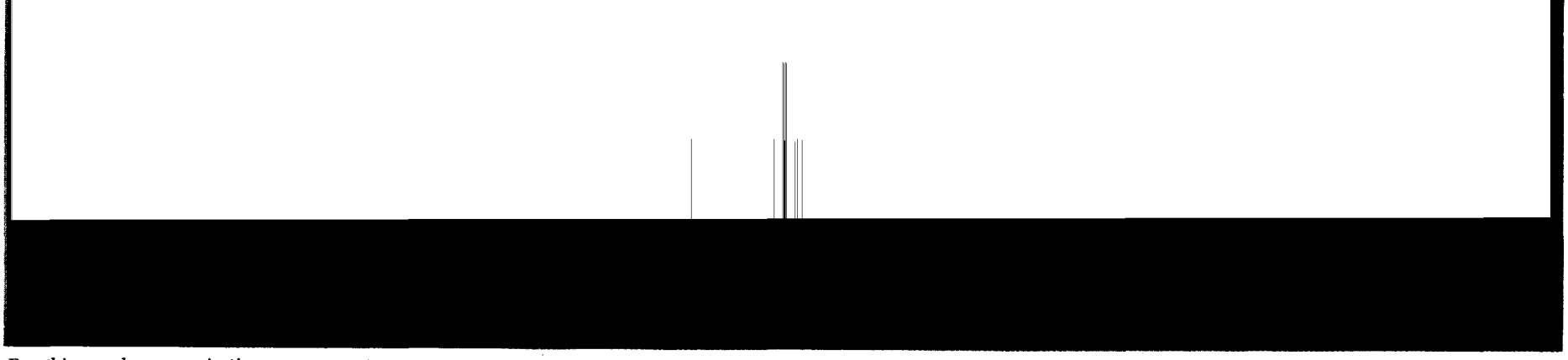

Breathing and communication lines lead from rubber diving suit of a volunteer being "deconditioned" in the immersion tank at Brooks AFB. Eight hours' immersion approximates the retardation of a man's life systems in weightless conditions.

Eight hours underwater, then a rough ride

Sometime this summer, if all goes well, the U.S. will launch the second two-man Gemini space capsule from Cape Kennedy. Millions of Americans will again experience that anxious moment in front of their television sets as the giant Titan booster balances on its blasting column of flame, then lifts off. And at that precarious instant, eyes and hearts will shift up to the stubby black nose of that gigantic machine where, unseen, locked in, strapped down, two of *us* are pitting the flesh and bones of the human body against forces that a million years of evolution never prepared our race to endure.

These two will be men who, on earth, could break a leg on a ski slope, get a sunburn on the beach, feel the pain of a dentist's drill, bleed from a razor's nick or get sore muscles from a game of touch football. Yet now we must know that they can, if necessary, withstand shattering vibrations, furnace heat, stunning decelerations and the dream-like levitation of weightlessness. To be certain of these things, we must measure man's structural strength and his mental toughness and we must, somehow, do it on earth. This need to know just how much a human can take has created a new science, bioastronautics, which is being practiced on volunteer victims in new kinds of laboratories across the country.

Not all the perils that man will face in space are physically violent. Some involve more subtle yet no less deadly forces, like intense sound, eerie silence and prolonged weightlessness. Weightlessness is actually no force at all. It is the absence of the force we call gravity, a fact of earth life that has shaped man's entire environment and the very organs of his body.

In an upright, active posture on earth, under the constant tugging of 1 G (gravity), the heart works hard to supply all parts of the body with blood. When the body is at rest, the circulatory and other systems are slowed down. During the weightlessness that is ever present in space, the demands on the human pumping system are similarly reduced, both by the zero-gravity condition and by the muscular inactivity forced on the astronaut by his confinement. In space flights of a day or more—and it will take a week to reach the moon—it is suspected that considerable biological slowing down will take place. Man, in effect, will become deconditioned to his normal, earthly environment, to the familiar, almost comforting, awake-or-asleep force which

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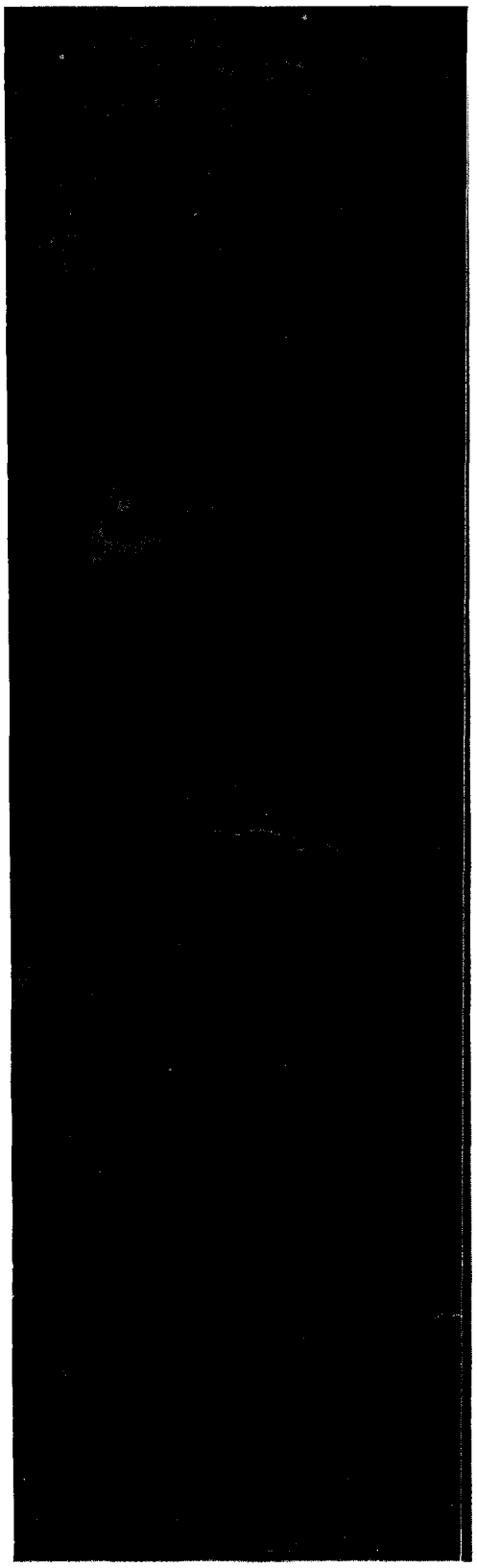


keeps coffee in cups and peas on a plate.

Although the details are carefully guarded, it is generally known that Soviet cosmonauts have suffered after-effects from their extended exposures to weightlessness. Aside from the physical problems of eating, working, and so on, there are long-term physiological problems that are still not understood. Will human bones decalcify? Will body fluids be dangerously reduced through inactivity? In short, will man become so deconditioned that return to earth would be fatal?

Man's ability to simulate most of the terrors of space has been remarkably ingenious, but weightlessness is the one condition which remains impossible to duplicate for any length of time on earth. For years, however, pilots have accidentally been experiencing the weightless phenomenon. Flying tactical maneuvers, they have gone into shallow dives, pulled up sharply and flown the plane over the top of a parabolic, roller-coaster curve and down the other side. Depending on their speed, and the accuracy of the curve, they found themselves weightless for up to a minute.

Since 1955 the Air Force has conducted an increasing number of these "parabolic" maneuvers to test the effects of flying at "Zero-G." One morning recently I climbed aboard a test plane at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Dayton, Ohio, for a day of parabola flying. Two of these planes at Wright-Patterson have flown a total of more than 13,000 weightless maneuvers, flights which have included training of all NASA astronauts. The plane was cruising at 12,000 feet when it reached the test zone, a 4000-square-mile area north of Dayton. The men being trained in weightlessness were told to sit or lie on the floor of the plane. A flight-crew member yelled "going down" over the roar of the engines, indicating that a shallow dive at full power had begun. The interior of the plane, cleared of gear and padded to protect floating, weightless men, had been entirely blacked out. The effect was eerie.

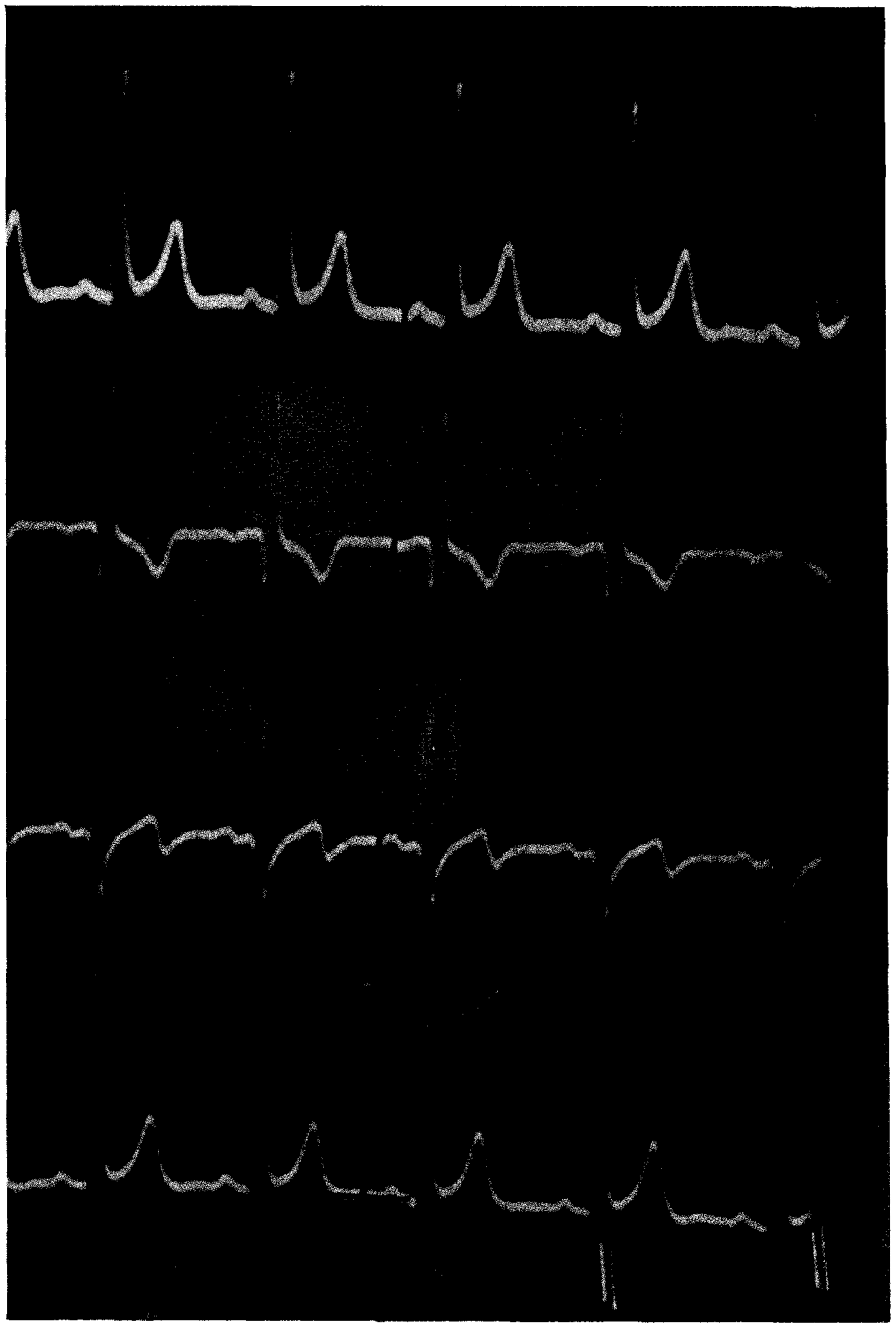
At the end of the dive the pilot pulled up sharply, pressing men against the floor of the plane with a force of 2.5 G's. During the pull-up it was difficult even to lift an arm against the force. Then the load lightened suddenly until there was no load. The engines' roar subsided, and with the gentlest of shoves, men moved themselves off the floor of the plane to hang in space in a variety of strange positions. A man pushed too vigorously off the rear wall of the plane and cruised with amazing speed toward the front. A forgotten roll of tape came from somewhere and tumbled about in slow motion. A scrap of paper floated in midair, and a loose bolt danced in front of one man's face. Then the crewman warned, "coming down," and men scrambled to attain safe landing positions. Weightlessness had lasted only 14 seconds, but the sensation was so exhilarating that everyone wanted more.

Although prolonged weightlessness is impossible to simulate on earth, there are two ways of simulating, physiologically, the *effects* of weightlessness on the human body. One is prolonged bed rest. The other is a technique called water immersion.

At Brooks Air Force Base in San Antonio, Tex., where the headquarters for coordinating all Air Force medical testing is located, there is a glass-walled tank, nine feet long, seven feet wide and nine feet deep. It is, in effect, a human aquarium, a deconditioning device. Dressed in a diver's suit, with wires, breathing lines and communication tubes leading from him, a man dressed for water immersion looks ready for a stroll through space. Weighted so he will neither float nor sink, he descends into the body-temperature water to spend the next eight hours in almost stupefying boredom. Some men sleep, some watch television through the glass walls of their liquid prison, some simply languish in grotesque positions. When this ordeal of inactivity is over, the man is deconditioned almost to limpness. In this state, he is ready—or, more accurately, *un*-ready to meet his next test.

The man is removed from the water and strapped into the parachute harness of a tilt table. The table is tilted to a vertical position, and the man is suspended by the harness. His cardiovascular system, deconditioned, has trouble supplying his brain with blood. Depending on the individual, fainting may occur in a few minutes. In any case the man's responses can be measured under this controlled, 1-G test, and his condition evaluated before he is brought down the hall to where the rigors of the centrifuge await him.

The centrifuge is a kind of torture machine devised to simulate the next problem that would confront the deconditioned astronaut—not just 1 G but the sustained G forces that press on the spaceship when it brakes itself during reentry. It is an effect somewhat like jamming on the brakes in a speeding automobile. The centrifuge room at Brooks is a circular, high-ceilinged well with concrete walls and floor. At its center is a heavy pivot mechanism which supports a 20-foot steel beam with a bullet-shaped cabin at one end. Enough G's could be generated by the spinning beam to crush a man strapped in the cabin. The centrifuge can simulate hundreds of different situations, such as the predicted reentry curves of a Gemini capsule after its retro-rockets have been fired and it hits the earth's atmosphere. For such a ride, a deconditioned subject is placed in a contour couch, similar to the Gemini couch. It has been determined that man can bear higher G forces in this position.



During centrifuge ride, Air Force Sgt. Ed Osbon's eyes, cheeks and lower lip sag under sustained 7-G force. Irregular yellow lines represent Osbon's electrocardiogram reading.

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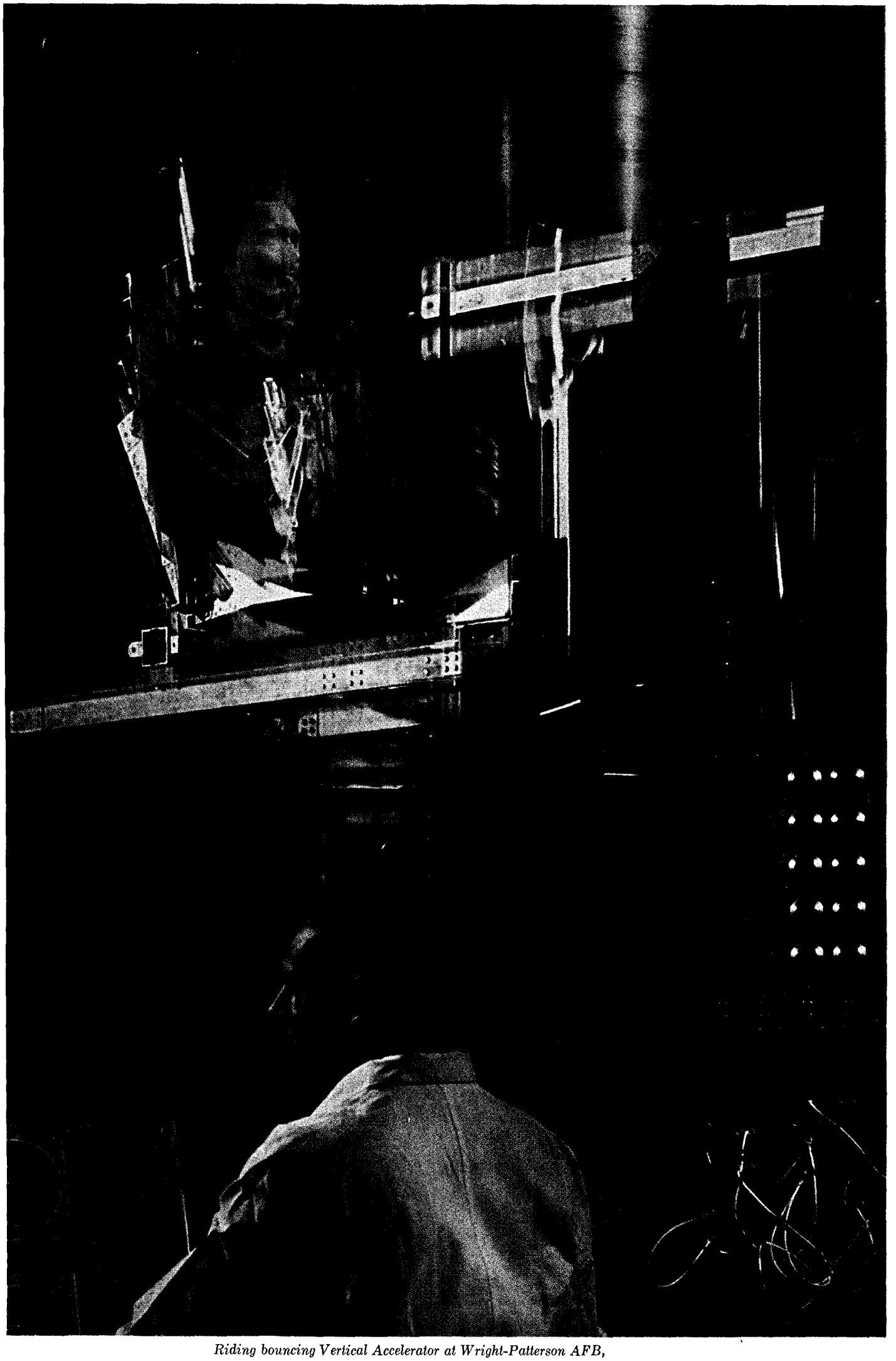

Riding bouncing Vertical Accelerator at Wright-Patterson AFB, Lt. John Boerlin attempts to center a control arm. Technician at control board monitors the run. Studies made on this simulator determine the effects of vibration on visual and motor performance.

Staff Sgt. Ed Osbon has been running and riding the centrifuge at Brooks since it began operating in 1961. Osbon guesses he has had more than 150 rides of varying intensities. One morning recently he stood stripped to the waist in a preparation room near the centrifuge. A medical technician held a small, spinning electric burr. Barely touching Osbon with the high-speed instrument, he removed the outer-skin layer in several spots on Osbon's chest and back. Electrical sensors were placed on the spots to transmit heart rate, electrocardiogram and respiration readings during Osbon's ride.

In the control room above the centrifuge the operator watched Osbon and the technicians walk toward the cab. Their footsteps echoed on the concrete floor and clacked hollowly over the open intercom speaker. Osbon climbed into the cab, and his face appeared on the closed-circuit television screen in the control room. His expression was blank as technicians made final adjustments to his seat straps. Then the cab door was slammed and locked, and Osbon was alone.

Facing Osbon in the small cab were the TV camera and a horizontal row of three lights: a green light at either end and a red center light. The lights would be flashed on at random during the run. Osbon's job was to demonstrate his mental alertness by continually turning them off. Failure to do this would indicate to the operator that Osbon was blacking out. Under Osbon's right hand was the safety switch. He was to press it when the run started. If for any reason it was released, the centrifuge would stop.

Over the intercom Osbon heard the familiar sounds from the control room as the prefiring check list was completed. Then he was told, "Press the safety switch, sit back, relax, and watch the center light."

With a knifelike whoosh, the arm swung around, revolving the cab so that Osbon's feet were toward the outside of the circle. In this position he would take the G's in a straight line, head to toe. On this day Osbon was going to attempt a 7-G run. Most men black out at 5 G's in a sitting position, but for an unknown reason, Osbon's tolerance is unusually high.

Osbon felt himself being pressed into his seat almost immediately. The lights began flashing on, and his left hand worked fast on the switches, turning them off. "Three G's," he heard over the intercom. His arms felt very heavy now, as he experimentally tried to lift them. The skin under his eyes was sagging, and he found it hard to blink. His lower lip drooped. The lights flashed furiously. "Six," someone far away announced. The green lights looked a little gray as his color sense began to fade. "How you doin', Ed?" the same voice asked. "OK," Osbon grunted through clenched teeth. He felt a drop of saliva run down his chin onto his chest. As everything began to go black, the voice said, "Seven," and then the

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cab came to an abrupt, sickening stop that threw Osbon's head forward.

Technicians yanked open the cab door and watched Osbon breathing deeply and blinking as he regained his color sense. He didn't look his best. "Almost got me that time," he said with a grin. "Almost got me."

As Osbon peeled off the adhesive electrodes, he talked about the toughest centrifuge run he had ever made. "It was a 15-G ride in a contour couch, simulating an emergency escape from a launch vehicle. All the lights in the cabin turned the same gray color. There was so much pressure on my chest I couldn't breathe much, and the pain was considerable. It felt like an elephant was sitting on me."

G forces can crush the human body, or can be tolerated to amazing degrees depending on the level of the force and how long it lasts. In the centrifuge the forces increase gradually and tolerance levels are consequently low. But studies being done at Holloman Air Force Base in New Mexico have shown that man can stand very high G forces if the duration is short.

A few years ago, for instance, Air Force Maj. Eli Beeding survived an unbelievable impact force of 83.5 G's on a deceleration sled. The force on his chest was equal to five tons for 4|100 of a second. When he was removed from the sled, he was unconscious, temporarily blinded, and registering no heartbeat, but within five days he was pronounced fit for duty.

Located in the New Mexico desert, on the southern end of the famous White Sands Missile Range, Holloman is most noted for its rocket sleds, and for Col. Paul Stapp, the Air Force physician who used himself as a human guinea pig to solve a variety of problems men faced while flying at supersonic speeds.

Two miles across the desert from Doctor Stapp's 3,500-foot sled track is a smaller but no less deadly device. Instead of costly rocket fuel, this sled operates on compressed air. Its track has a total length of only 240 feet. Named after the familiar air rifle, it is called the Daisy Decelerator, and it can slam a man or piece of equipment to a dead stop with a force of 200 G's. (An automobile hitting a brick wall at 45 mph records only 60 G's.) On the sled, man's ability to survive the impact of landing can be measured.

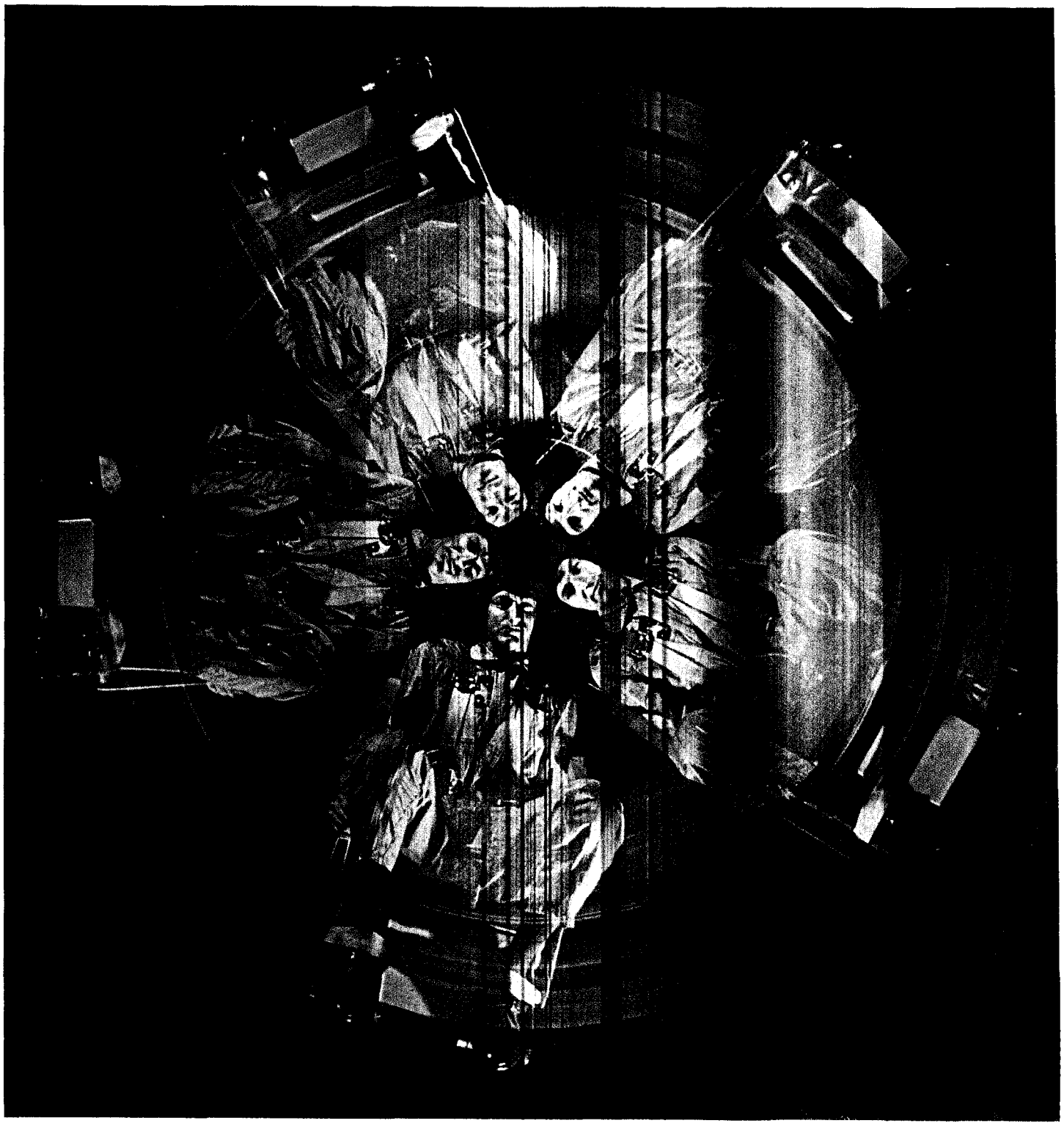
Dr. William Brown, chief of biodynamics at Holloman and the man responsible for the Daisy Decelerator, has just installed an immersion tank adjacent to the Daisy track. He is deconditioning men, then running them on the sled at various impact forces and in various positions to see how much they can tolerate.

"Tolerance is an undefined concept in our work," he explained recently. "There are no set answers to what we are trying to find out. We can determine fairly well what will happen to a certain man on a certain day in a certain position on the sled under a certain G load, and we can say with some accuracy whether or not he will be able to tolerate the ride. But there are other factors. . . ."

A steady beeping sound could be heard over the track area as Doctor Brown led the way outside to where the sled was about to run. Up the tracks at the spot where the sled would blast off, the white helmets of three men gleamed over the top of the backward-facing couch they were seated in. This run was to test both a proposed three-man-couch design for the Apollo program, and human reactions to the couch.

The glinting, round steel rails had been oiled to speed the brass runners of the sled toward impact. The beeping sound changed to a loud warble, and the final countdown began at 40 seconds.

Without the protection of his pressure suit, the blood in Sgt. Roy Nantz Jr.'s body would boil like the water in the beaker, as his chamber is explosively decompressed from 10,000 to 75,000 feet in less than a second.



As physiologist Robert Kellogg whirls at 40 revolutions per minute in a vertical Counter Rolling Chair, his inner-ear balance mechanisms are disturbed as they would be during weightlessness. The chair will help determine if partial-gravity environments will be necessary in space cabins.

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From the earth-shaking roar of rocket blast-off to the eternal silence of outer space.

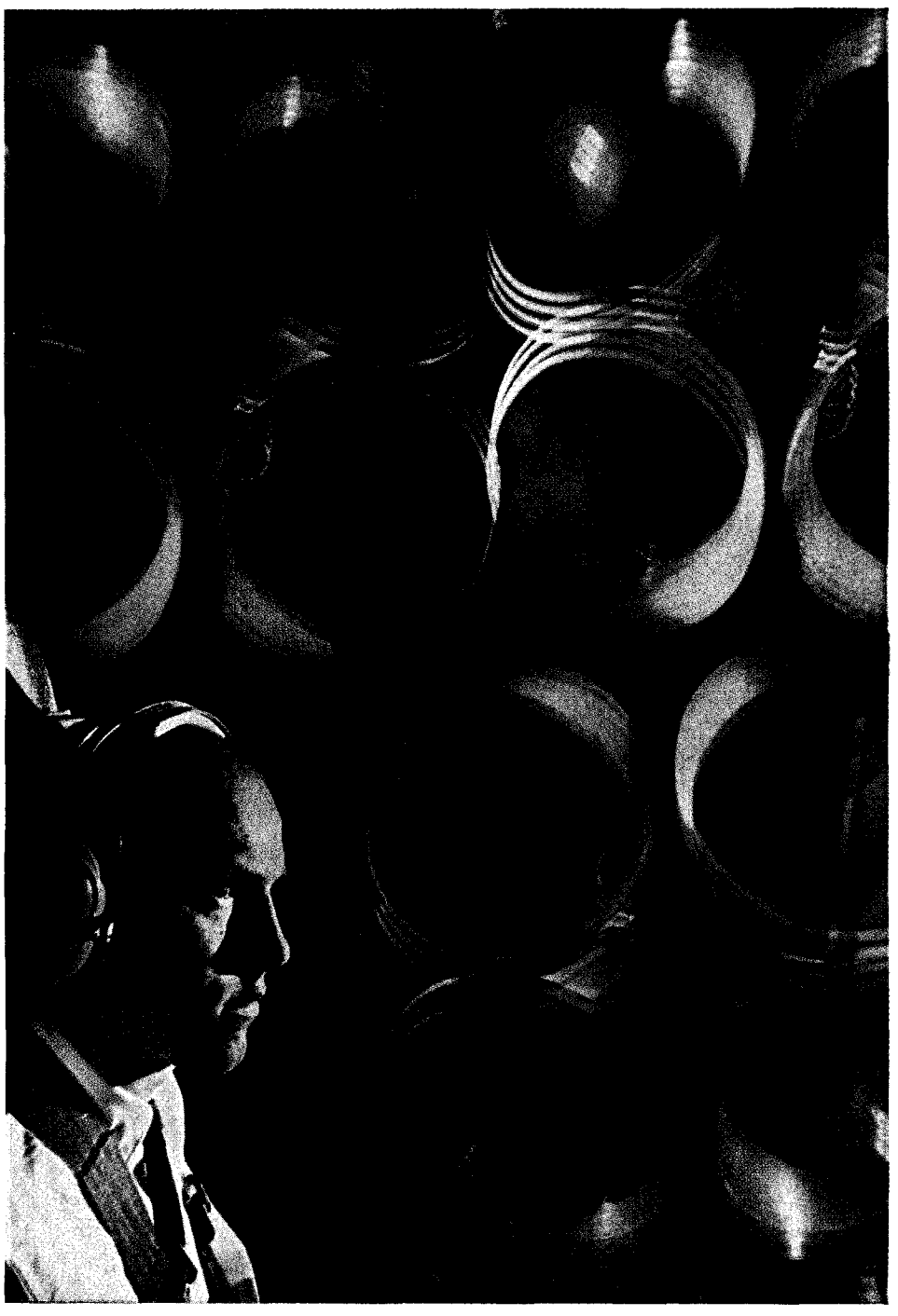
SURVIVAL IN SPACE

There was no roar of rocket engines, no scream of machinery thrown in gear, no smoke, no flames. At the end of the countdown the sled simply started to move silently down the rails of the track, slowly at first, then gathering speed. At the end of 40 feet the air-driven accelerator cut out and the 3,000-pound sled coasted toward its stunning impact.

To bring the heavy sled to a dead stop in only 24 inches, a huge four-foot steel piston protruding from the front of the sled slammed into a matching cylinder in a thick-walled brake chamber filled with water. Spray sizzled from escape holes in the chamber as the sled's occupants were slammed back against their seats with a force of 12 G's. For the one tenth of a second the force lasted, their faces contorted grotesquely, their rib cages and internal organs were compressed, and their eyeballs stung. Only a high-speed camera could capture that moment (see bottom photograph on page 42).

Technicians rushed to the men on the sled, loosened their straps and removed their rubber mouthpieces. The men stretched arms and legs cautiously, testing to be sure they were still in one piece. Second Lt. Peter Foster stepped off the sled and stood blinking his eyes. Someone asked him how it felt to take the force of 12 G's, and he smiled. "Like someone hit me over the head with a baseball bat."

When one considers the discomfort and risk involved in stress testing, it is a wonder that human subjects can be found. Where do the Peter Fosters come from? Fortunately, ever since man began probing the unknown, members of the medical profession have been the first to step forward. Often, doctors are the only acceptable volunteers, because only men with expert knowledge of the human body could properly evaluate what was happening to them under stress. At Brooks there is a young captain-doctor who has subjected himself to more than 50 attacks of the bends in the course of altitude-chamber experiments. At Holloman the most frequent riders of the Daisy sled are medical personnel. And at Wright-Patterson, the most severe, eye-jarring runs on a "Shake Table," a device which simulates the intense vibrations a rocket might generate, are being endured by a 28-year-old doctor named John Henzel. Doctor Henzel sums up the tradition of his calling when he says, "We have an unwritten law here: Never ask a volunteer to do something we haven't done ourselves."



Ears padded against the deafening shriek of the horns of a Wide Band Siren, physicist Hank Sommer tries to read a chart while under intense sound vibration.

Nonmedical volunteers are attracted to test programs by money. Air Force personnel receive hazard pay for riding the various hot seats. The rate is $110 a month for officers, $55 for enlisted men. This is incentive enough for one or two rides, but as Dr. George Mohr, the attending physician for a recent series of runs on Wright-Patterson's Shake Table, pointed out, "Unless a man develops a real interest in what he is doing, he soon learns that there are easier ways to make money."

The doctor had spoken loudly enough to perk up the ears of a young lieutenant named Gordon Smith standing nearby in a baggy, green surgical scrub suit. He was waiting apprehensively for his first ride on the Shake Table.

To instruct the lieutenant, Doctor Henzel prepared to make a preliminary run himself. He pulled on a tight-fitting padded helmet which had a steel plate protruding from each side. Then he climbed onto the heavy, cast-iron table and lowered himself into a horizontal contour couch.

Three major elements are involved in vibration: frequency (number of times per second the object moves), distance (side to side, or up and down, that each movement involves) and G forces (a product of the other two factors). An aircraft flying at low altitude may bump along severely, rising and falling several feet, giving the pilot control problems. At missilelike speeds, however, a vibration of only an inch can be incapacitating.

Doctor Mohr moved in to assist John Henzel, fastening straps across Henzel's chest, stomach and groin. He threw all his 220 pounds into tightening the straps, cinching them down until Henzel grimaced. Ratchet screws were turned, squeezing metal plates firmly against the doctor's shoulders and thighs. Finally the steel plates on the helmet were clamped in place, and another ratchet screw forced the helmet snugly against the top of Henzel's head. When preparations were completed, Doctor Henzel and the couch were as one. Lieutenant Smith watched the procedure and smiled nervously.

The table had been programmed for an up-and-down vibration which would increase in severity until a 3-G level had been reached at the end of two minutes and five seconds. It would not be a very painful ride, but it was tougher than it sounds. The 12-G impact of the Daisy sled lasts only one tenth of a second; it takes only a few seconds for a man to reach 5 G's on the centrifuge. Doctor Henzel was about to sustain 2 G's, building to 3, for more than a minute, during which time his eyes and internal organs would be shaken about like jelly.

The big turbine generator powering the table droned as Doctor Henzel began to shake. Metal parts under the couch clanked together rhythmically, louder and louder, as the intensity increased. The flesh of Doctor Henzel's face stretched and bulged in time with the table. His eyes were two streaks of reflected light, and the muscles in his forearms strained with the exertion of gripping the handholds.

After two furious minutes the run was over. Doctor Henzel stretched his eyes open in a facial isometric, trying to refocus, and he took a deep breath against the restraining straps. After he was helped from the couch, he slowly rubbed his eyes. "You actually forget to breathe," he said. "Your diaphragm is bouncing up and down with you. It usually helps you breathe without conscious effort, but when the motion starts, you have to remember to breathe."

Henzel reached into his pocket and pulled out his watch. "I completely forgot it. I bet it's wound for three months." Everyone laughed except Lieutenant Smith. He couldn't hear very well through the padded helmet someone had clamped on his head.

Not all testing at Wright-Patterson is related to the violent physical effects of space flight. One of the less strenuous sciences receiving intense study is biothermics, the human reactions to heat and cold. On a tour of the complex of constant-temperature rooms, chambers and ovens operated by the biothermal department, Maj. William Kaufman, a lean, enthusiastic physiologist, pointed out some of the problems.

"Several years ago," Kaufman said, "cold was the big problem. Lots of pilots in World War II lost hands and feet when they lost cabin pressure and heating systems. Today, with reentry, heat is the big problem."

Man, the major explains, puts out more heat per hour than a 60-watt light bulb. Unless this heat is dissipated, it will be stored by the body. If he stores heat, man's body temperature will rise enough to render him unconscious in 40 hours. Add this to man's need for protection by a tightly sealed cabin or pressure suit, and the problem is compounded.

Lt. Col. Aleksei Leonov, the Russian astronaut who floated free in space last March, wore a suit designed to carry away 300,000 calories of heat during

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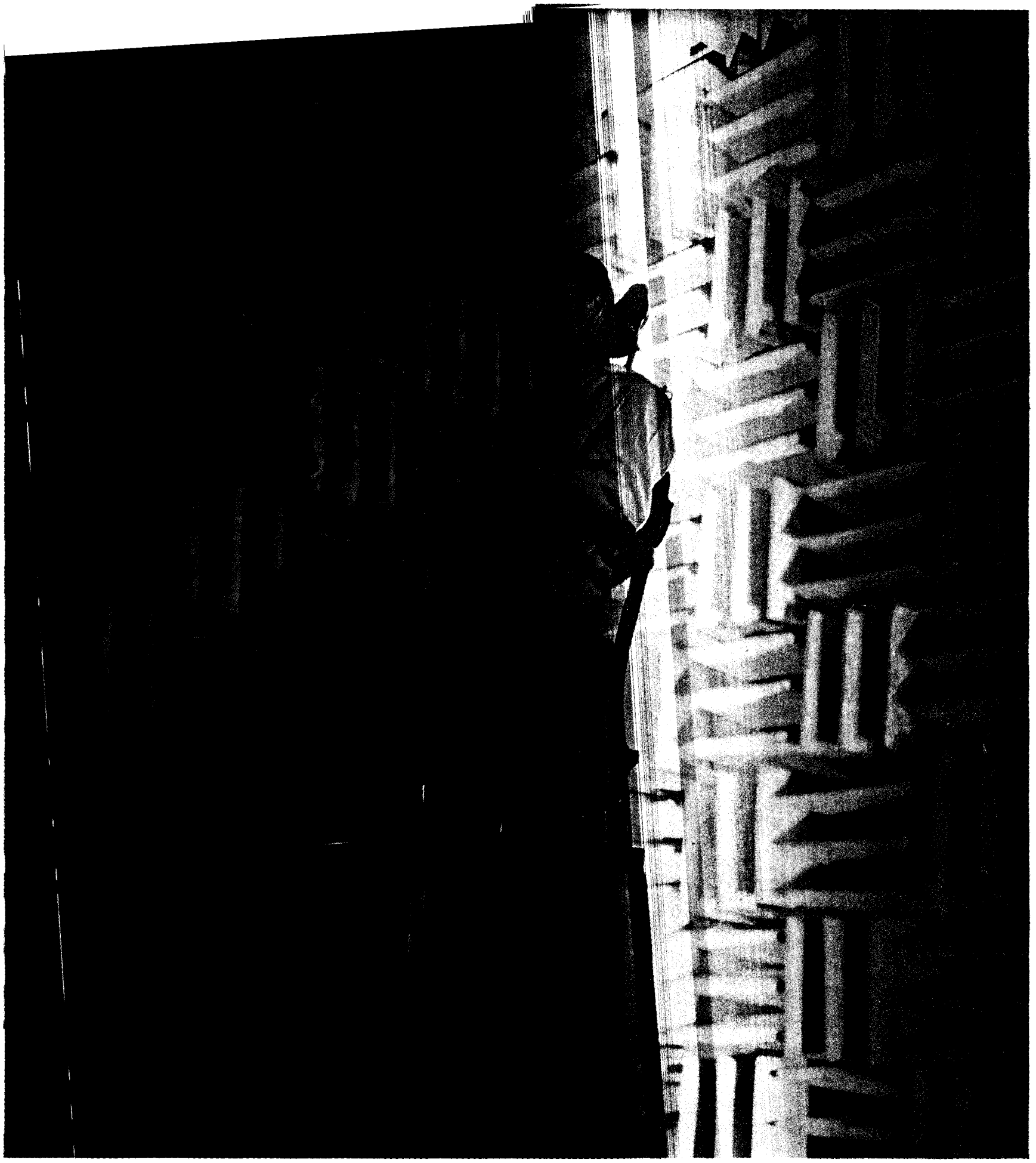

his individual orbit. How long would Leonov have lasted if his air-conditioning system had failed? How long would any astronaut last if his cabin-temperature control failed? Additionally, astronauts may face the crisis of an emergency reentry which could turn their spaceships into furnaces. At Wright-Patterson, there is a device to study both problems.

Major Kaufman stopped beside a large metal box ringed by quartz heat lamps and covered with asbestos. "This is a heat-pulse oven. The walls can be heated to 600 degrees in five minutes. Into this oven we put a deconditioned minimally protected man."

Inside the box was a tubular, skeleton chair. "We place the man in the chair wearing only a helmet and coveralls. We heat the walls to 450 degrees. This creates an inside air temperature of about 200 degrees. We have discovered that men are able to tolerate this heat much better when the intensity is increased rapidly rather than with a slow, gradual buildup to the same peak temperature. Our recommendation is that under emergency conditions, reentry should be accomplished by a steep dive back into the atmosphere, bringing men back to earth as quickly as possible.

"During one of the tests," Kaufman continued, "one of our technicians asked to be left in the oven longer than the rest of the subjects. He knew what to expect, so we agreed. Under peak heat his heart was hammering away at 175. I was certain it just couldn't go any faster. When we finally ordered him removed, he was so stressed he

Perched on a stilt chair inside a 30-foot cubicle, the walls and floor of which have been covered with sound-absorbing glass-fiber baffles, a volunteer tries to locate source of sharp, intermittent sounds.

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Three volunteers are strapped into the Daisy sled at Holloman before a run.

couldn't get up, yet shortly after the run was over, he was back to normal." Kaufman shook his head. "Sometimes it's amazing just how much stress a man *can* take."

Located in the same building with the heat-pulse oven is another chamber capable of producing extreme heat, extreme cold, high wind velocity and high-altitude conditions, all at the same time. A space cabin, like the moon, will be very hot on the side exposed to the sun, and very cold on the dark side, a condition this complex chamber simulates.

The subtler, yet devastating stresses of sound and silence are investigated in other laboratories at Wright-Patterson. In one test room a patented Wide Band Siren blasts men with "white" noise up to 165 decibels—the equivalent of standing behind a jetliner when the engines are run up to full power. With ears protected, the force of the sound makes arms and legs tingle as if "asleep," blurs vision and reduces the ability to perform tasks. At the other end of the decibel scale the deathly silence surrounding a man floating in space can be simulated in a 30-foot concrete cubicle. The walls, ceiling and floor are covered with glass-fiber insulating wedges. A man sitting alone in this tomblike chamber hears his own breathing as loud rushes of air. His heart thumps loudly in his ears. Given simple responsibilities, such as monitoring or manipulating dials, men have reacted by hallucinating, swearing that their equipment was on fire or that it was crawling with snakes.

Ordeal by ordeal, men of science and medicine are moving forward in the quest to discover how much the human animal can endure. Mysteries and hazards which were regarded as insurmountable only a few years ago have been overcome. More mysteries loom ahead. Large, manned orbiting laboratories, rendezvous in space, walks on the moon and space voyages of a year or more are in the near future. But, remarkably, there seems to be no limit to what the mind of man can conceive to make the body of man safe in the hostile environment of space. □

Impact. Grimacing with pain, volunteer Airmen Jerry Mallory (farthest from camera), James Frasier (middle) and James Roberts are contorted as the Daisy Decelerator sled slams the men to a stop in 24 inches with a 12-G force.

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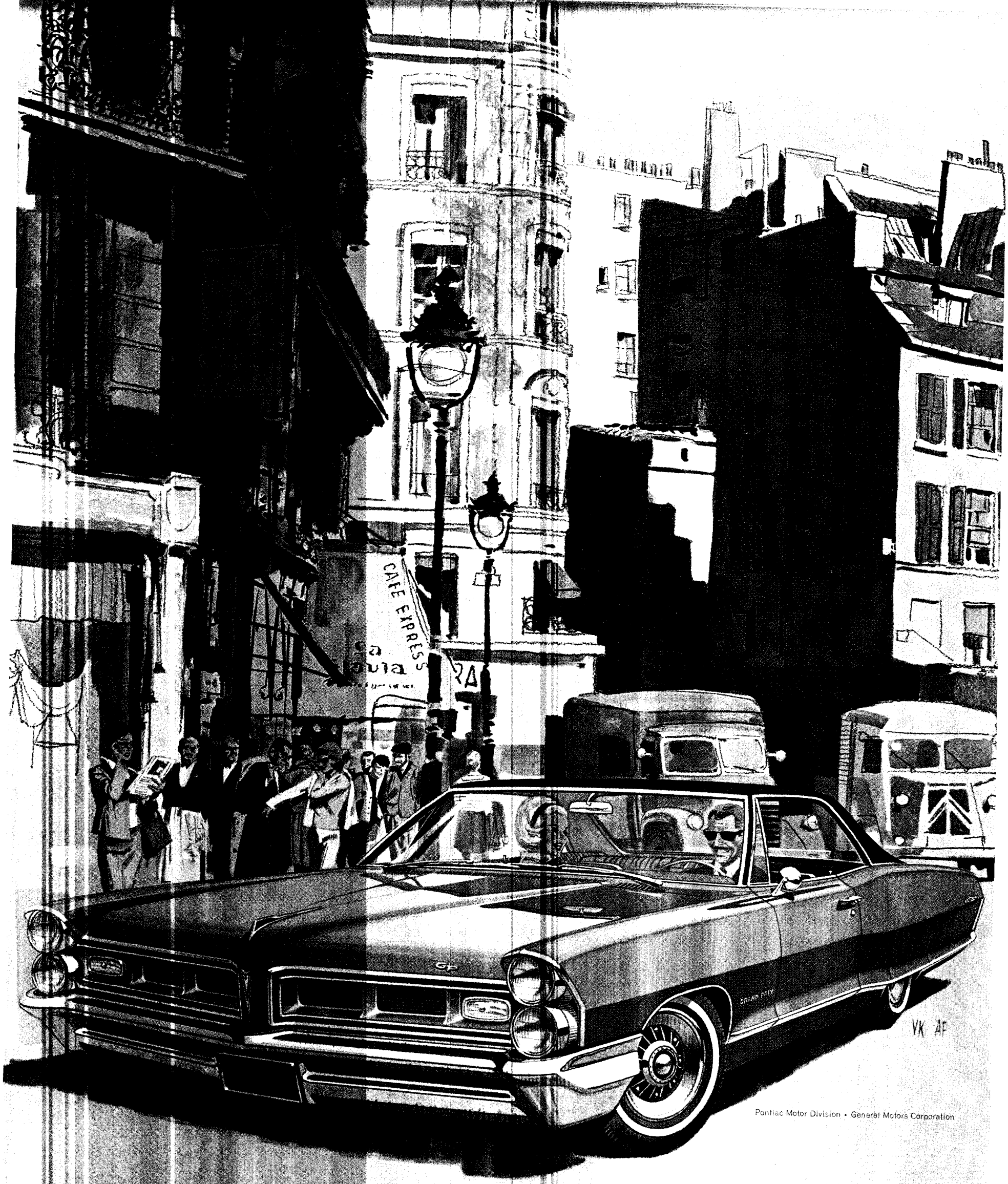

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Pontiac Grand Prix

If you had two wishes, what would the second one be?

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Pointy shoes

With an infallible system for winning on the horses, most people would think their problems were solved for life—but now meet Eddie Eggabroad and Handsome Harry Hataway

By WILLIAM SAROYAN

One day a young man named Eddie Eggabroad came out of the London Shop on North Rodeo in Beverly Hills, where he had just bought a new pair of shoes, and walked straight to his friend, an older man named Harry Hataway, called Handsome.

"How do you like 'em?" Eddie said.

"What's shoes?" Harry said. "Shoes is shoes, ain't they? So what's the London Shop? Are you a British Lord? Which when you went in the Army you were barefooted."

"*Thirty-dollar* shoes," Eddie said.

"*Pointy* shoes. You go walk down the street in shoes like that, kids throw rocks at you."

"Why?"

"Pointy. Are you an American citizen or a British Lord? Which when you ——"

"You ready now to go eat at the Brown Derby? Go in the back room there and think?"

"I'm thinking right here," Handsome said. "I'm thinking here in the street, by this lamppost."

"What's the thought?"

Eddie Eggabroad, seventeen in 1942, a volunteer from Choctaw Hill, Missouri, and Harry Hataway, thirty-seven, in the infantry from the streets of Hollywood, an extra in gangster pictures, had become something like brothers—in Missouri, in Ohio, in New York, in London, in Paris, in Germany, in Patton's army—the big, good-looking hillbilly boy, and the sad-looking Hollywood character.

Eddie had always watched the little man's face as Handsome had done his thinking, and he had always waited eagerly for the thought.

"Billy Barbela," Handsome said.

Billy Barbela was a racehorse that was running that afternoon at Santa Anita.

"Did you look him up in the *Racing Form?*"

"*Thought* him."

"What's his odds?"

"Morning line he's six."

Handsome didn't play the odds. He played an elaborate strategy of hunches—but systematic hunches that somehow paid off more often than not.

"How much we going to put on him?" Eddie said.

"Want to think."

"Sure. You want me to go get you an ice-cream cone?"

"No, but if you want to go walk on new pointy shoes, go get me a book. The drugstore on the corner's got 'em. Maybe they got one about a Lord."

"I'll see."

"Walk careful. Pointy shoes, you got to walk careful. Where's the old ones?"

"In the store."

"Shoes are like cars now? You trade 'em in on the new pair?"

"I forgot 'em. I'll go get 'em."

"Say to the man, 'Put 'em in a box, for a needy child. Wrap the box neat.'"

"OK. What color wrapping paper?"

"See have they got red. They got it, wrap it up in red paper."

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"How about black?"

"Billy Barbela," Handsome reflected. "Black. B.B.B. They got black, wrap it black."

"What do you want a book about a *Lord* for? What's *that?*"

"You. So all of a sudden you got pointy shoes like a British Lord. What's it mean? You bring that book, I'll take a look in there, find out do we bet fifty, a hundred, five hundred, or what."

"OK."

"Get the old shoes first, show me the wrapping color."

Eddie went back to the store. Handsome turned to the alphabetical listing in the *Racing Form* of horses entered in the races at Santa Anita.

Eddie Eggabroad came back with the old shoes in a box, wrapped and tied.

Handsome took one look at the box and growled, "The paper's *white*, Eddie! What am I going to do with white?"

"Look it up."

Handsome looked it up. "White Queen," he said. "That's all they got."

"Any thought?"

"What can I do with White Queen?"

"We don't bet her."

"Not so fast. Say we don't bet her. She's thirty, maybe forty to one. She comes in by six lengths. So we're standing there with our mouths open. What for? Because it was worth a thought, but we didn't even take the trouble to *give* it a thought."

"Well, *give* it a thought, then."

"I'm giving, but it don't come out nothing."

"I'll go get the book. You want a cigar?"

"Why cigar?"

"Smoke."

"After dinner. Always and *only* after dinner. Are we sitting in the back room at the China Doll, after dinner?"

"No, we're standing here in the street."

"Why cigar, then?"

"I don't know."

Handsome looked it up. "Cigar King."

"Cigar King?" Eddie said. "Is it worth a thought?"

"I've wrote it down here on the pad. We'll come back to the matter at the track."

"We figuring on skipping the first race?"

"First and maybe the second, too."

"Second race is six furlongs," Eddie said.

"I'm aware."

"Archer's Prize is in there."

"Aware."

"We win on him last time out, six to one. We win five hundred on him."

"So now he's in the family? He's my father, maybe?"

"Look up 'father,'" Eddie said quickly, and just as quickly Handsome looked.

"Father's *Friend*."

"Rings a bell?"

"No bells. A little clink, like when you hit a glass with a spoon."

"Put it on the pad."

ILLUSTRATED BY JAN BALET

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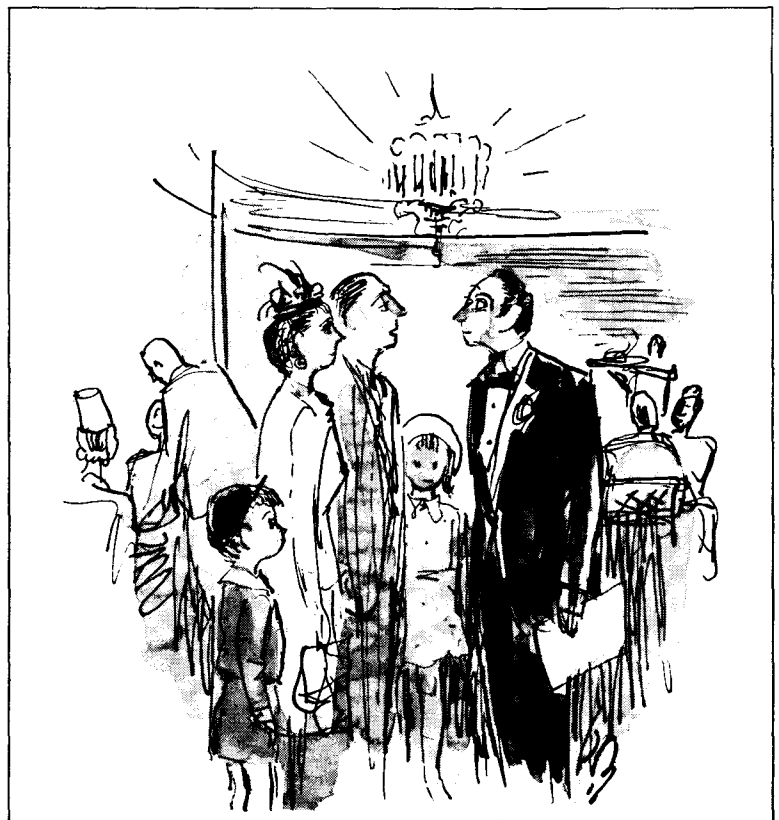
America, America



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Not too conspicuous a table. We say grace."

Handsome wrote the name on the pad.

"I want you to think about us getting a car," he said.

"What for?"

"For class."

"OK."

Eddie went walking down North Rodeo. Handsome watched him go. Kid's a genius, he thought. Like before the war I put my money on losers. Now, mostly winners. On account I got the kid to ask questions. Like a genius he asks. I answer. He asks, I answer. Pretty soon comes the message. The winner. We got money. We got to eat. We got to give to the Lady for the house and the kids. We got for tips. For shoes. For everything.

Nick Palumbo came across the street from his taxi, sixth in a line of ten.

"What time, Handsome?"

"We skip the first, maybe the second. You got an hour."

"Here, in an hour?"

"*Right* here, but not tomorrow, maybe."

"Why not?"

"Maybe I buy a car."

"What do you want to buy a car for? Your feet won't reach the brakes."

"Eddie's feet."

"Why make the kid drive a car?"

"He drove a jeep."

"The war's over. Why make the kid fight all that traffic? Cost you a fortune. Gasoline, tires, battery. Who you like so far?"

"Billy Barbela."

"Bet two across for me."

"I may not like him at the track."

"Bet two across for me on the one you like."

Nick handed Handsome a five and a one.

"How much you winner so far on these small bets every day?" Handsome said.

"From the first day of the meet—four, five hundred. One bet a day, that's all. I hand you the money, I forget about it. I can't handicap. I been losing for years. This is the first time I win."

"I got the kid thinking about a car."

"You get a car, my goose is cooked," Nick said.

"I'll make the bet every day, the same as ever."

"Won't *be* the same. I take somebody else out, I listen to *him*. I ask *him* to make the bet. He bets losers. I lose the day's wages—*plus*. Don't buy a car. Let me take you out in the taxi."

"Need a car."

"What about me? What about my family?"

"You want to drive for me and Lord Eddie?"

"*Lord* Eddie?"

"Pointy shoes now he's got."

"What kind of a car?"

"Limousine. You got to wear a uniform. Sporty. Smart cap. Shoes shined high."

"I got seniority at the taxi company. Eleven years. If I drive for you I got to *quit* the company. Lose the eleven years."

"It ain't compulsory," Handsome said. "You want to drive for me and Lord Eddie, you're welcome. You *don't* want to drive, you're welcome."

"The meet's only got three more days to go."

"Tijuana weekends," Handsome said. "Then Hollywood Park. Then Del Mar. There's not enough tracks running to keep you driving?"

"Suppose you lose? Then where am I?"

"Where are *you?*" Handsome said. "What about me?"

"Well, OK," Nick said. "What happens to *you*, then?"

"I wouldn't kill myself."

"What would you do? Go back to work?"

"In pictures?" Handsome said. "Playing the hood pal of George Raft or somebody? Twenty-five bucks a day? Not me. My luck goes bad, I can find out how to make it go good again."

"How many years is it good now?"

"From the day Lord Eddie come into the barracks in Joplin, Missouri, to win the war. You hear about Smith and Dale? That's him and me. You hear about all those other teams? *That's* him and me. We buy a car, you're welcome to drive. You don't want to, you don't have to."

"I *want* to, but I'm afraid to quit my job."

"I don't want no *new* limousine," Handsome said. "I want old. Black leather up front. Glass in between. Open over the chauffeur. Closed over the passengers. Running board."

"I got to think about it, Handsome."

Nick went back to the taxi drivers standing under the trees, waiting for the movie producers and directors and stars to come out of the Brown Derby and race back to their jobs.

Homer Gas came walking down the street on his way to the restaurant. As always, he carried his bulging briefcase. When he saw Handsome leaning against the lamppost, he stopped and said, "I got a nice little speaking part for you in this Merivale yarn I'm shooting. Hundred bucks a day, six-day guarantee."

"I don't want it."

"Lines. *Good* lines. I got a kid writer. I'll get him to give you more lines."

"I don't like pictures."

"Who does? You like money, though. A hundred bucks a day ain't foolishness."

"I don't want it."

"I need you," Homer Gas said. "Remember I gave you work when nobody else would. You owe it to me, Handsome."

"Don't owe you nothing," Handsome said. "Did my work, took my pay. Work was bad, pay was bad."

"What it is is a sea story," Homer Gas said. "I need your *face*. It's mutiny and stuff."

"I get seasick."

"You ain't going to be lucky forever," Homer Gas said. "Someday you're going to look around for a friend."

"I don't want no friend. I got my friend in my pocket. Money. In my head. Brains."

"Think about it, will you?" Homer Gas said. "Next to *The White Whale* I think it's Merivale's greatest book."

"Never heard of *The White Whale*."

Homer Gas reached into his briefcase and brought out a manuscript. "Here," he said. "Read it. You're the character in there named Gloom. The kid writer invented him. There's no other actor in the business can do Gloom."

"Don't leave me this phone book," Handsome said. "Give it to the parking boy at Metro."

Homer Gas hurried away before Handsome could hand him back the manuscript. It was bound in heavy blue paper. The name of it was *Billy Bird*.

That does it, Handsome thought. We've got our horse for the day for *sure* now. Billy Barbela.

He placed the manuscript on the sidewalk, at the base of the lamppost.

Eddie Eggabroad came walking up the street. He looked real sharp, a clean-cut American boy. He handed Handsome a paperback book named *Lord Jim*, by Joseph Conrad. Handsome glanced at it, flicked the pages like a deck of cards, opened it in the middle, looked at the print, shut the book, put it in the back pocket of his trousers.

"Let's go in the back room and eat now," he said. "We've got our horse. Billy Barbela. We bet him five to win, five to place, and two across for Nick Palumbo."

"Five?" Eddie said.

"Hundred," Handsome said.

In the restaurant, there they were—the stars, the agents, the producers, the directors, the writers, and Homer Gas. The fast waiters with Italian and French accents were rushing back and forth with food and drink and greetings for everybody. Every waiter in there knew everybody. But they respected nobody more than they respected the little man with the sad face—Handsome Hataway, born Hatvany in Brooklyn.

The *famous* people respected him, too. Handsome Hataway had said too many true things about everybody not to be respected. A lot of them in 1942, when they heard he was in the Army, secretly hoped they'd never see him again, because he stood for the truth, and anybody who can be counted on for the truth is dangerous, even if he doesn't move in high circles. His word gets around just the same. And everybody hears it and laughs and thanks God it's about a competitor.

When his good luck at the track was first noticed, the Office of the Collector of Internal Revenue on Sunset Boulevard received a dozen anonymous tips to the effect that Handsome Hataway was making a lot of money, but the boys down at the tax collector's office only smiled and said to one another, "Whoever this stoolie is, he should be as honest as Handsome."

Handsome was in the tax collector's office every Monday morning with the week's score, and his dues.

"On the line, while I've got it," he said, and paid. And with him, Eddie Eggabroad paid too.

At first the tax boys had insisted on identifying Handsome as an actor, but after a couple of years they agreed that he was in fact a gambler, and so gambler became his profession on the tax forms. As for Eddie, all he had ever done until he volunteered into the infantry was a little farm work, and so at first they put him down as a farmer. Later on, though, they changed *his* classification too. The tax boys wanted to make it gambler, too, but Handsome said, "Eddie ain't no gambler. The most you could say is he's a gambler's *assistant*. *My* assistant. Put him down. Gambler's Assistant."

"What's *your* view of the matter, Eddie?" the tax man said. "Do you think of yourself as a gambler's assistant?"

"I don't know about that," Eddie said. "What I owe to the United States I want to pay. If I got enough left over, I send some to my father. Some I spend. Some I save."

"Eddie's going to be a family man, the same as me," Handsome said. "I've got him saving for his wife and kids."

"Gambler's Assistant it is, then," the man said. "Now, I want you both

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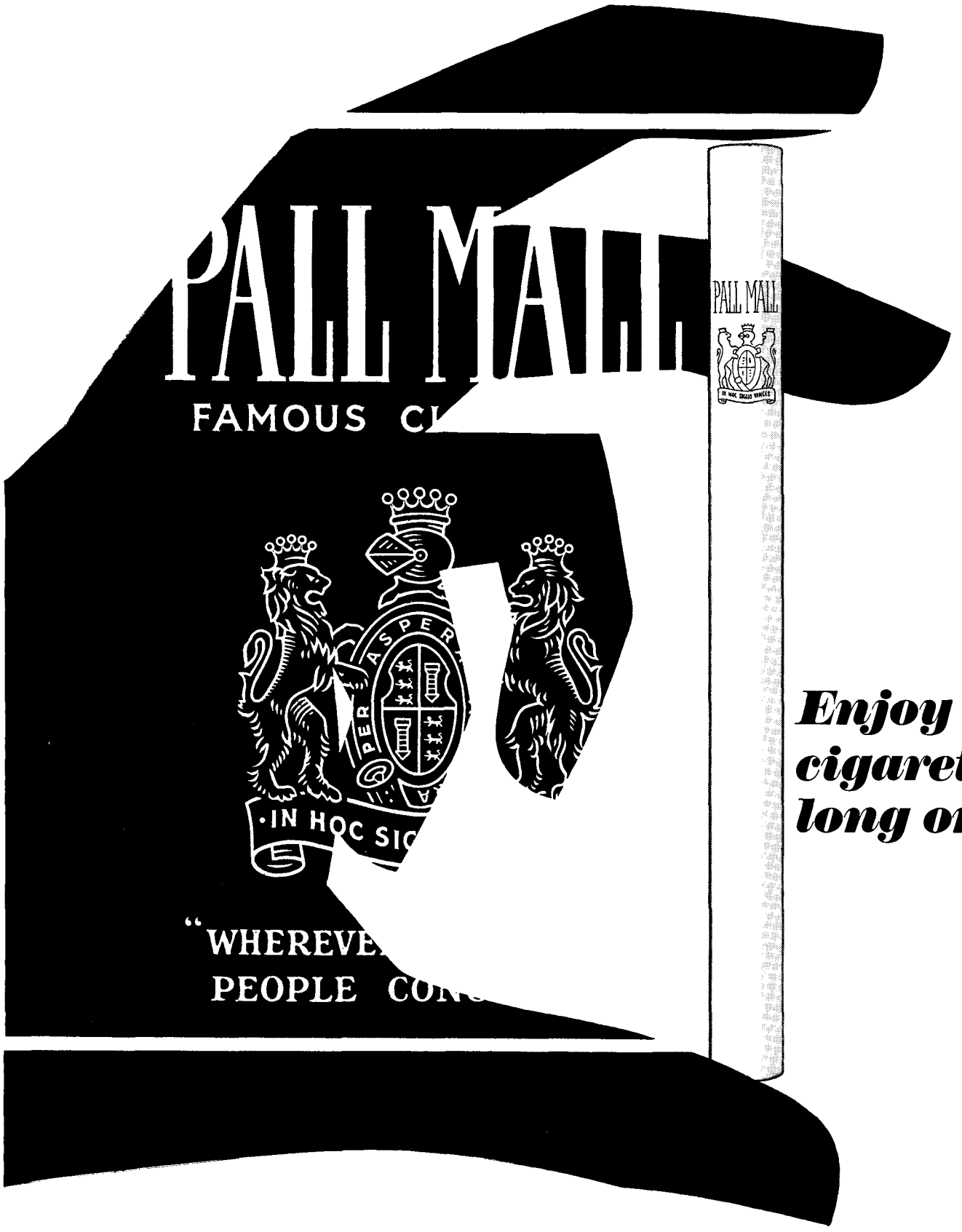

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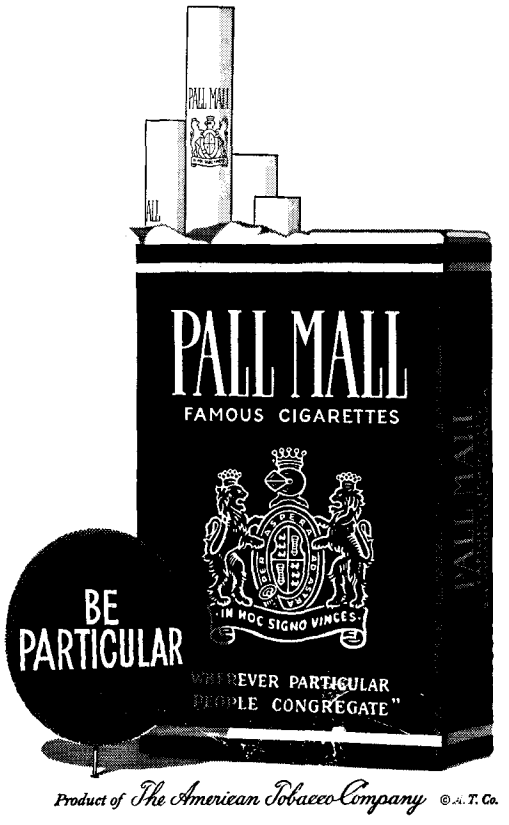

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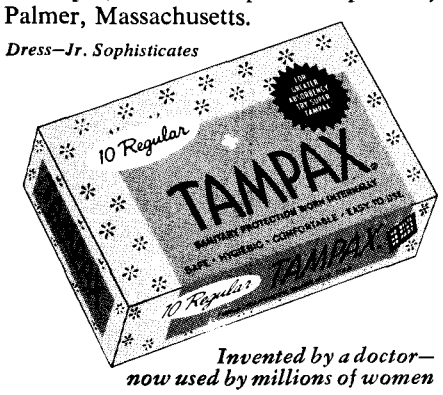

Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

to know you're entitled to deduct losses at gambling."

"What losses?" Eddie said.

Now, just past the revolving door at the Brown Derby, the Gambler and the Gambler's Assistant waited for Mario to escort them to the back room. While they waited, they studied the people at the tables, as they always did. The same old crowd, and a nice one, too. They were all *trying*, anyway.

Homer Gas jumped up from his table when he saw Handsome and Eddie. He left a starlet and hurried over. "You want to come and sit with us?" he said. "We got room at the table."

"I got my own table in the back," Handsome said.

"Where's the script?"

"I left it in my office."

"What office?"

"The lamppost up the street."

"All right," Homer Gas said. "I'll pick it up on my way back to my car. If you don't want to read it, that's all right, Handsome, but—believe me—that's a great part in there for you, and if you don't like the money, I'll tell you what—I'll go back to the studio after lunch and talk about it. I'll talk about getting you *two* hundred a day, with a guarantee of *twelve* days instead of six. I'm going to *insist* on it, Handsome. How about twenty-four hundred dollars for a measly twelve days?"

"I don't act no more."

"We start shooting tomorrow morning. I've got a whole shooting schedule to follow, but if you'll come out there at nine tomorrow morning I'll have the director shoot your sequences in one day. I'll make everybody—stars and everybody—fit into *your* schedule. Instead of twenty-four hundred, I'll get you three grand for the one day."

"What's all the fuss?" Handsome said. "How come all of a sudden you got to have *me* in there?"

"I *need* Gloom, in there. Pat Borey, the studio head, is against the idea of introducing a new character in a classic by a great American writer. He wants to throw the character out, but he says I can keep the character if you'll play it. It's not even my idea, Handsome. I'm leveling. It's Pat Borey's idea. Maybe you're old friends."

"I never met him," Handsome said.

"Well, then, there you are. He's *seen* you, and he's just got to have you, that's all."

"I ain't been in a movie since *Scarface*, almost."

"He's seen you someplace else. You know how a brilliant mind works. He saw you. He heard you talk. He never forgot it. Now, don't say no. This may be an Academy Award picture."

Mario came up at last. "Your table's waiting, Mr. Hataway," he said.

Handsome slipped a five-dollar bill to Mario, and Mario said, "Your lunch is there, too."

"I don't want to keep you from your lunch," Homer Gas said, "but tell me you'll be out there at nine tomorrow."

"I got an appointment at nine. I'm taking my little girl to the dentist."

"Can you make it at ten, then?"

"No. I take her to the ice-cream parlor after the dentist."

"Come in at eleven, by half-past we'll start shooting. By six we'll be finished. Three grand."

Handsome began to go. Homer Gas moved along too.

"Say *maybe*, at least. Give me some hope."

"Maybe," Handsome said softly.

Mario led the way to the back room, to the table in the corner. The table was spread with the usual for Handsome and Eddie—bright-red tartar steak with a raw egg broken on top for Handsome, and a New York cut, charred on the outside and red on the inside, for Eddie. A big bowl of fresh watercress between them. A bottle of spring water each. Rolls. Roquefort cheese. Nothing else. No cocktail, no beer, no coffee.

Handsome and Eddie sat down and began to eat.

"Limousine," Handsome said.

"I been giving it a lot of thought," Eddie said.

"Does it figure?"

"I don't know, Handsome."

"Nick Palumbo, he don't want to lose our business."

"Maybe we ought to let the limousine go, then."

"Maybe."

"See have they got limousine in there," Eddie said.

Handsome brought the *Racing Form* out of his back pocket and turned to the index of horses.

"Limelight," he said. "That's the nearest they got."

"That movie made me bawl," Eddie said. "I seen it five times."

"I seen it," Handsome said.

"Make *you* bawl?"

"Charlie Chaplin, he says in there one thing hurt me a little."

"What?"

"Like after a man gets to fifty there's a kind of sad dignity comes over him."

"I remember."

"He's a comic, but they don't want to laugh at him no more—and he don't want to *make* them. He *could* make them, but in his heart he ain't no comic no more. He looks, and sees it sad."

"Well, *is* it sad?"

"What I see is sad, but it don't hurt so much no more. Where do we live? We live in heaven, don't we? There's no war no more. Sunshine. Lots of time. Money. Nice little apartment on North Orange Grove Avenue for you. Lady in the house, three kids for me. All you got to do is find your girl. What's the matter with Annie Dale, Jean Lynn, Bunny Crane? The others?"

"Movie girls," Eddie said. "I like movie girls all right, but they ain't no wife. They got one husband—a career."

"What's the matter with the schoolteacher?"

"Alice? She won't have me."

"She'll have."

"Not no gambler, she won't. Every night, almost, one whole month she's been telling me so."

"I like the schoolteacher. She's got class. No dancing girl, but no slob, either. Eyes. *Looking* eyes. *Thinking* eyes. Make you a good wife. Make your kids a good mother."

"No gambler, she says."

"It's a business. The track gives to taxes, we give to taxes. What's she want?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He's utterly convinced, I tell you, that only HE can prevent forest fires."

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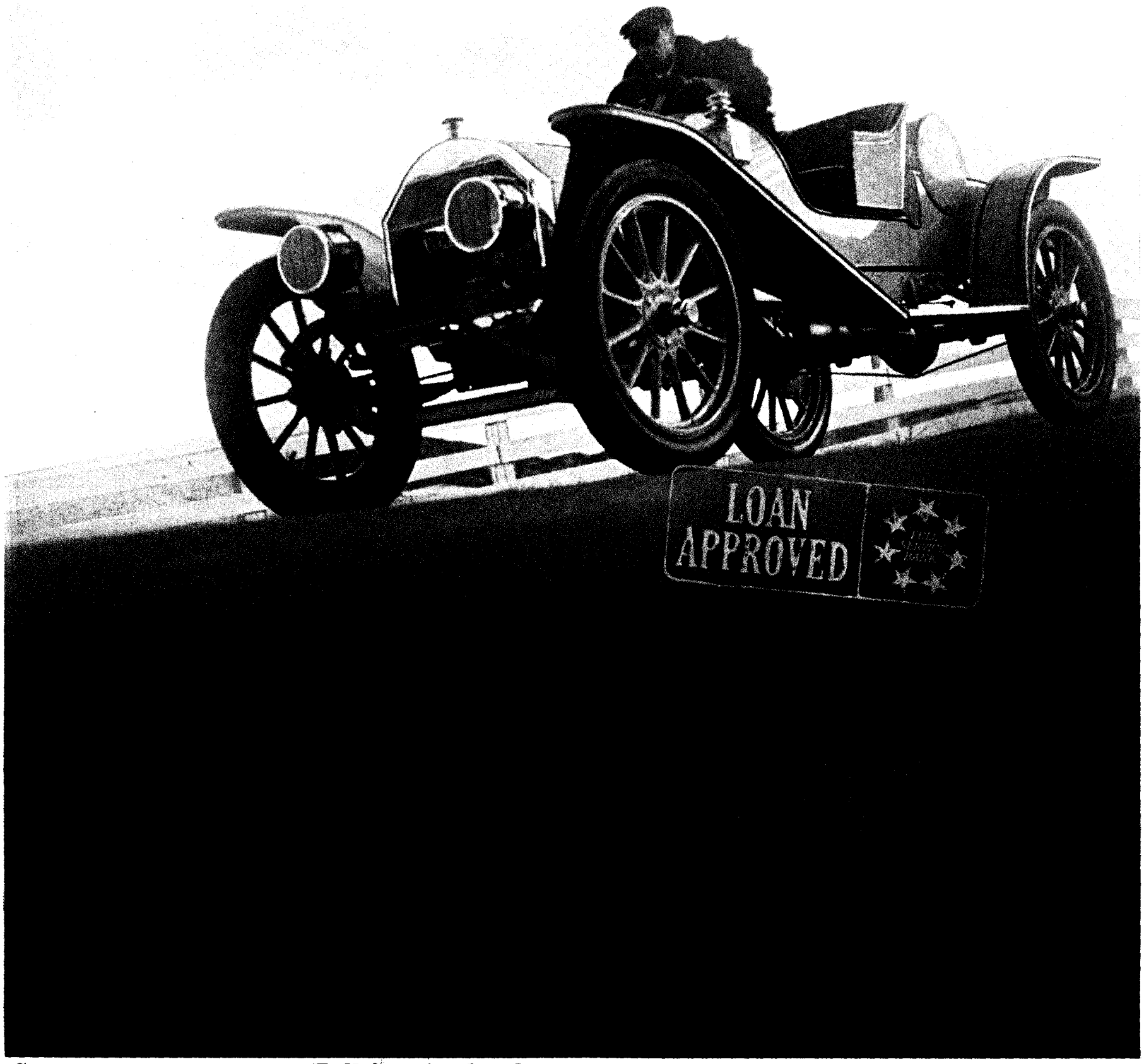

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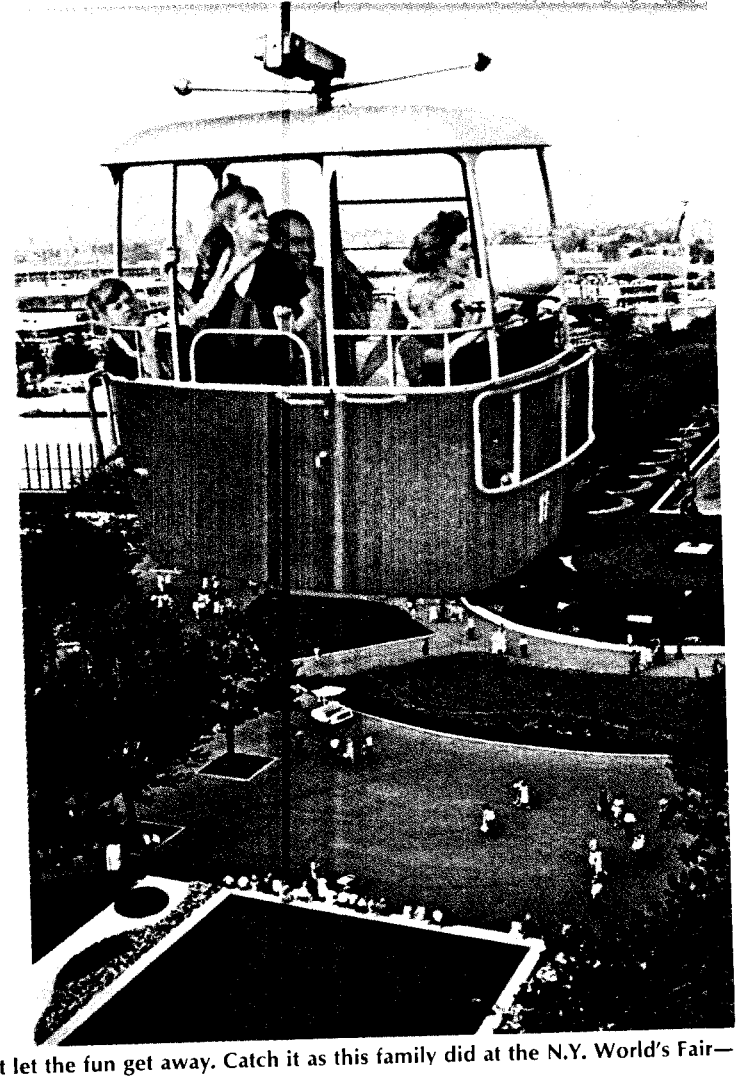

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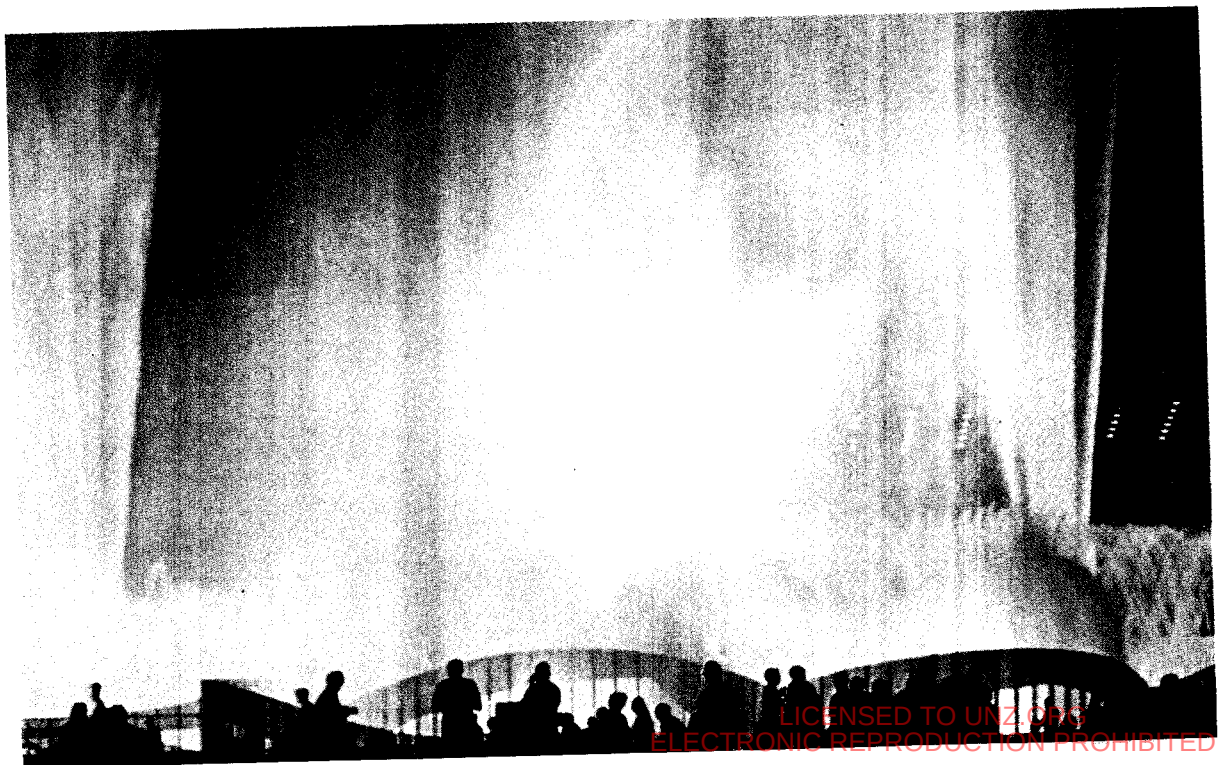

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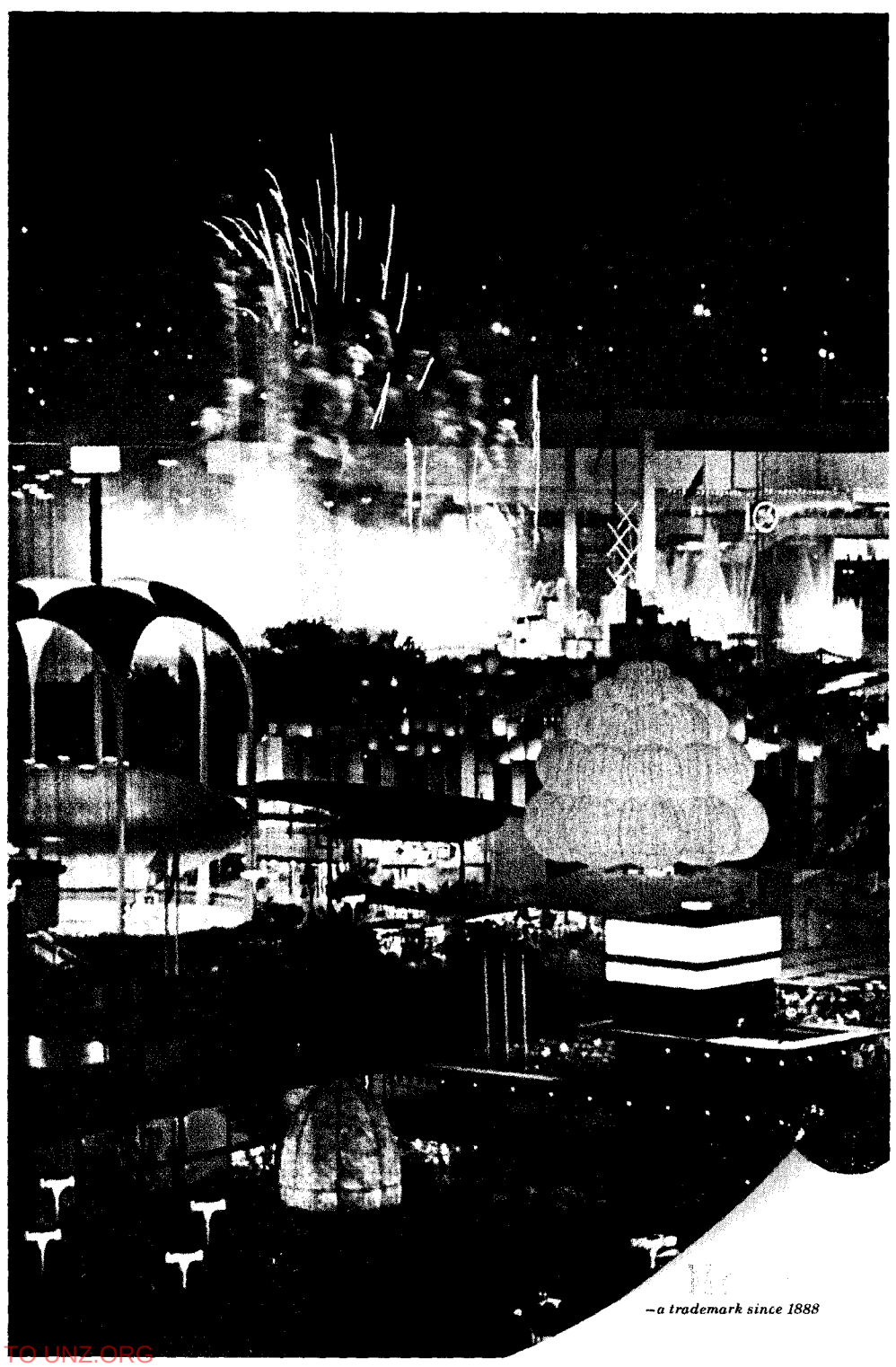

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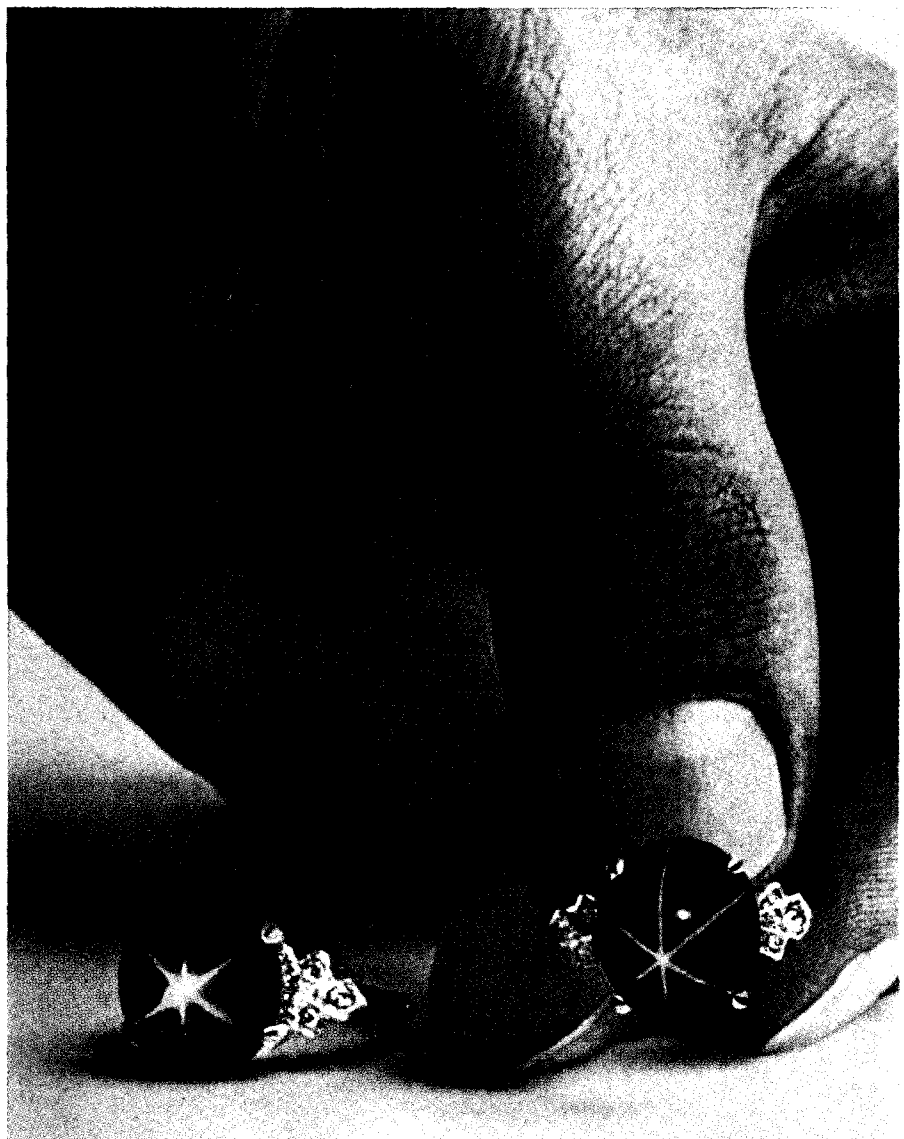

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"Job, with working hours."

"You *got* a job. My assistant."

"No good. She's waiting for me to go broke."

"What for? She don't like money? A nice house, a nice yard, trees, rosebushes, green grass?"

"Alice says I got to go to work."

"What kind of work?"

"Just work. No gambling."

"You got it, with Alice? Like love? Like house and kids?"

"I got it, Handsome."

"Let me think."

The thinking went on for a long time, and then at last Handsome pushed his fork into the tartar steak.

"What's the thought?" Eddie said.

"Like when you stop gambling, that's when I can't find no winners no more, so I got to stop, too."

"Maybe you should talk to her," Eddie said. "How it's a job, like the tax boys themselves said so. Gambler. Gambler's Assistant. Maybe you should come with me tonight when I got to give her the answer."

"What answer?"

"Yes or no."

"Yes, you go to work and get your girl? No, you don't go to work and you don't get her? Yes or no like that?"

Eddie nodded. "I been putting it off every day," he said. "Maybe you better talk to her tonight."

Handsome put his fork down to think some more. After a long time he said, "What kind of work can you do?"

"I been talking to Happer."

"Who's Happer?"

"Manager of the drugstore in the Beverly Wilshire Hotel."

"What *about?*"

"A job."

"In a drugstore?"

"At the lunch counter. Counterman."

"Lord Eddie? Counterman?"

"What do I know to do? Counterman I can do."

"You going to make tuna-fish sandwiches?"

"It's a job."

"How much?"

"Buck and a quarter an hour, forty-hour week."

"You want your wife to work, too?"

"My family don't allow no wife to work."

"You going to bring up a family on forty, forty-five dollars a week?"

"I got a lot of things up in my apartment. Good clothes enough for ten or twenty years. I don't need no more for *me*, Handsome. Just for Alice."

"What about the kids?"

"Just for Alice and the kids."

"What about the house?"

"Just for Alice and the kids and the house."

"You want to do like the King? Abdicate? Leave the kingdom?"

Eddie couldn't think how to answer the question. Handsome began to eat again, but very slowly and thoughtfully. At last he said, "I'll talk to her."

"When?"

"Tonight. Where you taking her?"

"China Doll."

"You want I should get a babysitter, pick up the Lady?"

"Sure, Handsome."

"I like Alice."

"You want to explain to her gambling ain't gambling? It's a job?"

"I got to think, Eddie."

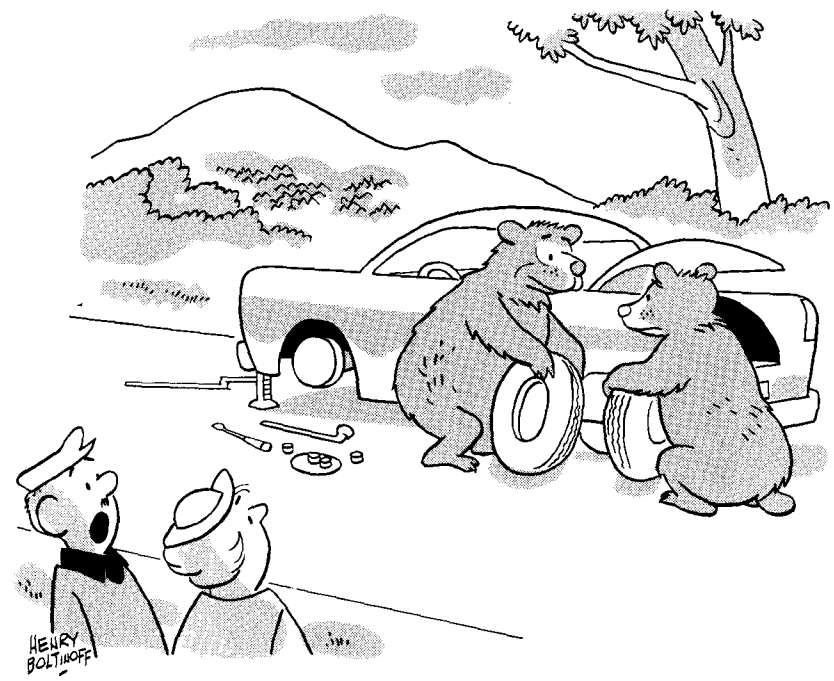
They finished lunch and left the restaurant. Nick Palumbo was across the street in his taxi, waiting for them. They got in and Nick took off for Santa Anita.

"I don't know about driving no limousine," Nick said.

"Think," Handsome said.

It was a thoughtful ride all the way out.

"It comes to me," Handsome said, "when the producer hands me the movie named *Billy Bird*—B.B., the same as Billy Barbela—that that's the horse, but now I don't know. That's a big horse. That's a black horse. Big and black. That's B. and B., too. Homer



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"If they don't like tuna-fish sandwiches, we're in trouble."

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Gas comes nagging at me that way to act again because Pat Borey out there's got to have me or the character gets kicked out. Gloom, he says. Got a kid writer out there writing a character in there name of Gloom."

"Look it up," Eddie said.

Handsome looked and said, "Nothing near it. Just Glassy Eye."

"You going out there at eleven tomorrow morning?"

"I told him maybe. I don't know. Now I don't know about Billy Barbela, even. Maybe we got to think about White Queen, or Cigar King or Archer's Prize, or Limelight. I don't know no more. I lost it. Look in the paper, see what Limelight did last time out."

Eddie looked in the paper. "Placed."

"What'd he do race before?"

"Showed. Before that he win. Before that he win again."

"Who's riding?"

"Valenzuela."

"He'll pay good. Don't hurry, Nick."

They reached the clubhouse when the bell rang for the start of the second race, too late to make a bet. They went out to the platform and stood and watched the race. It was six furlongs, and Limelight ran fifth until the stretch, then came strong and took it by a nose. He paid $18.80, and Handsome said, "It figured. I won't hurry in no taxi, though."

They went up to their usual table and sat down. The old waiter with the Dutch-comic's accent came by, and Handsome handed him five.

"Ice cream for me."

"Me, too," Eddie said.

They sat and didn't talk for a minute, and then Eddie said, "What's the thought?"

"Look in the paper," Handsome said.

Eddie looked in the paper at the form charts on the horses in the third race. Then he looked back at the tote board at the morning-line odds. Eddie knew, even while he studied, that this wasn't Handsome's way to pick horses, although Handsome knew this way better than most. It was a good way, but it didn't work for Handsome. It was the way he'd gone about the business before he'd gone into the Army, and he'd always lost.

Eddie Eggabroad studied the form charts very carefully.

"I don't like it," Handsome said.

"Don't like what?" Eddie said.

"The way, all day, from the pointy shoes in the window to right now when Limelight take it by a nose. I don't like it, like I don't like Homer Gas nagging me, and Alice says you got to get a job. What kind of shoes *are* those shoes, Eddie?"

"The man said Lancia. He said it's an Italian style."

"I'll look up Lancia."

He referred now, page by page, to the official program he had bought at the gate for fifteen cents, and when he came to the end he said, "Latchkey in the fourth is all. Look him up, Eddie, see what he been doing."

Eddie looked up Latchkey in the fourth, and said, "Nothing."

"I don't like it," Handsome said again. "We come to Limelight like that and we both seen the picture, but when we get here the race is already off and he win."

The waiter brought the ice cream and they began to eat.

"I don't know what to tell her," Eddie said.

"It's heaven here," Handsome said. "Sunshine. Fresh air. Flowers. The ice cream's good."

They fell silent and just sat and finished their ice cream.

Handsome brought out his wallet. He removed a fifty-dollar bill and handed it to Eddie.

"Take this half-century," he said. "My age, less one. Walk out of the clubhouse slowly. You see a general-admission man looks broke, you hand him this half-century. You say to him, 'Who do you like in the sixth?' You come back, let me know. Be sure he's broke. Take your time. Look at a lot of 'em, give it to the brokest."

Eddie was gone until it was almost post time for the third race.

"He likes The End in the sixth," Eddie said.

"The End?"

"Anything there?"

"I don't know. It don't come out nothing yet, but look him up."

Eddie looked up The End in the sixth, and then he said, "Dead. He win one race five months ago. He'll be fifty to one, maybe."

"Who's riding?"

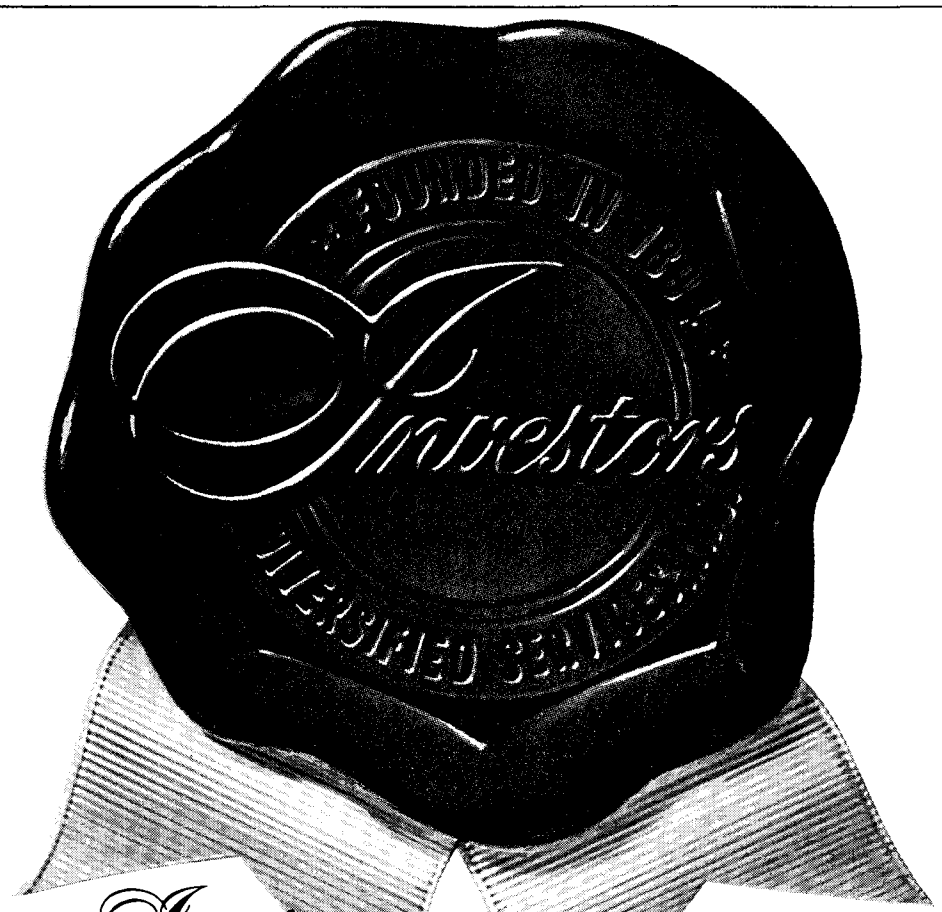
"George Taniguchi."

"Game boy."

"Something?"

"Maybe. Who give you The End?"

"I look at a lot of faces," Eddie said. "At last, I see him standing at the fence. I see him talking. Nobody there. He's old. Sixty, maybe. I don't say nothing. I just go near there and listen.



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Pretty soon I go a little closer. I drop the half-century beside him because I don't want to *give* it to him, Handsome. I *can't*. He's old. He's angry. Pretty soon he stops talking. He looks around. I'm standing there. He don't stop being angry. I look down at the half-century. He looks down. He sees the half-century, but he don't make a move. I go over, pick it up, hold it out. 'You dropped this,' I tell him. He gives me a long look, and then he takes the half-century and straightens it out. I'd crumpled it up. When he had it all straight he looked at me again. 'I always know how much money I carry,' he says. 'Thanks. I can use it, to put on the nose of The End.' Have we got something?"

"Got."

"You like him?"

"Like."

"Against Billy Barbela?"

"Against."

"Forty, fifty to one?"

"Forty, fifty."

"How much?"

"Three hundred across—a nine-hundred-dollar play."

"That's a lot to put on a long shot that's been dead for so long," Eddie said.

"Is."

"You *really* got it, Handsome?"

"Got."

They sat and waited for the sixth race. White Queen ran sixth in her race, Cigar King fifth in his, and so it was with all the other horses that had figured in Handsome's thinking.

The End was forty to one on the morning line, and Billy Barbela was five, but by post time The End went to fifty, and Billy Barbela to three. Eddie made the bet, and six on the nose for Nick, instead of across the board. Three hundred to win, three hundred to place, and three hundred to show on The End. The End went out front from the gate, and that's bad in a distance race. Billy Barbela, with Willie Shoemaker up, lay back about sixth, but not far back. In the backstretch it was still The End by two lengths, and then three, and then four. Now, as they came to the far turn, Eddie was sure the others would catch The End, but they didn't catch him. The four lengths were cut down to one, but then when they straightened out in the stretch The End got strong again and began to draw away. Billy Barbela moved to third in the stretch and looked strong, but after a moment two other horses moved past Billy Barbela, and that was it. The End by a length and a half, $101.40, $44.60, and $18.20.

"How do you do it, Handsome?"

"*You* found the old man, I didn't. The little comic in *Limelight*—where he made you bawl five times—he was old and angry. Right?"

"Right."

"That's how."

Handsome got up. "You collect for us," he said. "I'll collect for Nick Palumbo."

They collected and left the place. Nick drove up in the taxi, and they took off.

"Well, we can't win every day," Nick said. "Billy Barbela wasn't even fourth."

"Here's your money," Handsome said. "Three hundred dollars for six."

"You got a thought for Alice tonight?"

"Got," Handsome said.

They rode on in silence for a long while. Every now and then Nick turned around with the intention of saying thanks again, but Handsome was fast asleep. His small, sad face was terribly sad in sleep.

The taxi was rolling up Olympic Boulevard near the heart of Beverly Hills when Handsome opened his eyes.

"Where are we?"

"Olympic Boulevard near Beverly Drive. I'll have you home in fifteen minutes."

"Go first to the London Shop."

"What you want in there?" Eddie said.

"Pointy shoes," Handsome said.

"What for?"

"I want to wear 'em tonight. Special occasion. I want to wear a few new things from Hague's, too. I got in my pocket almost twenty-five grand."

Nick Palumbo swerved to the curb for a quick halt. "*How much?*" he said.

"Didn't you bet Billy Barbela?"

"I said I might not like him at the track," Handsome said. "I didn't. I liked The End. I bet *him*. I bet for you too. Six on the nose this time."

"Thanks, Handsome," Nick said. "Thanks, Eddie. But don't buy no limousine. I got security at the taxi company."

"Go slow," Handsome said. "Take your time."

They rolled along as slowly as possible, and Eddie said, "You going out there to Metro tomorrow morning?"

"Maybe."

"I don't bet long shots no three hundred across the board every day," Handsome said.

"I thought maybe you bet him ten or twenty dollars across the board. Anybody'll tell you three hundred across the board on a long shot is crazy—unless you win. Wow!" Nick started to drive again. He brought the taxi up in front of the London Shop.

"You got a half hour," Handsome said.

"I'll wait right here."

"No. Pick up a fare. Make a buck."

"I want to think."

"*Work* and think."

Handsome and Eddie walked into the shop, to the back where the shoes were, and Handsome said to the man, "Lancia." He sat down and took off his left shoe. The man put Handsome's foot on a measuring board. He went to where the shoes were stacked in boxes, and came back with a pair. He put the shoes on Handsome's feet, and Handsome got up to see about walking like a Lord.

"Wrap up the old, please."

The man was wrapping up the old pair when Nick Palumbo came into the store. "I been thinking," he said. "I got to have a pair of pointy shoes too."

"This is the place," Handsome said. "We're going over to Hague's now. You come over there in the pointy shoes."

Handsome and Eddie walked out of the shop, each of them looking at their shoes as they walked. When they were in the street, Eddie said, "What's the thought, Handsome?"

"It don't come full yet, I'm working on it. What time, at the China Doll?"

"Well, she teaches tomorrow, so I thought early. Seven?"

"I got plenty of time to think. We go to Hague's now, I buy a few things there, then you take me to see the manager."

"Happer?"

"Yeh, just to *see* him, not to talk."

They went into Hague's, across the street, and Hague showed Handsome shorts, shirts, socks, ties, slacks, jackets, soap, after-shave lotion, cuff links, money clips. Handsome chose one or two of each quickly, paid, and said, "Wrap 'em up, Hague. I'll take 'em home in the taxi."

"Got to put cuffs on the slacks," Hague said.

"Put."

"Tomorrow?"

"Now. I'm wearing this stuff tonight. Special occasion."

"I'll have my tailor get to work right now."

"Who's Lord Jim?" Handsome said.

"You mean Diamond Jim?" Hague said.

Should you treat a summer cold the same way you treat a winter cold?

If you're one of those people who are inclined to treat a summer cold lightly, consider this:

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So if you're going to have a summer cold (and chances are you will) treat it (and yourself) well. Take Contac. Get it at your pharmacy.

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Handsome brought the little book out of his back pocket. "No," he said. "*Lord Jim* by Joseph Conrad."

"I don't read books."

"Read a book," Handsome said. He handed Hague the little book. "We got to go down the street. Tailor puts on the cuffs, you read this book, let me know who is this Lord Jim."

When they left Hague's, they saw Nick Palumbo coming across the street in his pointy shoes.

"Best shoes I ever wore," he said.

"You're walking like a Lord," Handsome said.

"Out of Boyle Heights," Nick said.

"You went to high school," Handsome said.

"Manual Arts."

"You can read."

"Sure I can read. So what?"

"Read a book."

"What kind of a book?"

"Find out about these people. Lord Jim, and like that."

"What for, Handsome?"

"You want to talk to your kids, don't you? Kids are bright now. You don't know nothing out of books, what you going to talk about with the kids? Taxi-driving? Horse-playing?"

They walked together down North Rodeo to Wilshire. They crossed Wilshire to the drugstore, and went in.

Handsome went to the racks of paperback books. "Here's the books," he said to Nick. "Go ahead. Buy one."

"Which one?"

"Any one."

Handsome picked a book out of the rack and handed it to Nick. "Buy it, read it."

Nick studied the cover, and then read what was there, while Handsome and Eddie listened.

"'*This Is America*,'" Nick read. "'Selections from its literature. Stories, lyrics, essays, biographies, state papers, orations, sayings that reveal these United States. Its founding and making, in peace and war. Its famous leaders and its people, young and old, in laughter and sadness, labor and devotion.'"

"You read good," Handsome said.

"What's all that stuff mean?"

"Read the book, find out." He pushed Nick toward the cash register, where a girl was waiting. Nick went to the girl and paid for the book.

"Where's the manager?" Handsome said to Eddie.

Eddie looked around, and then he found him sitting alone at a booth table, drinking a cup of coffee. "That's Happer over there." he said.

Handsome took a look at Happer, a man of sixty or so, tall and thin.

"He's drinking coffee," Handsome said. "He's nervous."

"He's a *little* nervous," Eddie said, "but he's got a lot of responsibility around here."

"He's like a sergeant. Sergeants push. No good a sergeant push a Lord. Let's sit down at the counter."

They sat down, and the counterman turned around. He was a man of maybe forty with a thin moustache. He was making three spread sandwiches for three women at the counter. He said, "Be with you in a minute, gentlemen."

"You going to do like that?" Handsome said

"Yeh," Eddie said.

"That's *work?* Spreading stuff on bread?"

"It's a job, Handsome."

"You got a fortune in the bank, tax free," Handsome said. "We got twenty-five grand in my pocket. You going to spread stuff on bread?"

The counterman put the sandwiches on three separate plates after he had cut them neatly, making four little triangles of each sandwich. He placed a few potato chips and a few slices of pickle on each plate. Then he took the plates and set them down in front of the three women, while Handsome watched and at the same time kept his eye on Happer at the booth table. The counterman turned away from the women and hurried to Handsome and Eddie.

"Ice cream," Handsome said.

"Likewise," Eddie said.

"Vanilla OK, gentlemen?"

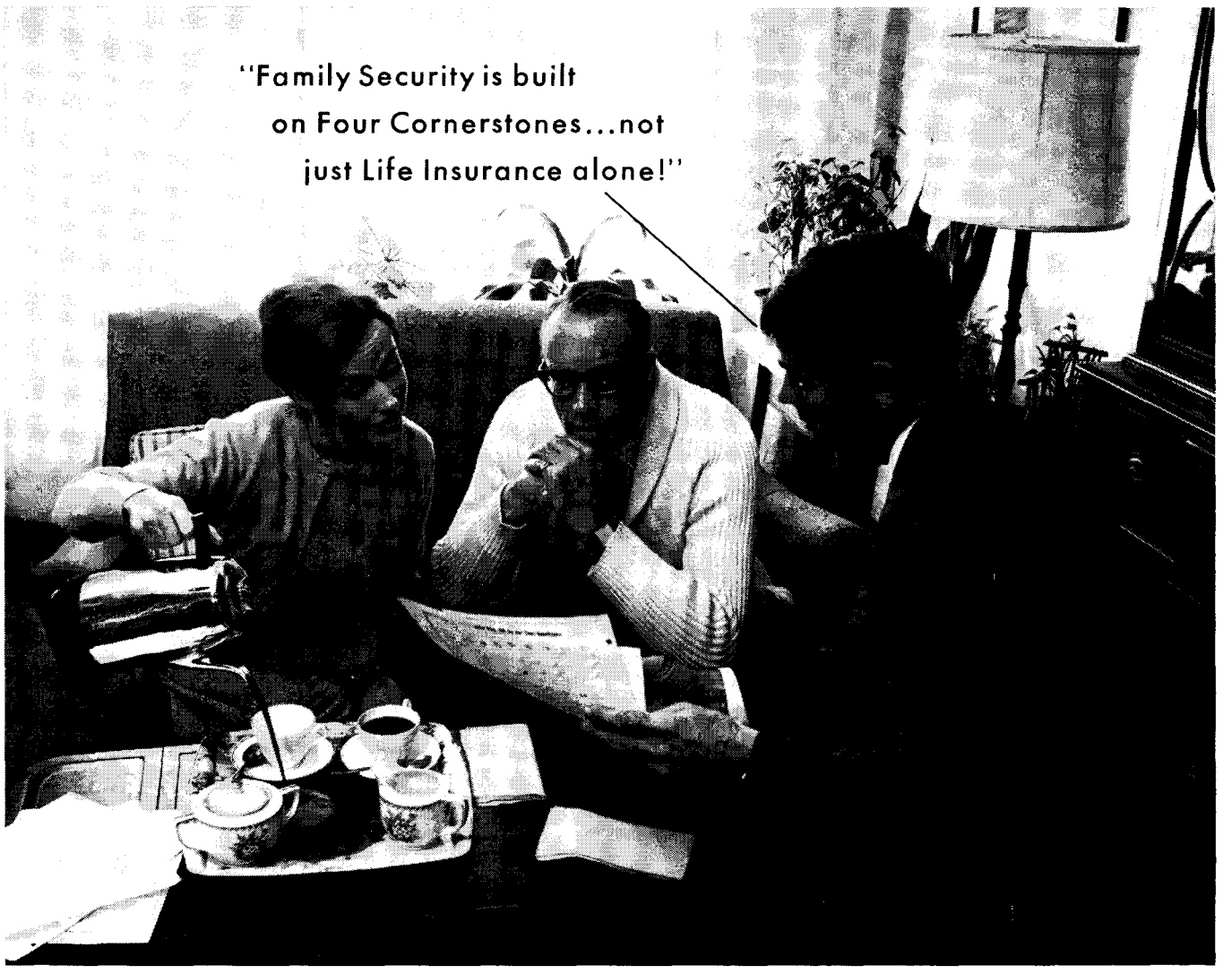
"OK," Handsome said.

Handsome noticed Nick Palumbo standing near the door, reading the book. "Read," he called out.

"I *am* reading," Nick said. "So what's the first thing I'm reading? It says here, 'The name America is derived from Amerigo Vespucci, an Italian navigator.' *First thing—another* Italian."

The counterman was scooping ice cream when one of the women called out to him, waving a piece of her sandwich with a bite taken out of it.

"I distinctly asked for cream cheese, olive, and date," she said. "This is cream cheese, pimento, and *something*."



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- ☐ PROTECTION UNTIL RETIREMENT
- ☐ BUSINESS PROTECTION PLANS
- ☐ HOW LIFE INSURANCE FITS INTO A FINANCIAL PLAN

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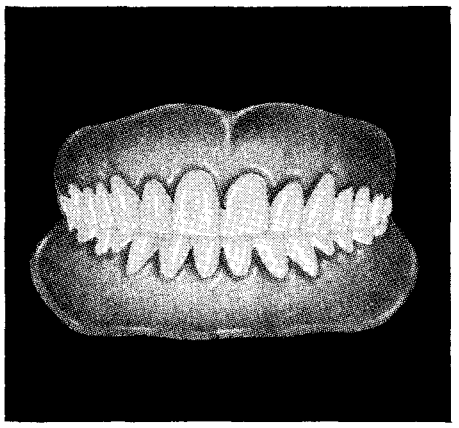

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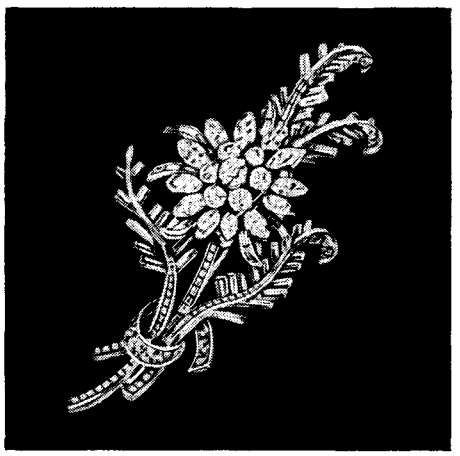

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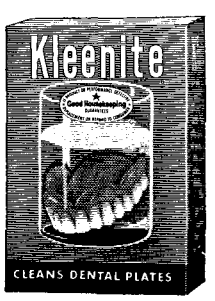


POINTY SHOES

"And we asked for tea *with* the sandwiches," another woman said.

"I'll be with you in just a minute, ladies," the counterman said. He began to work faster than ever with the ice-cream scooper and the dishes.

"In just a minute?" the third woman said.

Handsome saw Happer look up from his coffee, first at the three women—well-dressed, middle-aged, good customers—and then at the counterman.

"That's all right," Handsome said. "You go take care of the ladies now."

"I'm almost finished here," the counterman said.

He put one more scoop into a dish, and then placed the dishes in front of Handsome and Eddie, but he was in such a hurry he forgot the spoons. He hurried to the three women, took back the sandwich that wasn't right, began to work on a new sandwich, and at the same time to get cups and saucers and tea bags lined up. Happer left the booth and went behind the counter. He nodded, unsmiling, at Eddie, who nodded back, and then went to the counterman and began to talk to him in a soft voice. Happer picked up the plate with the wrong sandwich on it, put it down, picked it up again, then let the sandwich slide off the plate down a chute. Then he took over the making of the new sandwich, working in an angry manner, while the counterman worked on the tea. Happer himself took the new sandwich to the lady and set it down in front of her. He smiled at her, and then went back for the three cups of tea. He set them down in front of the women, too, and then he gave them each a new paper napkin, as if that proved something. Then he went back to the counterman, who was wiping his workboard clean with a cloth. Happer said some more things in a quiet voice, while the counterman wiped the board and didn't look up. Then Happer filled himself another cup of coffee and took it back to the booth.

"He's a pusher," Handsome said. "He's a sergeant, and you're a private, Eddie. You want to go be a private in front of a drugstore sergeant?"

The counterman looked around and noticed that Handsome and Eddie hadn't done anything to their ice cream. He then placed spoons beside their dishes.

"Sorry," he said, and hurried back to his work place.

Handsome and Eddie finished their ice cream. Handsome left a dollar beside his plate for the counterman, and then he went to the cashier and paid the check. When they reached Nick standing on the corner, he was still reading the book.

"*This* book ain't going to make me rich," Nick said. "*You* write a book, Handsome. How to play the horses. I buy it, read it, get rich."

"You bet, you win. You bet, you lose," Handsome said. "Read a book like *that* book. *Talk* to your kids."

They walked back to Hague's. Everything was wrapped and ready.

"Who's Lord Jim?" Handsome said.

Hague handed him the little book. "It's a story about the sea. I don't know who he is. He works on the boat, I guess."

"About the sea?" Handsome said. "That's like the movie Homer Gas starts shooting tomorrow morning. *Billy Bird* by Merivale."

Handsome put the book in his pocket. Eddie and Nick went off with the packages and put them in the taxi. Handsome came out and got into the taxi, and they drove off.

Eddie and Nick carried the packages to the front door of Handsome's house in the hills above Sunset Boulevard, and then Nick drove Eddie to his apartment on North Orange Grove Avenue.

"I don't know how he figures 'em," Nick said. "What *is* his system, Eddie?"

"Handsome ain't got no system. He just bets more winners than losers."

Eddie went up to his apartment and stretched out on the bed. In front of him on the bureau was a framed photograph of Alice Cheeber. He didn't know Handsome's thought, but he knew his own. It was an old one. Alice Cheeber. He'd had it most of his life, from long before he'd met her.

Maybe Handsome knew a good way to explain about gambling. Handsome could explain almost anything. One time they were walking in the infield at Santa Anita for the sunshine, fresh air and flowers out there, and Handsome bent down and picked up a piece of square board, about eight by eight inches, out of a bed of flowers. One side was white, with a perfect number six painted on it. Eddie expected him to throw the board away, but he didn't. He just stopped and looked at it.

"What's that?" Eddie said.

"Seven," Handsome said.

"*Six.*"

"Bashful seven."

"It's a six, Handsome."

"Look in the program, see who's running post position seven in the seventh race."

"I'll look, Handsome, but the number on that board is six. When it comes to a number, a number's whatever it is. Number's are *exactly*."

"*Nothing's* exactly. Everything changes all the time. You get a six, next thing it's a seven."

"Why not a five?"

"Everything got to go ahead, not back. Who's seven in the seventh race?"

"Seven in the seventh's Adam's Apple, thirty, forty to one. Six is New Moon—three, four to one."

"Put thirty across on Adam's Apple."

Adam's Apple, with an apprentice up, led all the way for a photo finish with Bomb Boom. They gave it to Bomb Boom, but Adam's Apple paid big for place and show, and New Moon wasn't even in the money.

That was how Handsome explained things.

Handsome would have a good thought for the night. He would know how to explain gambling to Alice, so she wouldn't believe it was wrong. But suppose Alice just *wouldn't* believe? So then what would Eddie do about *his* thought? It was a tough one.

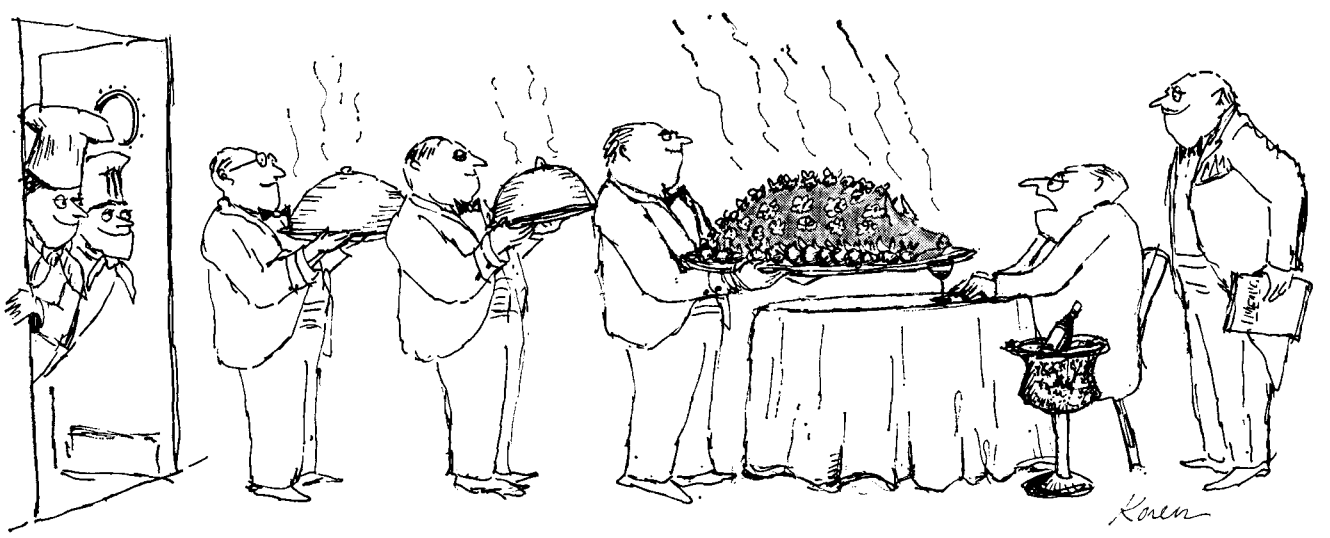
At seven sharp, Eddie and Alice Cheeber arrived at the China Doll.

Jim Wong greeted them. "Handsome phoned. He said he and Mrs. Hataway might be a little late."

"We'll sit," Eddie said.

"He said to go ahead and have some champagne."

"Champagne?" Alice said. She was a tall girl, tall and prim in a schoolteacher's honest clothes: a white shirt, with frills around the neck and at the end of the sleeves, and pleats down the



"That's *not* what I ordered."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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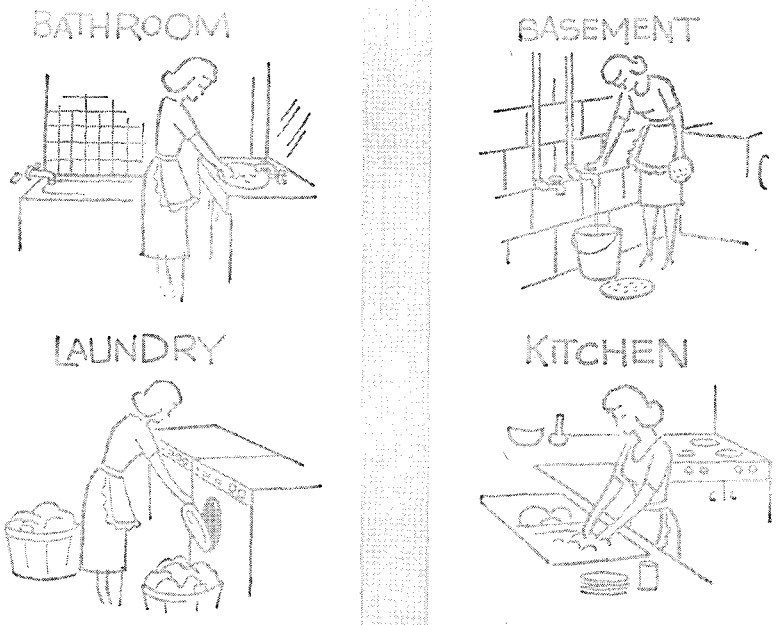

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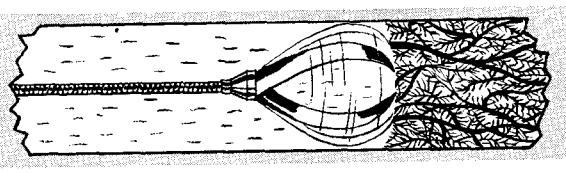
AND AWAY GO TROUBLES DOWN THE DRAIN



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front and back. The skirt was heavy gray wool. She'd put on flesh-colored stockings for the evening, and pink, high-heeled shoes. She'd put on a little perfume too. Eddie had smelled the perfume when he had picked her up at her rooming house on Fairfax Avenue, not far from Fairfax High, where she taught art.

When they were seated at the table and Wong himself had opened the bottle of champagne and filled their glasses, Alice said it again: "Champagne? Champagne's awfully expensive, Edward."

She was thinking about money from gambling, of course.

Eddie picked up his glass and held it out to Alice. She was his only thought. Straight, clean features, and long black hair. Her hands were large and slim, the fingers long, the nails their own color. Large eyes, the brows black and long and just the way they were—no tricks. *Seeing* eyes, as Handsome had said. *Thinking* eyes. She was looking straight at him, to let him know she expected him to give her his answer. But Eddie was troubled. He tried to tell her with his eyes that he was having trouble, needed a minute or two. Handsome Hataway had saved his life twice, once in the war, and once afterward, when he was broke. He just couldn't turn around and walk out on Handsome, just like that.

At last Alice picked up her glass and touched it to Eddie's, and then Eddie felt better, and took a sip. But he didn't know how to get Alice ready for Handsome's thought for the evening. Alice herself wasn't talking, and he knew what that meant. It meant no more stalling. Yes or no, that's all.

"How did school go?" Eddie said.

"It went quite well, Edward," Alice said. "I don't really teach art, you understand. I'm there to pass along to young girls who are in trouble a little understanding and sympathy, because at home they don't get much of those things."

"What do they draw?"

"They're not really interested in drawing *anything*. The art class is just an excuse for them to get somewhere where they know they won't be treated unkindly. All the girls in my classes have had trouble."

"What kind of trouble?"

"Every kind. There's a lot of unhappiness in people, Edward."

She fell silent. Jim Wong came by and filled their glasses again and went off.

Eddie wanted to blurt out and say, "Alice, I've quit gambling. I've got a job—counterman. I'm going down there in the morning, tell Happer. I can spread on bread, same as the next fellow. I won't *keep* that job. I'll just do that so we can get married right away. I'll find another job, more like for me. I'm too big to spread sandwiches and put tea bags in cups, but the answer is yes, Alice."

He wanted to blurt it right out, but he just couldn't. He had to wait for Handsome's thought. He wouldn't turn his back on Handsome when Handsome's back was turned.

At last Handsome and Lady were brought to the table by Jim Wong. Eddie jumped up to sit Lady down. "We been guzzling the champagne," he said. "We're two up on you."

"Alice," Handsome said.

"Mr. Hataway," Alice said. "That's a beautiful dress, Mrs. Hataway."

"Handsome sent me down to Magnin's to buy it," Lady said. "The other junk, too." She indicated new shoes and bag, and she began to remove the elbow-length black gloves. "What for?" she said, looking across the table at the little man with the sad face.

Jim Wong filled all the glasses and went away again.

Handsome took his glass. "Drink," he said. "Before I make the speech."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It'll never harden, boss—it's that lousy stuff you sold the Bridge Authority!"

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Everybody drank, and then Lady said, "What speech?"

"*This* speech," Handsome said. "Lady, I've quit, like I know you always wanted me to."

"Quit *what?*" Lady said.

"Gambling."

"Since when?"

"Since the sixth race at Santa Anita this afternoon, when Lord Eddie and me, we win our last play. A long shot by the name of The End." He turned to Eddie. "So for me, Eddie, it's the end. I've *did* it, and pretty good, too. I don't need to do it no more. I've got for whatever, and more besides. Homer Gas and those boys want me to stand in a camera sometimes, I go stand. They want me to say lines, I say 'em." He looked at his wife. "That's the speech." He smiled at Alice. "*I* have quit. I don't know about Lord Eddie."

"Lord?" Alice said.

"Sure," Handsome said. "Pointy shoes. Look." Handsome put a foot out, and Alice studied the long, narrow, pointed shoe. Eddie put his foot out too, and Lady looked at the big farmer boy's foot in the handsome, trim shoe.

Alice waited a moment, and then she leaned forward a little toward Eddie. "Eddie?" she said.

"You ain't never called me Eddie before."

"I hope you don't mind."

"Mind? I *like* to be called Eddie. It's my name. Almost."

"Have *you* got a speech, Eddie?"

"Little one." Eddie waited a moment, and then he said, "As long as my friend quit, I quit too."

"What do you plan to do?" Alice said.

"Work."

"Have you found a job?"

"Almost."

"What is it?"

Eddie was about to try to explain the job at the drugstore when Handsome said, "We got to be out at Metro eleven in the morning. Homer Gas got a speaking part for me in this sea story by the name of *Billy Bird*. Homer Gas tell me, 'Bring Lord Eddie too.'"

"I didn't hear Homer Gas tell you that," Eddie said.

"You didn't hear," Handsome said. "You don't *need* to hear. I hear."

Handsome untied a flat, square package, wrapped in white paper and tied with a red ribbon. He brought out the piece of board with number six painted on it. He handed it to Alice. "That's for you, Alice, and Lord Eddie."

"Thank you very much, but what is it?"

"Seven," Handsome said.

"It's a six," Alice said.

"No, it's a seven, Alice."

Eddie got up and brought a little jeweler's box out of his coat pocket, lifted the lid, and then held the little box out to Alice, who looked a moment, and then accepted the box.

"It seems I'm getting all sorts of gifts tonight. What is *this*, Eddie?"

"Marriage ring."

"You've never given me an *engagement* one."

"Want to get married. Not engaged."

Alice looked at the ring, and then at the board with number six painted on it, and then at Lady. She got up, and Lady got up, and they hugged each other quickly. Alice handed Eddie the little jeweler's box. Eddie took the ring out, went around the table, and put the ring on Alice's finger. Then, for the first time, he kissed her. It was a shy, quick kiss, on the mouth, in front of everybody in the back room at the China Doll.

After supper the ladies went to the powder room.

"Thanks," Eddie said.

Handsome picked up the piece of board with number six painted on it. "It come to me when I see this tonight on my bureau."

"I didn't even know you kept it."

"I kept."

"What for?"

"Something. Didn't come to me right away, so I kept. Come to me tonight."

"What came to you tonight?"

"The whole day, Eddie. The whole time we've known each other. From the pointy shoes to the old man who give us The End. I see this on the bureau and it come to me—what for? What for all the questions, all the answers, all the thinking, all the trying, all the money?" Handsome studied the piece of board. "It's for seven. Races are all numbers. Pretty soon you can't tell seven from six, you make a play, you lose. But with the wife, you win, because pretty soon it ain't numbers no more, it's kids, and you *can't* lose. It don't go on crazy horses running around crazy racetracks. I didn't quit for Alice and you, I quit for Lady and me."

"Thanks."

"I'll pick you up at ten-thirty, after I take the baby home from the dentist and ice cream. We go out, see what Homer Gas got out there."

"He's got one day's work for you. He ain't got *anything* for me."

"He can't see," Handsome said. "Pat Borey, that old Irishman, he runs that place now. Maybe *he* can see. You be ready half past ten."

When the four of them got up from the table to leave, Alice took the piece of board with number six painted on it.

"It's a beautiful work of art, Handsome," she said. "Thank you very much."

"It was lost in a flower bed out at the track. I see it hiding, a bashful seven. I save it. Help my thinking."

At half past ten in the morning, Eddie Eggabroad was standing on the sidewalk in front of the apartment house on North Orange Grove Avenue where he lived in a two-room apartment he'd be leaving soon, at last. He expected to see a taxi draw up with Handsome inside, but instead he saw a big black limousine. It had great big beautiful lights just inside the big fenders.

The limousine drew up smartly, and Nick Palumbo got out. He was wearing a uniform, a cap, and the pointy shoes.

"Good morning, Mr. Eggabroad," he said. Then quickly he said, "Handsome says I got to talk formal like that, Eddie." He opened the door and stood up straight. "Won't you get in, sir?"

"What *is* this?"

"Handsome'll tell you."

Eddie got in and Handsome said, "When it come to me last night, I phoned Nick and told him to go find me an old limousine. How do you like it?"

"Great."

"Black leather up front. Glass in between. Speaker to chauffeur." Handsome took the mouthpiece and spoke into it. "I want you should drive slow,

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Nicholas. I want you should be five minutes late out there."

"Yes, Mr. Hataway."

"Seventeen years it's the limousine of a lady in Pasadena," Handsome said. "She drive it to church and the Pasadena Playhouse, that's all. Got on it only seventeen thousand miles."

"It's great, Handsome. How much?"

Nick turned around and shouted, "Excuse me, gentlemen. Will you lower the glass a minute, please?"

Eddie lowered the glass.

"Thank you, sir. The price is fifteen hundred dollars. That's the *full* price. I got a deposit of twenty-five dollars on it for the day, that's all. If Mr. Hataway doesn't want it, he owes me the twenty-five. The uniform I'm renting. Costing me five bucks for the day. I got the day off from the taxi company. When you get finished at Metro I'll drive you out to Santa Anita. What you got so far, Handsome?"

"Nicholas," Handsome said, "I said to use formal language in the limousine, didn't I?"

"Yes, sir. I'm sorry, Mr. Hataway. Anyhow, Handsome, what's the thought?"

"Ain't got no thought. Don't need no thought."

"You got the horse for the day *already?*"

"Ain't no horse."

"How come?"

"Ain't going out to the track."

"Going to skip the last two days, go to Tijuana over the weekend?"

"Ain't going to *no* track—no more."

Nick brought the limousine to the curb and stopped. He turned around and said, "I didn't get that, Handsome. Did you say you ain't going out to no track no more?"

"I did."

"For how long?"

"For ever. I ain't no horse-player. Never was. I been getting by on lunatic luck."

"You been *winning.*"

"Winner got to lose. I quit *now*, before I *start* to lose. I'm retired since the sixth at Santa Anita yesterday, where The End tell me time to quit."

"What about *me?*" Nick said. He got out of the limousine and threw his cap on the ground.

"Nicholas," Handsome said, "you're a chauffeur in uniform. Get back in the limousine. Drive slowly out there. I want we should be ten minutes late."

Nick got back into the limousine. "You said *five* minutes last time."

"Ten now. Drive."

"OK," Nick said, and began to drive again. After a moment he turned around and said, "For the love of Mike, Handsome, I ain't kidding. This is serious. What about me?"

"I give you the money," Handsome said, "you pay the man for the limousine. I give you the money, you buy the uniform. Brand-new, like the one you got on."

"What about my job? What about my seniority at the taxi company?"

"Keep the job."

"What's the uniform for, then?"

"You can drive for me on your day off, and Sundays. The limousine belongs to Lord Eddie. A present from me. It'll go in the garage of his new house. Is it a deal?"

"How much a day?"

"Twenty."

"In case it's half a day, how much?"

"Twenty."

"That's forty extra a week. That's more than a hundred and fifty extra a month. It's a deal."

"Drive slow. I want we should be *fifteen* minutes late out there."

"Comes to you a winner," Nick said, "like before you retired, Handsome, you give it to me, I phone a bookie, get down a little bet?"

"No. From now on horses is beautiful, peaceful animals standing on the hills, eating grass."

"You don't want I should ask about a horse sometime?"

"Ask the baby in the house."

"What's the baby know? He says 'horsie.' The baby's only two years old. I can't ask him."

Handsome reached into his back pocket and came out with the *Racing Form*. He leafed through it to the index of entries.

"Horsie?" he said.

"Yeh," Nick said. "Horsie. What's *that* mean?"

"They got here," Handsome said, "Horse Play."

"Something there?"

"Nothing," Handsome said. He lowered the window to throw the *Racing Form* out. The gesture was complete, but when he brought his hand back into the car it still held the *Racing Form*. He turned quickly to an inside page.

"He means horsie on merry-go-round, doesn't he?" Handsome said.

"Sure he means horsie on merry-go-round. That's all he knows," Nick said.

"They ain't no Merry-Go-Round running," Handsome said.

"Anything near?"

"Merry Andrew, that's all they got."

"Andrew?" Nick said. "That's my baby's *name.*"

"You named the baby Andrew?"

"Andy Palumbo. We got something, Handsome?"

"Nothing."

"What race is Merry Andrew?"

"First, same as Horse Play."

"What's the handicapper's remarks?"

"'Runs on three feet.'"

"What have we got, Handsome?"

"Nothing."

Eddie tried his best not to get into it, but after they had all been silent half a minute or more he said, "That boy of yours, Nick."

Nick turned around. "Yeh, Eddie?"

"I mean, as long as you guys are just kind of talking and don't mean anything by it, what kind of a boy *is* Andrew?"

"Happy boy."

Eddie didn't say anything for a long time, and then he said, "That's good. I like to see a little boy happy."

"Merry means happy, don't it?" Nick said.

"Forget it," Handsome said.

"But the baby," Nick said. "Happy Andrew. That's the same as Merry Andrew."

"If *that*'s the case," Handsome said. He took the paper and opened it quickly, to see if there might be another clue of some sort. The car turned and stopped while he was studying the paper. He glanced out and noticed that they had reached the parking lot at Metro, but he didn't move. The parking-lot boy came running over.

"Mr. Hataway?"

"Just a minute."

"They're waiting for you on stage eleven."

"I don't care where they're waiting for me."

"Yes, sir."

"*What* stage?"

"Eleven."

Handsome turned a page. "Merry Andrew's starting from post position eleven," he said.

"Does that make it?"

"Doesn't mean a thing."

Now Homer Gas came running through the parking lot. "We been looking all over for you, Handsome."

"Just a minute."

"York's burning. He says he's going to phone Pat Borey."

"I don't care who's burning. *Who?*"

"York. Kevin York, the director."

"Ray York's riding Merry Andrew."

"What do you think?" Nick said. "Merry Andrew, maybe?"

"Maybe."

"Handsome, we got to hurry," Homer Gas said.

"Where can I get down a bet?" Nick said.

"The studio bookie hangs around

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the barbershop," Homer Gas answered.

"How much will he take?" Handsome said.

"Any amount. Come on, we've got to get back to stage eleven before Pat Borey gets there."

Handsome nodded to Nick, and Nick jumped out and opened the door. Handsome got out, and then Eddie. They all started across the parking lot.

"I want Mr. Eggabroad should have a part in the movie," Handsome said to Homer Gas.

"*Eddie?*" Homer Gas said. "I didn't know Eddie was an actor."

"I want he should become an actor."

"I don't know if I can do that."

"I want he should say lines, so he gets paid good."

Handsome stopped walking. Homer Gas stopped too. He looked at Eddie a long time. "I got the kid writer on the set now," he said. "I'll tell him."

They walked to stage eleven, Homer Gas hurrying ahead, and then stopping to wait, because Handsome wouldn't hurry.

Kevin York was a nervous young fellow, about thirty, just out from New York, from television. He was sitting in his director's chair, mad.

"Pat Borey brought me out from New York to *direct*, not to sit around."

"All right, so direct," Homer Gas said. "This is Handsome Hataway. Gloom."

Homer Gas then introduced Eddie, only he said Eggaround.

"What part's *he* playing?" Kevin York said.

"What part?" Homer Gas said. He picked up a copy of the shooting script quickly, and then he said, "Gloom's best friend, aboard the *Billy Bird*."

"Huckle?"

"Yes."

"Is that Pat Borey's idea, too?"

"Yes," Homer Gas said quickly.

"I understand what he's driving at," Kevin York said. "I like it. I like them both."

"You want to run over their parts, then? While they try on costumes?"

"Yes, I think that'll save time."

They went to a dressing room, and a man from Wardrobe picked out costumes, and Handsome and Eddie put them on, while the director told them about the first scene. The costumes were clothes sailors wore long ago.

"We'll be on the deck of a rocking boat," the director said.

"What kind of a boat?" Handsome said.

"Frigate."

"How do you spell it?" Handsome said.

"F-r-i-g-a-t-e," Homer Gas said.

"Nick," Handsome said, "look in the *Form* there. I think I seen a name like that. See is he running in the first."

"I'd like to get started sometime today," Kevin York said.

"Frigate Boy," Nick said. "In the fifth."

"Bet Merry Andrew," Handsome said. "Fish into my pocket, take out a century, bet him half and half, win and place, for me."

"Likewise for me," Eddie said almost automatically.

Handsome became very earnest suddenly. "Eddie," he said, "I don't know about this."

"It's not a *real* bet," Eddie said. "It's a farewell bet."

"You make a bet, you going to be all right with Alice?"

"I gave her my word," Eddie said. He turned to Nick. "No bet, Nick."

"How about you, Handsome?" Nick said.

"Well, I gave my word to the Lady, too, but I'll tell you what, Nick. Take the century, like five days' driving for me in advance. Bet Merry Andrew win and place. Loses, I owe you a century. Wins, you got some extra days paid in advance. That ain't breaking my word to the Lady."

"OK," Nick said. He walked away on his pointy shoes to make the bet.

Kevin York studied Handsome. "I see what Pat Borey's driving at," he said. "They'll both be fine, but, gentlemen, we've got work to do."

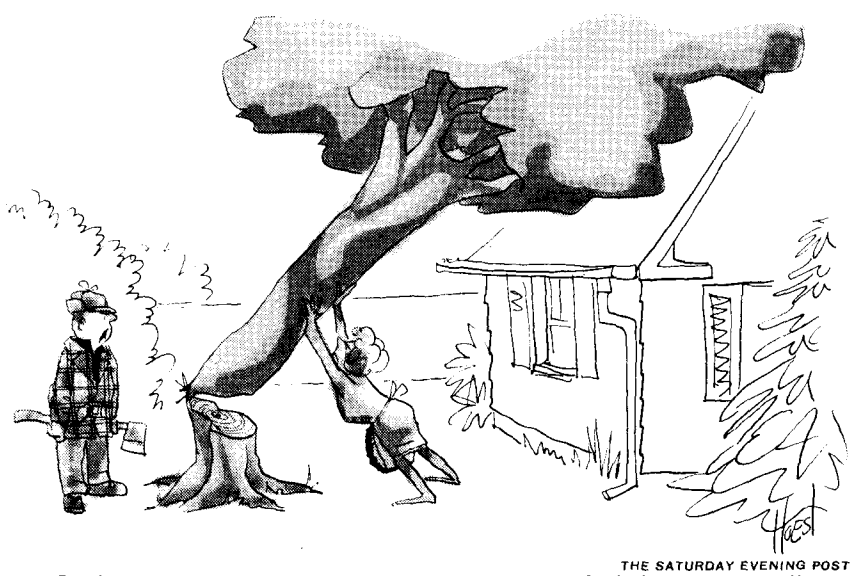
They worked steadily from half past eleven to half past two. The director found them easy to work with. They said their lines just right, without coaching. Pat Borey had a flair for offbeat casting.

At a quarter after two, Handsome saw Nick Palumbo walking onto stage eleven on his pointy shoes, like a Lord.

"Merry Andrew win it," Nick said. "Paid only $22.40 to win, $14.60 to place."

"You got yourself a lot of chauffeur pay in advance," Handsome said. "I want my century back, so it wouldn't be like I broke my word to the Lady."

At five o'clock Pat Borey came on the set to watch. He watched the full hour, until six. He took Homer Gas aside, and said, "Well, I see you got your Gloom all right."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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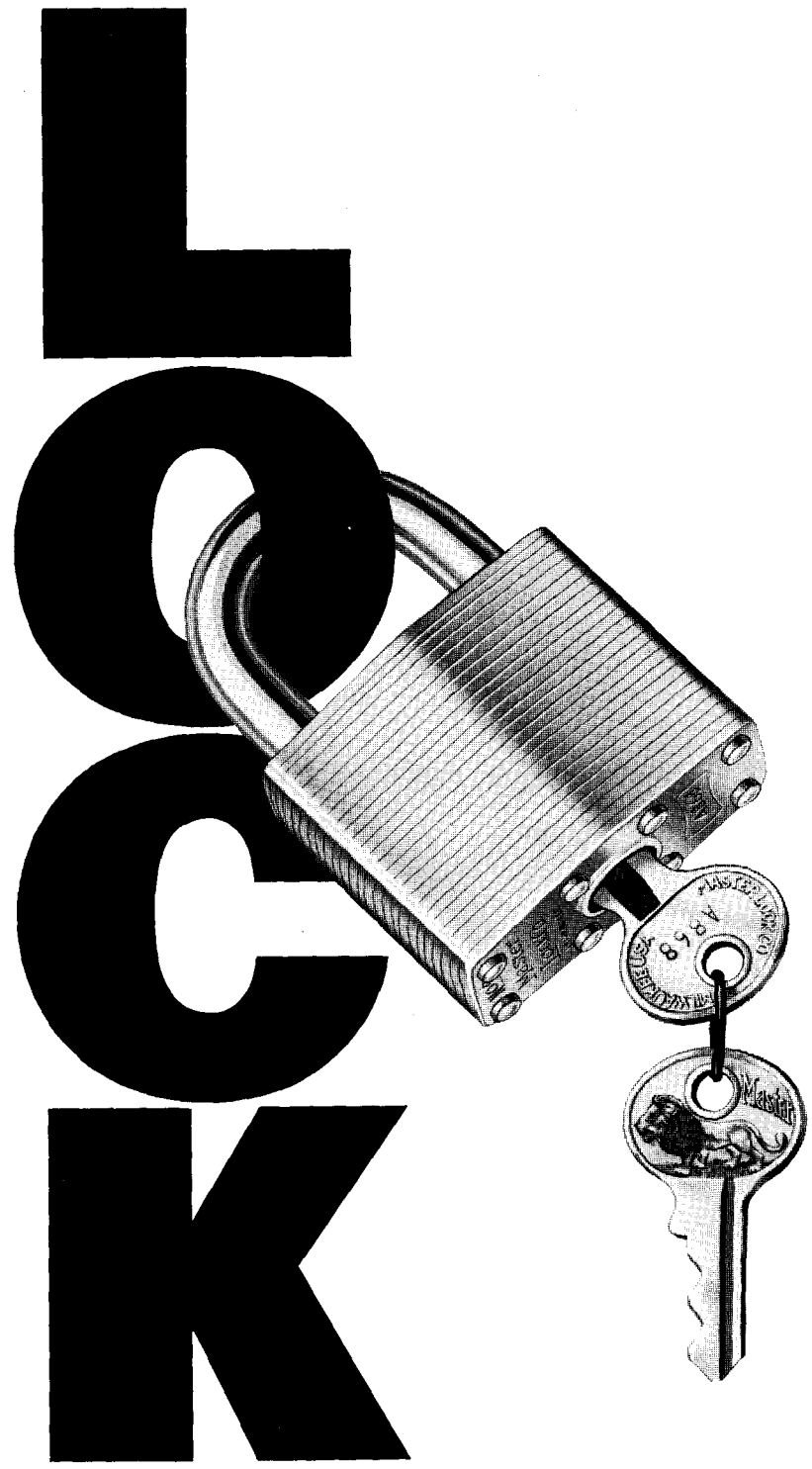

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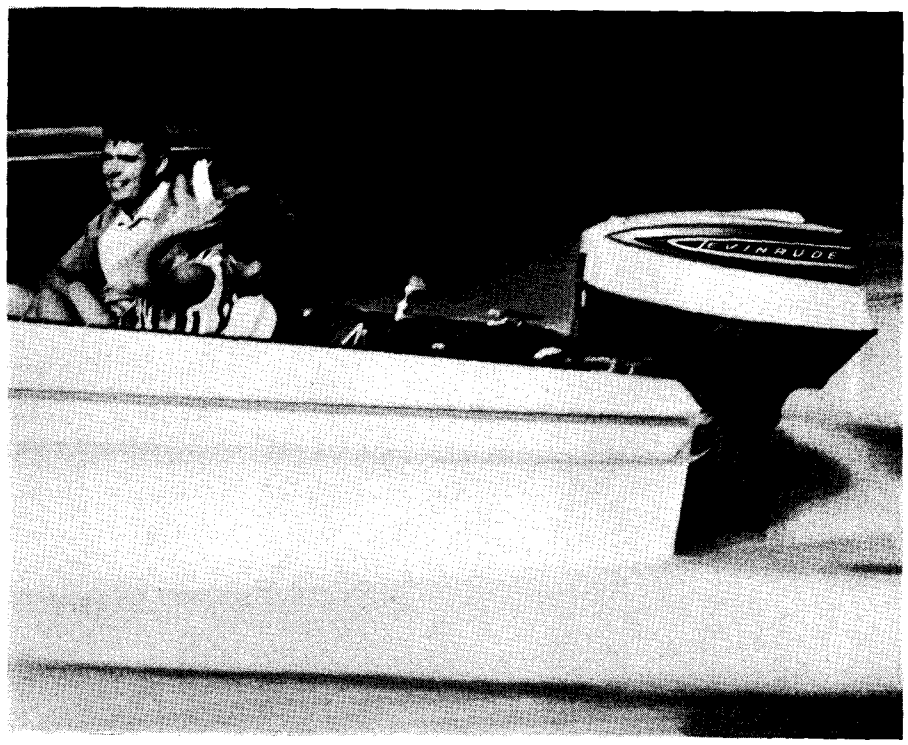

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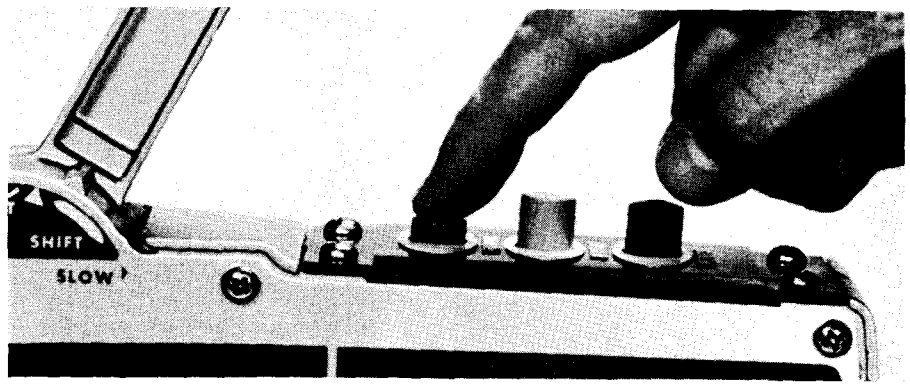

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"Yes, Mr. Borey."

"Handsome'll be great, but who's the boy?"

"Edward Eggalong."

"Change his name. Something that suits him. Put a writer on it. Eggafield—there's no such name."

"Yes, sir."

"Give him a contract."

"Yes, sir."

"The kid's got dignity. With humor, I mean. It's in his eyes, the way he looks, the way he *walks*. Like he was from a farm or something, but all the same proud. Nice proud, not like some of the fatheads around here."

The big, hulking boss of the studio shambled off the set, and Homer Gas asked Handsome and Eddie if he could take them to dinner. They said he couldn't.

"I need 'em both back tomorrow for about an hour," Kevin York said. "What did the old man have to say?"

"Just looking," Homer Gas said. He turned to Handsome and Eddie. "Handsome," he said. "Eddie. You've both made me very happy. Now, I know I said only one day, but Kevin here needs you back for an hour tomorrow."

"What for?" Handsome said.

"I think we can get a little better expression in that scene where Huckle tells Gloom about his girl back in New Bedford."

"*Better?*" Handsome said. "*How* better? You got something in the camera, that's it. We come out for one day. I just bought a limousine out there in the parking lot. Tomorrow I'm taking the Lady and the kids for a nice long drive, and a picnic. Nick's driving for me. And Eddie, he's got to take out a marriage license."

"All right, boys," Homer Gas said. "You want to come in Monday and look at the rushes, be glad to have you."

"Who cares?" Handsome said. "We did our work. Come on, Nick."

In the limousine, on their way home, Handsome said, "How much have I paid you in advance, Nick?"

"Eight hundred and twenty-five dollars. And thanks."

"That was my last bet, because I know I kind of broke my word to the Lady, and now it kind of hurts me, but Lord Eddie, he's a *real* Lord, he didn't break his word. You like that acting work, Eddie?"

"I don't know, Handsome, but it sure is easy, ain't it?"

"Better than spreading on bread."

On Monday, while Eddie and Alice were driving around in the hills of Pacific Palisades, looking for a new house to start their life together in, Pat Borey saw Friday's rushes. "Send the kid up to my office," he said to Homer Gas. "Egghead—that name don't suit him. What name did you find for him?"

"Eddie Huck," Homer Gas said quickly, because it was all he could think of.

"No good. Huck's all right for the first name, but put it with a good last one. Huck *something*. Get hold of Huck and bring him up to my office."

"Yes, sir," Homer Gas said.

He left the projection room, walked down the studio street, off the lot, across to the parking lot, got into his car, and began to drive very swiftly.

Homer Gas was stopped in Culver City by a motorcycle cop, and he said, "It's an emergency," but the cop just took his time writing the ticket. The cop's name was Arthur Finnegan. If Homer Gas had known that, he would have called Eddie Eggabroad Huck Finnegan, a name Pat Borey would have liked instantly.

And if Handsome Hataway had known the cop's name was Finnegan, he would have worked at it. He would eventually have thought about betting Fine Friend, the nearest thing to Finnegan in the *Racing Form*, in the first at Tanforan. Fine Friend won the race and paid $11.80, but then Handsome wasn't there.

He was at the tax collector's office on Sunset Boulevard, changing his profession from Gambler back to Actor, with Lady there to confirm the change. The head tax man asked Handsome into his private office and, after a pleasant chat, said, "You've been so honest with us down here, Handsome, I'd like you to forget about taxes on last week's business."

"Lord Eddie and me, we did pretty good business last week," Handsome said.

"Forget it. You and I know everybody else *always* does. Whatever it comes to, you and your partner have earned it. Split it, and forget it."

"Yes, sir," Handsome said.

He went walking out of the tax office on the pointy shoes, with Lady on his arm, up Sunset Boulevard.

"It's beautiful," Lady said.

"What is?"

"Everything."

"Let me see is there maybe a horse running up at Tanforan by the name of Everything," Handsome said. "Just for a laugh."

He brought the *Racing Form* out of his pocket, but Lady took it and dropped it into the nearest trash basket.

"It was just a thought," Handsome said.

"Up here someplace is Wil Wright's. Let's go eat ice cream," Lady said.

"Let's."

"I like the new shoes."

"Pointy shoes," Handsome said. "You go walk in shoes like that, something good has got to happen." □

William Saroyan has been chronicling the human comedy for some 30 years, beginning with a collection of stories called THE DARING YOUNG MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE, *which was published in 1934. Since then, he has produced a number of novels and plays, one of which,* THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE, *won the Pulitzer Prize for Drama in 1940; Saroyan declined to accept the award because, as he said at the time, he was "opposed to material or official patronage of the arts. . . ." A native Californian, he is no stranger to the Santa Anita racetrack and its environs. His activities as a horseplayer, however, have been blessed with conspicuously less success than those of the heroes of* POINTY SHOES.

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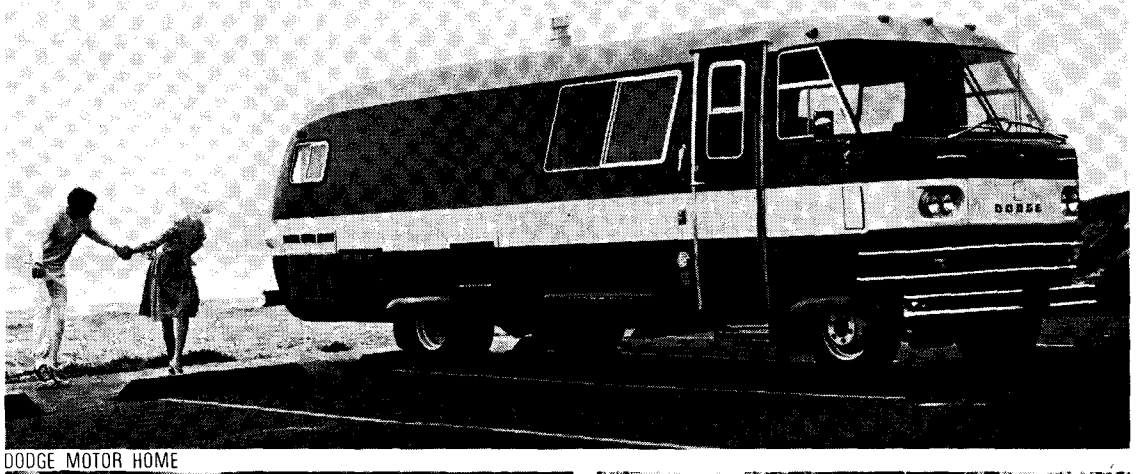

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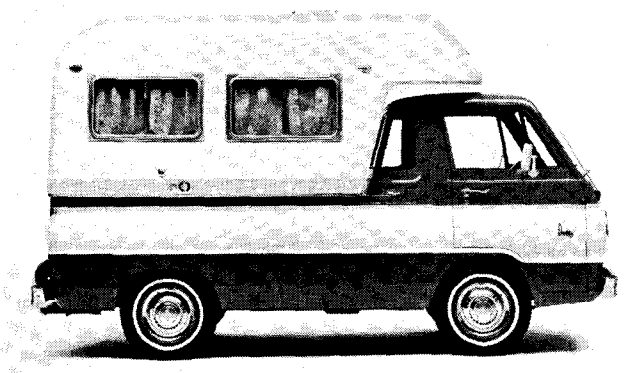

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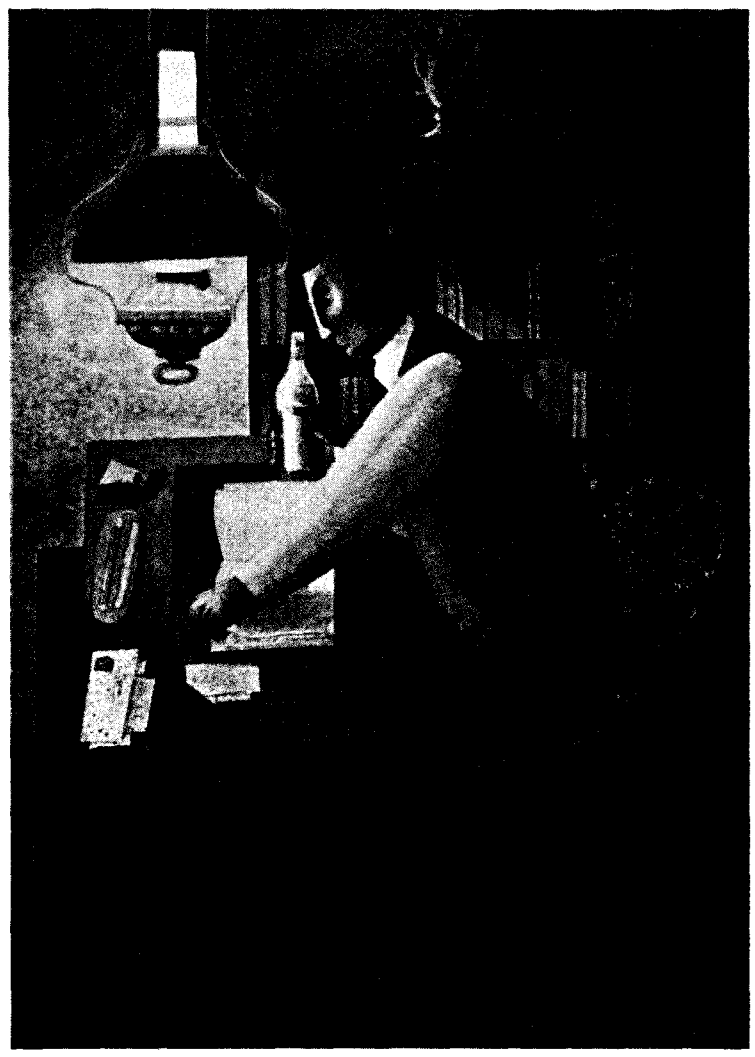
A MONKEY OF HIS OWN

Buy what he will, a man can't possess any life but his own—and for many men that's enough of a problem anyway.



By THOMAS BERGER

At a certain point in Lawrence Swift's life, strangers ceased to talk to him. Earlier it had been commonplace for him to be asked the time of day or requested to open a bus window, or even to be amiably greeted by some passerby on whom, to the best of his recollection, he had never before set eyes.

He was conscious of no alteration in himself that might have brought about this change in the world. Like everyone else, he grew a day older every twenty-four hours, but he expected to be forgiven for that. His coordination was perhaps not what it had been at the age of fifteen, but then throughout his twenties he had also occasionally stubbed a toe or, preoccupied, brushed against the pole of a street sign without being subjected to public contempt. No longer was this true.

Every evening after leaving work, he reflected on these matters at the bar of a midtown tavern for an hour or so before starting home. Not that this establishment was more friendly than the public sidewalk: In several years of the practice, he had yet to receive a glance of acknowledgment from any other member of the regular clientele. But it *was* a place to sit, if one got there early, and the drinks were reasonably priced. By leaving time, Swift had usually drunk enough to convince himself that he could survive another day.

Then, one evening in a bleak autumn, the curse of ostracism was suddenly lifted. He was addressed by the man on the next stool. Swift did not immediately respond. Now that the situation had turned in his favor, he was wary, and considered the possible issues of such an advance: confidence proposition, indecent overture, psychopathic denunciation; perhaps worst of all, because most difficult to reject unscathed: boredom.

However, the first three menaces were rendered unlikely by the stranger's attitude of impersonality, by the circumstance that he spoke into his own beer glass rather than directly to Swift. As for boredom, it was in Swift's opinion unlikely to develop so long as the man could maintain the standard set by his first remark:

"For twenty-five dollars," he had said, "you could at one time buy a monkey by mail."

He had then inclined his head toward the glass—a head large in proportion to the tense body which supported it, and matted with dense, sandy hair that might have been a wig cut from dirty beige broadloom. For a moment it seemed almost as if the man might inhale the beer through his flaring nostrils. But up he came again without drinking at all.

At that point Swift decided to answer. He took a draught of Scotch and said, "I remember."

"You can't," said the stranger, turning toward him. "You're too young. I'm talking of the time before World War II, before plastics were so big. Toys were made of tin or lead in those days and stamped 'Made in Japan,' though quite a few came from Germany as well. Motels were known as tourist cabins. Radio was very big, there being no television, and from the same outfit that sold the monkeys you could buy various devices to hook on your radio to improve its performance; also tricks, like the mike you could pipe into your set from the next room, pretending to be the announcer, amazing and confusing your friends."

The man was animated by what appeared to be equal parts of spleen and joy, though he was not at all drunk. His eyes were a greenish gray and flecked with a darker pigmentation that gave them, like his hair, a soiled look; his linen was exceptionally white.

Swift said, "I recall it well."

"You couldn't possibly," snarled the man, and he took a drink of beer with such spiteful violence that his teeth made a nasty sound on the rim of the Pilsner glass. In the same spirit he grasped and gnawed a handful of salted peanuts from one of the bowls set out on the bar.

"You can have no idea what I'm talking about unless you are over forty," he went on, chewing the peanuts. "Double-breasted suits with wide, peaked lapels. And safety glass in automobile windows was at that time a new feature, tending to turn yellow in the first year. There was also something on cars called Free Wheeling."

Midway between thirty-five and forty, Swift had no clear sense of his years; according to the context, which was always controlled by other people, he might within the same day be anything from infant to dotard. Only the night before, face-to-face with the bouncy girl hired to mind the children while he and his wife went to the movies, he had felt senile. Now this stranger would make him out as callow and unseasoned.

He protested. "I may look younger than I am, but I was born in 1927." He took another quick swallow of Scotch, because though the statement was true it seemed rash: An utter stranger now possessed a vital fact about him and had, furthermore, got it subtly. Perhaps the beer drinker was a confidence man, after all. Swift frequently had such second thoughts after a display of youthful impulse.

As if to confirm these suspicions, the other man immediately dropped his peevishness. "George Tent," he said, putting forth a wiry hand. "I didn't mean to be disagreeable."

Swift returned the favor and added, "My father drove a Model A and then a Reo. And I was a very little kid, but I can certainly recall when marathon dancing was the rage."

Tent swept the room with his dirty eyes. He seemed no longer interested, now that Swift had eliminated the grounds for contention. Suddenly he excused himself, as if to visit the men's room, and actually proceeded to the very door of it before making a sharp left turn through the nearby exit to the street. Swift watched this performance in the backbar mirror.

Tent had left behind a small parcel, paper-wrapped, some eight inches long by five wide and an inch or two thick. Swift could, and should, have run after the man, who even yet must be within the block, to return the parcel to him. Or, failing that, have turned it in to the cashier. Instead, he preferred to act as if the parcel belonged to a bald chap who occupied the stool on the far side of the one on which Tent had been sitting.

The issue had to be faced when a new customer, taking Tent's vacated seat, offered the package to the bald man, who declined, then handed it brusquely to Swift while simultaneously chaffing the bartender, presumably an old acquaintance. Thus Swift was denied the only moment in which he could gracefully have disclaimed ownership.

The next turn of events threw another light on the transaction. Tent's beer was charged to Swift's check. It was a forgivable error on the part of the bartender, who had seen them conversing; and Tent had ordered only one bottle of fifty-cent beer as compared to Swift's four dollars' worth of Scotch. Finding himself without money, and being of a nature that would not permit him to reveal his embarrassment, Tent had resorted to a device that was not without grace, leaving behind the package to compensate his victim.

Without protest, Swift paid the tab. He was moved by the experience. He respected pride in a human being. . . .

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Thomas Berger's first novel, CRAZY IN BERLIN, and its sequel, REINHART IN LOVE, were much admired when they were published in 1958 and 1962 as early examples of the so-called "black humor" which many critics feel to be the important trend in contemporary American writing. In his recently published novel, LITTLE BIG MAN, the humor is more genial: In a manner reminiscent of Mark Twain he satirically retells all the great episodes in Western American history, as seen by one man, Jack Crabbe, who happened to have been present at all of them. This book has received the Rosenthal Award of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, which is "given for an American work of fiction published during the preceding twelve months which, though not a commercial success, is a considerable literary achievement."

MONKEY OF HIS OWN

Swift successfully negotiated the twenty-mile drive to his suburb, and arrived safely at home. The children had been fed and thereby subdued; his wife was down with a sick headache. Even so, he could not have accepted them as his own without the collaboration of alcohol.

It had to do with energy. Theirs seemed to increase with the depletion of his. An hour earlier and he cold sober, they could have been savage. As animals can smell fear, dependents can sense enervation and strike through any mask.

Swift's house was a pseudocolonial structure with a commodious living room, and off it a niche designed to serve as what once was called a "den." A taxidermy-by-correspondence school in Omaha, Nebraska, used to speak of such a room in their ads, recommending as appropriate decoration for it the preserved fauna that was their stock in trade: a squirrel holding an ashtray between its dead paws, for example. At the age of ten Swift had sent for their catalogue, and with no further effort remained on the mailing list until he went away to college. He had never, however, taken the course, perhaps unfortunately, for when he finally acquired a den he had nothing to contribute to its *décor* except a tennis trophy made of brass and some fifty books bequeathed him by an uncle, of which the prominent feature was a set of the complete novels of James Oliver Curwood, lugubriously bound.

To the den Swift repaired after his solitary dinner. He had brought along Tent's package. His wife had slunk to their bedroom on the second floor, and the children were romping in an attic on the third—their very own refuge, where there were no rules to keep but those forbidding bloodshed within the tribe. There Mark could smite his drum, Gerald play his phonograph, and Dorothy wield her crayons against the beaverboard walls. Of course, at any moment each or all might return below and beard their father in his den, for though their sanctuary was safe from him, his was not safe from them. He had really no place to hide.

Swift helped himself to some brandy and then applied a pair of scissors to the twine on Tent's package. The scissors were extraordinarily dull, and it seemed as if he were watching a movie of himself run in slow motion, rather than partaking of an experience firsthand.

"Daddy," said a high but powerful voice behind his back, "must you drink with one hand while cutting with another?" And there stood Dorothy, five years old but unusually articulate.

"Sorry," Swift answered as the string finally parted. "Daddy wasn't thinking." He felt degraded to accept correction from a tiny girl, but she had caught him by surprise, and his principal concern was to divert her attention from the package.

Vain hope. She saw it and moved in with hungry hands. For years he had possessed nothing of value that was not soon claimed by someone of his own blood. Gerald, eleven, had even begged away the lucky coin his father had carried for two decades, and lost it forever within one day.

"Aaaa," groaned Dorothy, having torn away the kraft-paper wrapping and dropped it on the scatter rug, with the animal-like lack of regard that children have for that which lately contained the object of their interest. "It's only a book," said Dorothy. "A very old book, and all gone bad."

Her remark was not without substance. The volume, a fat, paper-bound item, was yellow and desiccated, and when she dropped it on her father's lap a host of fragments rose from it, fluttering like moths. That was enough for Dorothy, to whom any kind of degeneration was vile.

Swift was relieved at her departure. He addressed himself again to the loot from Tent, which was not really a book. What Swift picked up from his lap, causing another blizzard of yellowed fragments, was actually a mail-order catalogue, one that he recognized from his own childhood.

Who of a certain age could not remember Morris, Brown & Co., of South Bend, Indiana? Their garish advertisement, an entertainment in itself, had been printed on the back cover of every comic book and most pulp magazines of the time of Swift's youth. Itching powder, magic rings, tap-dance lessons, squirting boutonnieres, gadgets for the radio—add to these another thousand items of a like nature and you had not begun to exhaust the delights that were the stock in trade of Morris, Brown. Card tricks and watch charms, bow-and-suction arrows, get-the-ball-in-the-hole, black-eye telescopes, hot chewing gum, joy buzzers, false moustache, FBI badge, spicy stories, mechanical mice, the technique of ventriloquism. Fool Friends, Wife, and Policeman. Fun for Young and Old. Free 500-page Catalogue, Profusely Illustrated, 25c Value.

Tent had left behind a vintage Morris, Brown & Co. catalogue of the late 'Thirties, with a three-color cover and flaking leaves, absolutely worthless. But even as Swift made that bitter assessment, his throat grew thick. He was moved almost to tears by the sight of that old catalogue.

"Got a cold?" asked Mark, running into the study in his favorite role of human eagle; he had read a book about a member of that feathered tribe called Earl, *Earl Eagle*, one of a series that introduced children to the other species of animate nature with which we share our globe: Ralph Robin, Louis Lizard, and so on.

"No," his father answered. "This old book has made me sentimental. That means ——" But Mark signaled his comprehension, having probably learned the word on television, so Swift went on: "I had a copy once before, when I was about your age."

Mark asked, "Do you wish you were seven again?"

Swift poured himself another brandy, and apologized: "Sorry, Mark. I'm not being precise tonight. No, I must have been about twelve when I had this catalogue."

"You got me mixed up with Gerald," Mark noted lightly, but he was probably hurt. The best authorities warned against doing this sort of thing to the middle child, with all the pressures already on him.

But the boy proceeded to get his father off the hook, as he generally did, with his splendid tact. "What's on the page you are holding open?"

Nothing gave Swift more pleasure than to see in his children traits that they could not possibly have derived from either himself or his wife. Mark leaned against his elbow and put a freckled hand, with a wart on the index finger, on the catalogue.

Swift noticed that his son's profile suggested that of an eagle: quiescent cruelty of eye, slightly undershot chin, general beakiness. He might have been sighting his prey as he peered down at the volume.

"'A Monkey of Your Very Own,'" Mark said, reading from the display type at the top of the page. "'Only Twenty-Five Dollars.'"

For an instant Swift felt as if he were beginning helplessly to realize some dire prophecy, to keep a fatal rendezvous made by a devil disguised as a bar-stool acquaintance named Tent.

"Going to buy one?" asked Mark, with the irony children show when they believe an adult is being childish; he soared from the room.

That was the moment that Swift decided, as a defiance of fate rather than a surrender to it, to tear from the Morris, Brown catalogue the old yellow order blank and send for a monkey. The firm was probably no longer in business. He was familiar with the comic books his children bought, and he never saw the Morris, Brown ads any more. Children nowadays did not send for amusements through the mail—at least, not until they grew older than the members of his brood and bought pornography from certain box numbers in California.

But even if Morris, Brown had survived on the trade of a few nostalgic cranks like Tent, they would hardly take seriously an order from a catalogue that dated back a quarter century. Today's price for a monkey was surely in excess of twenty-five dollars. All Swift actually risked was a return letter asking an additional sum, very likely so much more that he could stop payment on his original check and gracefully drop the matter.

As a boy, having no brothers or sisters, he had always wanted a monkey. But he could not accumulate the twenty-five dollars, and his parents, who were prosperous enough, did not take him seriously on this subject. He

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Nothing much, sarge, except some kook who claims his convertible was turned into a pumpkin."

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was now striking a blow against Time itself, to which the actual possession of a monkey was immaterial. Liquor was not doing the job. Nevertheless, the glass appeared regularly at his lips, tilted, and deposited a portion of its contents on his tongue. Once matters had come to that pass, he had no choice but to swallow. He decided to send the order C.O.D. and risk nothing at all.

Two weeks went by without a response from Morris, Brown & Co. If they were still in business, no doubt Swift's order took them aback. He was pleased to envision an ancient, decrepit shipping clerk puttering about a dusty stockroom in search of a live monkey and finding only one of those little three-monkey sculptures that exemplify the three no-evils, perched on an ashtray or a sheaf of little blotters. You used to see them everywhere in Swift's boyhood, along with the glass paperweight in which was embedded an Alpine village under water: turn it upside down and you touched off a blizzard. Some people also kept on their end tables a miniature bronze Buddha in which to burn incense, the savory smoke issuing from his ear, eye, nose, and mouth holes; though more often he was not lighted and sat cold.

By the third week, the memory of his order had been lost from Swift's mind. For the same space of time he had not again met George Tent, nor indeed looked for him, and thus he was astonished when, having been clapped upon the shoulder one Thursday evening, he revolved on the bar stool to see Tent standing just behind him. The seats on either side were occupied.

"Hiya, Shapiro!" shouted Tent.

Swift said hello.

"Go on," exclaimed Tent. "Say, 'My name's not Shapiro.' You know the joke."

"I'm sure I do not," Swift admitted meekly, although he was offended.

"Sure you do," said Tent, still with his voice raised unnecessarily. "You say, 'I'm not Shapiro, and even if I were I wouldn't want you to hit me so hard.'" Tent reared back and answered himself: "'If you're not Shapiro, then why are you complaining?' George Jessel tells that one."

Tent left his hand on Swift's shoulder, but he did not himself laugh at the joke. Nor had he struck Swift as hard as the man had apparently hit "Shapiro" in the story; he presumably had some motive other than to bring embarrassment.

"Let me buy you a round," said Swift, signaling the bartender. He was determined to avoid the ambiguous situation of last time, and would rather pick up a check than be left with one.

"No, sir," Tent announced firmly. "I demand satisfaction. You bought before." He threw a twenty-dollar bill, crumpled so that it would make the distance, onto the bar.

Then, of course, Swift felt horrible. He asked hypocritically, "Tent, wasn't it? Look, Tent, I'm afraid that other time we met I took along something that belonged to you. I didn't realize it wasn't mine till I got home: a book, an old catalogue, falling apart?"

Tent rubbed his ruglike scalp. "I wondered where I lost the package. You stole it off me? Just kidding. I bought that catalogue from a secondhand stall, and it set off a train of thought. That was why I mentioned the old days. Wasn't I talking of the old days? Well, that was then. Gee, I forgot about it within a day. Mention hobbies, I have several dozen. Since I saw you last I put together a dining-room cupboard and sank it into the wall between two studs, plastered up and painted. Built it from scrap lumber. I'd go crazy without my hobbies."

He turned suddenly, nervously, like a bird. "There's an open booth!" And darted across to claim it, leaving Swift to settle with the bartender, for the booths were served by waitresses who might have been discomfited by an effort to transfer the check to their side of the room. Swift also brought along the folded twenty; Tent had, after all, not yet drunk anything.

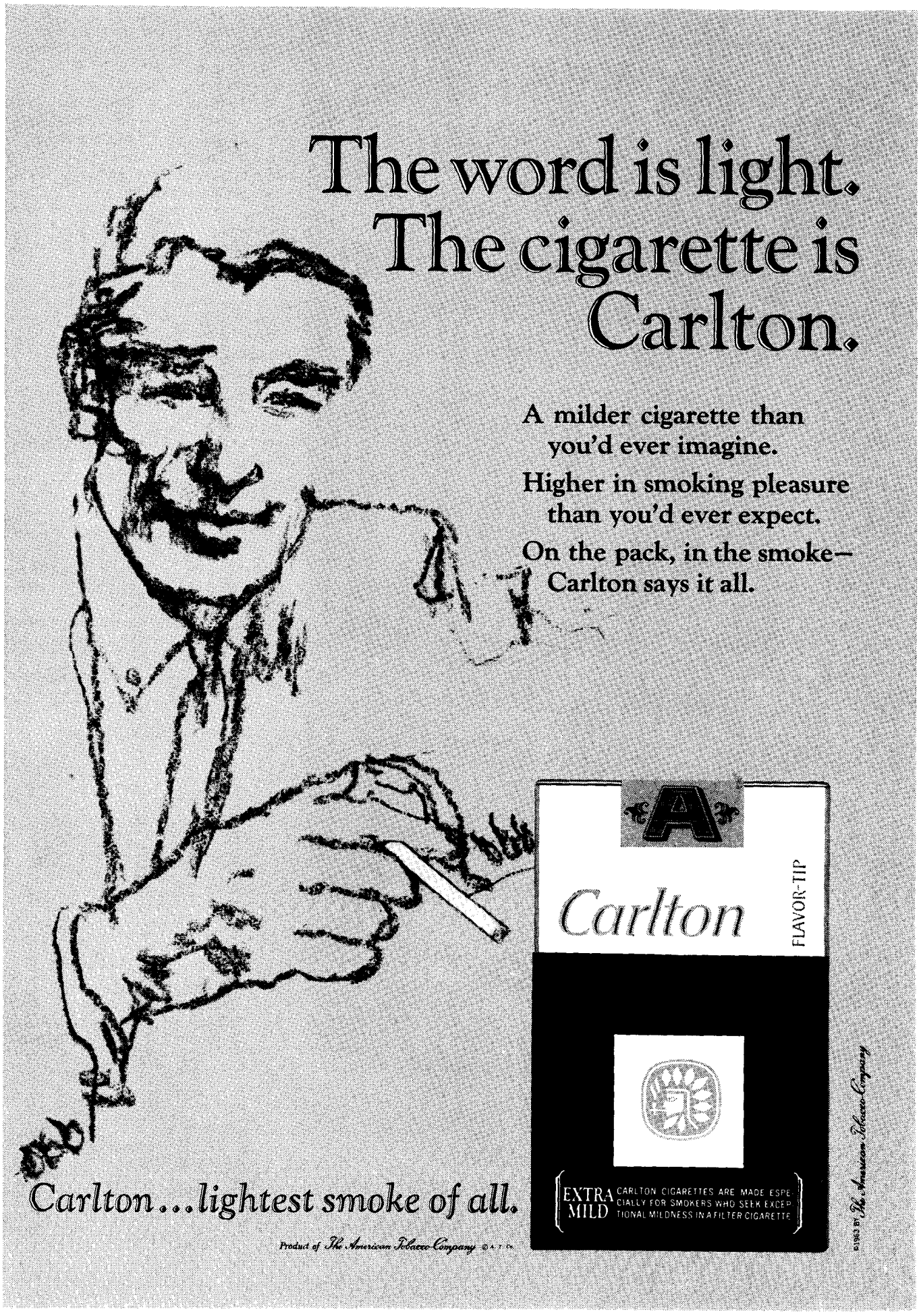
Once seated, Tent ordered a beer and poured it so as to produce a maximum collar.

"It'll go flat quicker that way," Swift lightly pointed out. He got the definite feeling that Tent had some ulterior purpose of which the dining-room-cupboard talk was a cryptic harbinger, and wanted to armor himself in superficiality.

"I guess that's sort of the idea," Tent admitted, with obviously synthetic sheepishness. "I don't really drink any more. I found life could be fascinating without it. I have licked the problem."

"Excuse me?" asked Swift.

"I used to be an alcoholic." Tent ran a finger smugly around the rim of the glass that did not tempt him. "Oh, I know it all, the limits of degradation. I've crawled on my belly for a drop. I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tell you, I know what a fellow goes through."

"Who sent you?" Swift asked.

Tent went on as if he were deaf. "I was at the point where I saw the funny little man. I don't know about green snakes and pink elephants, but I'll swear I saw this tiny dwarf when I hit bottom, and he said, 'George, there's no place from here but up, or out. Make up your mind.'"

Swift drained his glass and started to leave, but Tent seized his coat sleeve.

"Hold on, Larry, I'm getting to the best part."

Swift asked, "Was it my wife?"

"Don't take it that way. Believe me, I know your feelings. I reacted the same way to friends' innuendos. But that's the point: I'm not your friend. I don't know you from Adam, but I do appreciate what you are fighting."

Swift was amazed at the ferocity of his own emotions. He thought he might grab Tent's glass and dash the beer into the man's face that was so ugly with certainty. He had heard of these gentry who offered to cure others of the vices they themselves had discarded.

"I don't give a damn," Tent went on, his sandy eyebrows bristling. "Remember that, Larry. I know all the tricks, and there's nothing you can do to hurt me one iota."

Alas, that was true enough. Throwing beer on Tent, punching his mouth, or even abusing him vocally would only result in Swift's being branded as not only a drunk but a violent one. Tent might even have some quasi-official power to go with his moral authority, like those clergymen whose protests can ban a magazine. Swift knew very little about Alcoholics Anonymous.

But he did believe he had found a discrepancy.

Endeavoring to keep his voice level, he said, "I thought you A.A. people came only on the request of the guy directly involved. I thought otherwise it would mean a breach of privacy. I thought ——" But his restraint finally collapsed, and he blurted, "I think that you stink."

"Sure, Larry," crooned Tent. "Get it off your chest. . . . I'm not with A.A., worthy as the outfit is. I didn't need a national organization to lick my problem, and you don't either. You just have to choose one way or the other, up or down, and that's all I'm peddling."

Swift had a delicacy of feeling that would not permit him to take a sip at this point, much as he needed it when under fire. He pushed the glass aside and lighted a cigarette with his usual steady fingers.

"You refuse to identify your principal?" he asked, trying to recover his dignity. The legal idiom might also throw a scare into Tent, who dressed as if he had an undue respect for the law: he wore a gray-on-gray tie, minutely figured, with a gray suit. He was routine, standard, commonplace; and if he had the strengths of that character, he must have the weaknesses.

Tent answered promptly. "Bob Chesnut. I believe you are married to his sister Marjorie."

"I am, at that," was Swift's wry answer. "Do you also sell used cars?"

"Wholesale printing," said Tent. "We run off those fliers they pay a boy to go along the street and push under the windshield wiper of every car over five years old. You know what I mean? There's a blank space where they write in how much they can offer for that particular car."

"I don't speak to my brother-in-law," Swift said. "And my car is brand new every two years. Do I look intoxicated?"

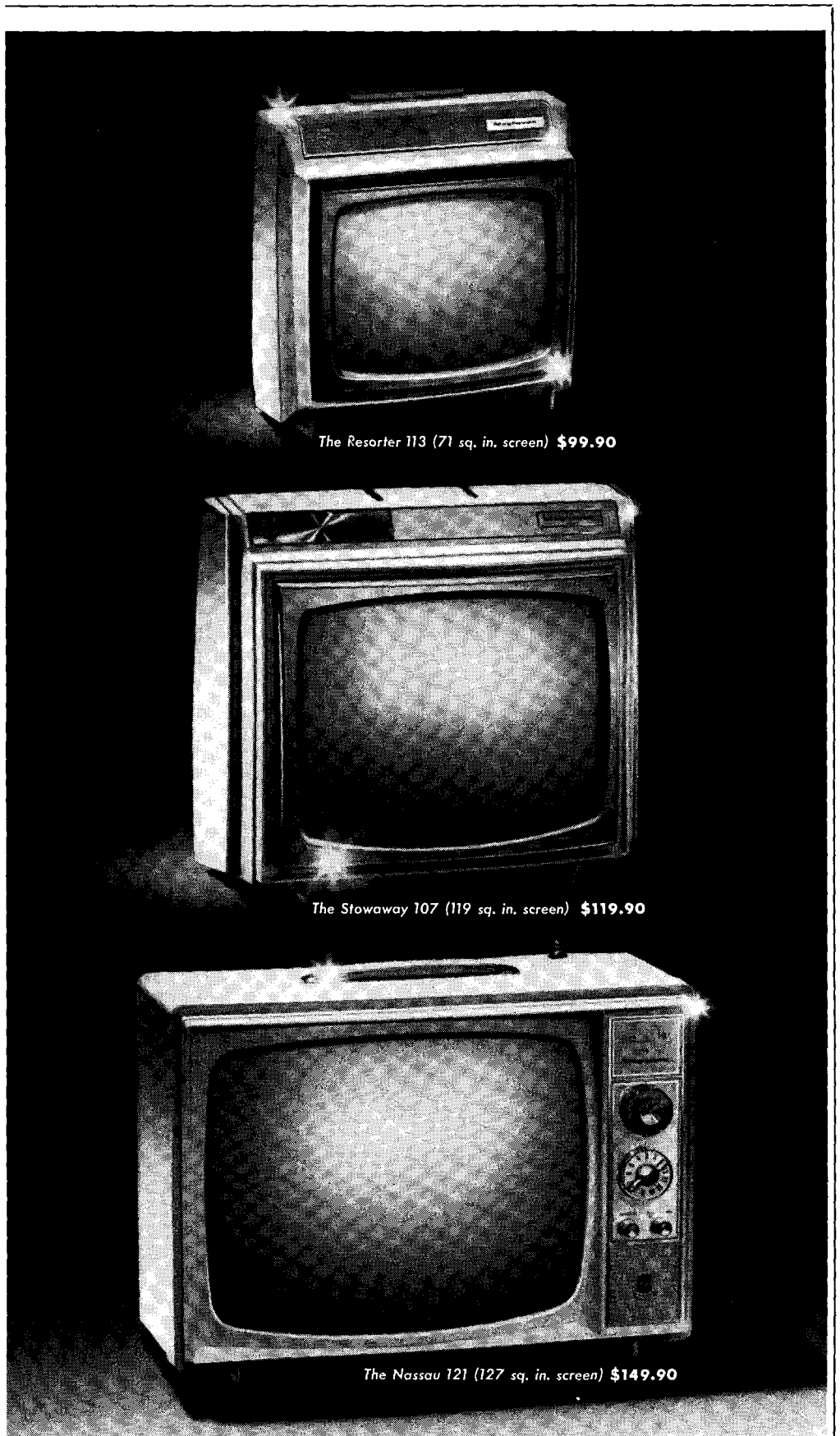
Tent flexed his right wrist while feeling it with the fingers of his left hand. His sport was probably bowling. "Frankly, no. That's why I left so soon the other time: I thought I had the wrong man, though Bob came to the door and pointed you out." Tent shrugged, as though he could not be held responsible.

"I want to know one thing more," said Swift. "Did you leave that package behind on purpose?"

"I told you I forgot it. I've accumulated a library of five hundred books, mostly secondhand. Built the bookcases for them myself. Put in a hi-fi. Helped my boy modify and customize a '47 Ford. I bought an electric kiln and took up enameling on copper, made cuff links for all our male relatives one Christmas." He grew strident.

"And you are still dying for a drink," Swift said; and having taken a mouthful of Scotch, he gargled derisively before swallowing.

A shadow passed across Tent's eyes,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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Then the meeting will be adjourned. We're all with the CIA."

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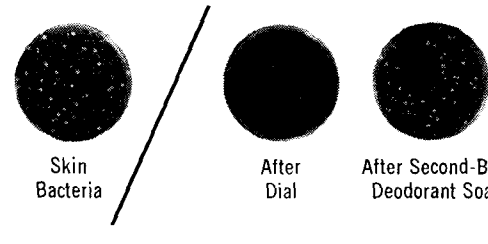

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and he rose from the booth. "Bob's done me a few favors, and I promised him I would try. I think I have, and no offense meant. Your wife and kids are flesh and blood to him." Tent struggled into his raincoat, which was fabricated from one of those synthetics that have an iridescent sheen. He found a business card inside his jacket and laid it on the table. "If you change your mind, you can reach me there."

"You are," said Swift, with impeccable enunciation, " a cheap, vulgar person." He did not trouble to watch how Tent took that; there was still a drop or two of whisky in his glass, though debased with melting ice.

Nonetheless, when he himself made ready to leave, some thirty minutes later, he found that Tent had prevailed again: The crumpled twenty-dollar bill still lay alongside the ashtray. He was forced to take the man's card so as to get an address for its return.

Swift's wife had never been seen to perspire, not even after a fast set of tennis, nor heard to cough from the beginning of winter to its end. On the other hand, all year round she suffered from allergies: certain blouses caused her neck to break out, and she came down with a migraine headache after exposure to such fumes as those of turpentine, diesel-oil exhaust and cigarette-lighter fluid.

Swift could make no substantial objection to her. After three children her waist was still trim, and she had a poverty of imagination that he found soothing. During one dinner hour a horrible, freak disaster had taken place in their neighborhood: A private airplane had fallen out of the sky into a house. Four blocks away, the Swift house lost all its window glass on the north side. Marjorie had looked up from her salad and said, "Sounds like an accident."

On the night following Swift's second encounter with Tent, it was not earlier than eleven o'clock that Marjorie remembered her piece of news and stopped at the den to announce it before going on to bed.

"A crate came this afternoon," she said, supporting herself on a hip thrust against the doorjamb. "C.O.D. twenty-five dollars," she went on. "Express. They accepted a check, as they will from anyone who lives in a house. You don't have to own the house, just live in one. But don't try it in an apartment."

Before speaking, Swift had to swallow the brandy he had been warming on his tongue. By this time of night, the lining of his mouth was pretty well anesthetized; and if he drank fast, the liquid could just as well have been water, for all the immediate profit he derived from it. In the long run, of course, it was not wasted and did its bit toward the eventual degeneration of his liver. "Though it may take years," his doctor unhappily admitted, at a loss for a stronger threat, for Swift was in sounder shape than many a teetotaler.

"That must be my monkey," he answered Marjorie idly. "Where did you put it?"

"In the garage," said Marjorie. "G'night, dear."

An intermittent thrill penetrated Swift's languor, as a ringing telephone pierces sleep, each spasm more vivid until the truth is established. He called her back.

"You're not serious. I was joking. I've had a few. It wasn't really a monkey?"

Marjorie came back, stuck out her hip, and rested on it. Not even at such a moment could she stand straight. She seemed broken in some trick way rather than lazy, and he had to choke the expression of repugnance that any kind of deformity tended to elicit from him.

"How do I know?" she replied lethargically. "If you are expecting a monkey, that must be it. I didn't say monkey. You did. I said they put the crate in the garage. It was too big for the living room, so I said ——"

"All right." Swift lifted the hand that did not clutch the glass. "I have to put the car away anyhow. I left it in the drive." He would never say a word about her brother.

She shuffled upstairs in loose slippers. Swift went outside and drove his car into the right-hand half of the garage, the door to which was never closed. A plywood crate, about four feet high and three in width, sat near the lawn mower in the other half of the garage, and one could assume that if air holes were any indication, it indeed held a living thing.

Swift had brought the brandy bottle with him but no glass. Still behind the steering wheel, he put the mouth of the bottle to his own and let his throat fill like the lock of a canal, his tongue levitating.

Who would have thought old Morris, Brown still to have so much blood in them? A monkey of his own—at prewar prices. It was an absurd outcome to his little joke, in an eerie setting illuminated only by the reflection of the car's headlamps against the garage wall.

At last he struggled from the car, switched on the overhead light, and inspected the crate at close quarters. Stapled to its side was a fat envelope that, when opened, yielded a receipted bill, an affidavit to the effect that the enclosed beast had been fed and watered at regular intervals while in transit, and a pamphlet bearing the legend: How to Take Care of Your Monkey.

In spite of the documentation, Swift at first refused to believe in the actuality of the circumstance in which he found himself. Nevertheless, he matter-of-factly searched the premises for a crowbar or like implement with which to open the crate. Hedge shears were what he found, and he applied them to a joint between the panels and broke the blades off clean, but before doing so had made a chink big enough for the insertion of, say, three fingers.

Thus far he had worked noisily, so as to obscure the sounds within the crate, if such there were, but now he left off for a moment to finish the remainder of the bottle, and heard a distant friction.

He put his mouth to the aperture and shouted, "Monkey, are you in there?"

Again, a faint sound of scratching, writhing.

Swift felt as though he were being choked. Something was terribly wrong. It was normal to drink oneself to death, but not to own a monkey, at his age. Certain things were not done. Reality must be served. Marjorie had the right idea: Life was not meant to be extraordinary.

Yet there was the crate, and there were the broken hedge shears, and between them he had barked the little finger of his left hand and it bled slightly. And next, the monkey inside the crate began to make a horrid, aspirate noise. Perhaps it was ill in this climate, and on finally reaching it he would find not a merry, mischievous playmate but a furry little corpse.

He threw down the shears and ran back to the house. Tent's card, of course, listed only a business address, so Swift searched the metropolitan directory for the man's home telephone. He was astonished to find it, and felt an even greater marvel when Tent himself answered on the first ring.

Swift gave his name, speaking rapidly. "I want to apologize, Tent. And I want to return the twenty-dollar bill you left behind."

Tent's reply was sharp and efficient: "Have you got 'em, Larry? Get some black coffee into you."

"Got what?" asked Swift, deriving a certain relief from his puzzlement.

"The d.t.'s, of course," said Tent. "Hold on, boy. You can make it. Don't stop believing for a minute."

"Believing in what?"

"Your reason, Larry. Never let it slip away."

"Tent, Tent, just listen for a moment. I've got a monkey here, because of that catalogue of yours, and I don't know what to do with him. He's real enough. My wife saw him too, or at least his crate. This is not the right climate for a tropical beast. I'm worried about him. He may be hungry, and where can one buy bananas at this time of night?"

"Larry, you're raving," Tent said flatly. "If you can just hang on, we'll talk this out. But give me time to clean my hands with turps. I'm down on the workshop extension. I'm painting a bookcase."

Swift sought patiently to explain. "Isn't it strange that they filled the order after all these years?"

"Nonsense," said Tent. "I told you I saw the little man once, thought he even spoke to me in his squeaky voice. Yet look at me now. Do you want to talk this out?" Already he was losing interest.

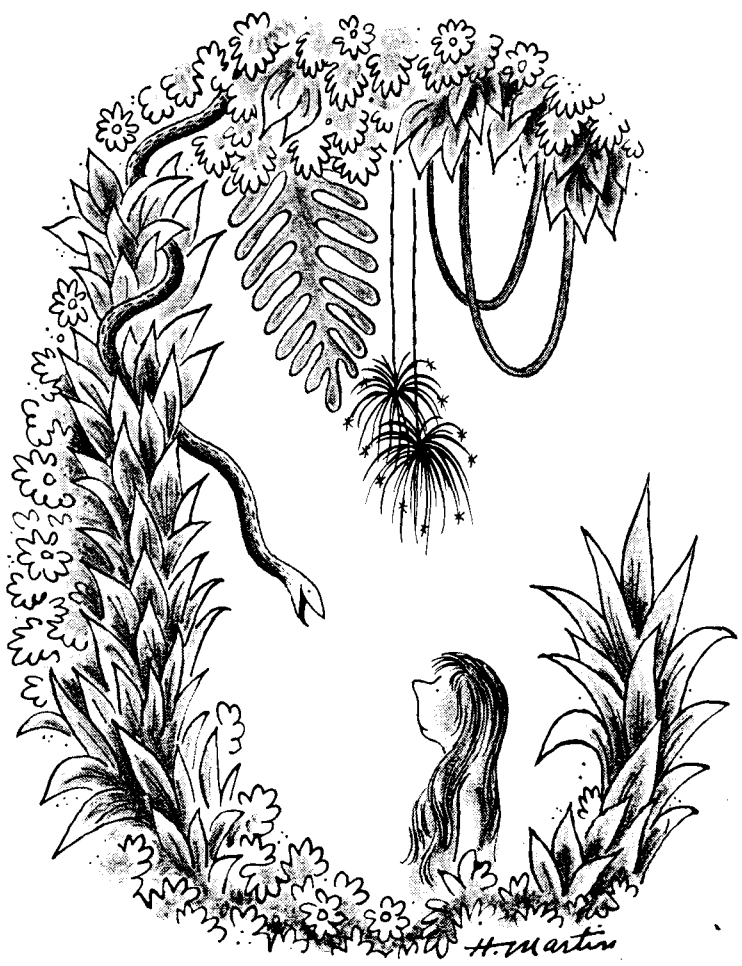
"Thanks anyway," Swift said slowly. "I think I can make it now by myself. If I don't see you around, I'll mail back that twenty." He hung up. It was clear that Tent would never admit responsibility for the monkey.

Swift went upstairs, found Marjorie in bed, and remarked to her, "I'd have thought the children would have opened the crate and got to my monkey."

At the first words, Marjorie started up from her somnolence with mad eyes, then slipped back into the familiar capsule of dull celluloid. "Well, you know they have their own interests," she mumbled, and moved her pale cheek against the pillow. "I don't know where they get their vim and ——" She fell asleep in mid-cliché.

They would read *Bill Baboon* avidly, but they would not inspect a genuine primate. Swift was gratified to have his suspicion confirmed. His children would enjoy advantages that had been denied to him. For years he had deadened his nerves so as to be ready for the arrival of his monkey. Now that it had come, he was ill prepared to receive it.

It must have been several days inside the dark crate, poor devil, out of touch, gasping on bad air and tracking around in its own wastes. Fed and watered, perhaps, as the affidavit attested—meaning, no doubt, that once upon a remote siding in Peoria, an expressman



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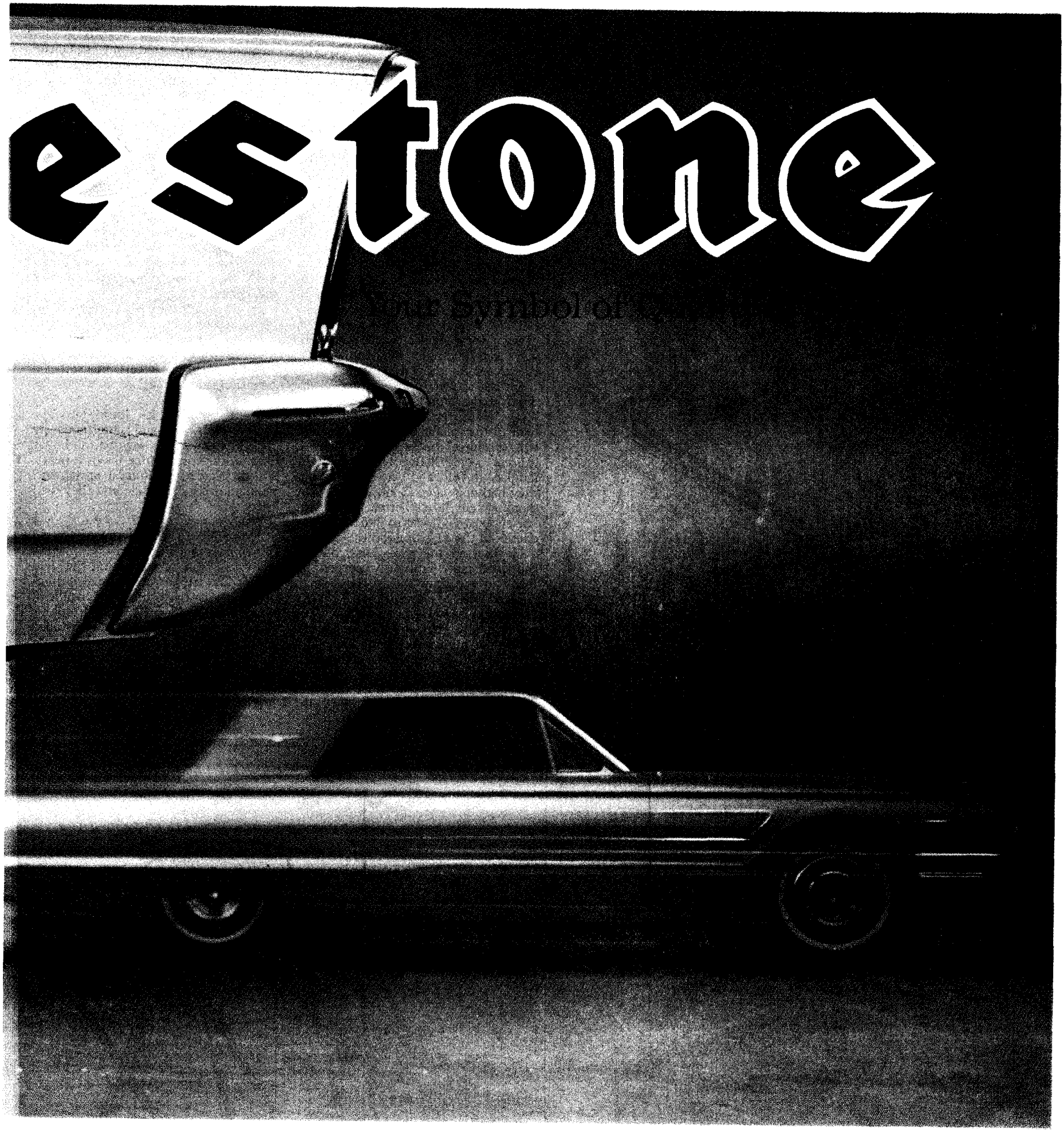

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had opened the crate and thrown in a wilted head of cabbage. Then the climate hereabout: damp nights for too much of the year, and a persistent east wind, often bearing industrial effluvia.

To spring the animal from its immediate cell would be only to contain it within that greater prison bounded by the horizon. Swift's duty was clear. He must put the monkey out of its misery. He abhorred violence and had been relieved to grow up in a time when killing the chicken oneself was no longer a necessary prelude to Sunday dinner, as it had been in his father's age. Nowadays even the giblets came in a little plastic bag, as though the fowl himself had grown them there.

Because of this cultural evolution, Swift owned no hatchet. Neither did he possess a firearm or other professional instrument of death. Such poisons as were available to him—tincture of iodine, chlorine bleach—were so bland as to produce only a lingering demise, if any at all. He must choose between two alternatives, one as coarse as the next. But either would do the job, and that was the important thing: an ordinary carpenter's hammer, or a butcher's knife.

First he went into the den and got the old catalogue and, placing the twenty-dollar bill within its pages, wrapped it in paper, tied it with twine, and addressed it to Tent. Marjorie would mail it if he were himself indisposed. He did not expect to be, but he honored the principle that one must square accounts before letting blood.

He opted for the knife, a commonplace utensil found in every kitchen the world over among the eaters of flesh. The use to which he would now put it was perhaps only an extension of its natural service. Swift wished always to do the right thing, and he held the grotesque in abomination.

On his return to the garage, Swift discovered a small trapdoor at the side of the crate, secured by a wire and a little wafer made of lead. This door was, of course, the means by which the express people had got access to the monkey to feed and water it. Perhaps they had done a good job; perhaps the monkey had fared better than Swift had supposed—it was so difficult to put oneself in the cage of another.

He twisted the wire loose, opened the door, and cautiously peeped in, ready to withdraw should the animal, enraged, seek to claw his eyes.

What he saw was not a monkey but rather a tiny man—to all appearances a genuine human being, though only two feet tall, and wearing a cardigan, a white shirt with collar and necktie loosened, the trousers to a sharkskin suit, and cordovan loafers. This costume reproduced in miniature the very attire that Swift was wearing at the moment. Were that not sufficient provocation, the little creature's face was a replica of Swift's own.

It was a brilliant travesty, complete in every particular, precise as to scale, and no trick of diminishing mirrors: for Swift was crouched, his face grim, whereas the little man stood erect and showed a confident smile. There could be no doubt that though closely, demoniacally allied to Swift, he was independent, had his own needs and purposes, and would eventually prove treacherous, were Swift to rely on him. Remarkable though the tiny man might be, it stood to reason that he was not perfect.

So Swift addressed him regretfully: "You understand . . ."

"I do," replied the little man, in a flutelike voice, not at all squeaky. He was not some vile dwarf, but rather a beautiful, ideal creation, as worthy of love as of hatred.

Swift plunged the knife into the diminutive chest, and simultaneously felt the little man's weapon, no larger than a toothpick, enter his own heart. For they had been similar in armament, as in all other externals; and they died together.

However, to the everyday world which next morning came upon Swift's body, it was obvious that he had drunkenly tripped and impaled himself on the butcher knife, the handle of which, full-sized, protruded from his old cardigan. Overhead, a ring-tailed monkey clung to a beam and bared its teeth at every friendly overture. After an hour of this, the local police patrolman adjudged it to be rabid, and shot it. □

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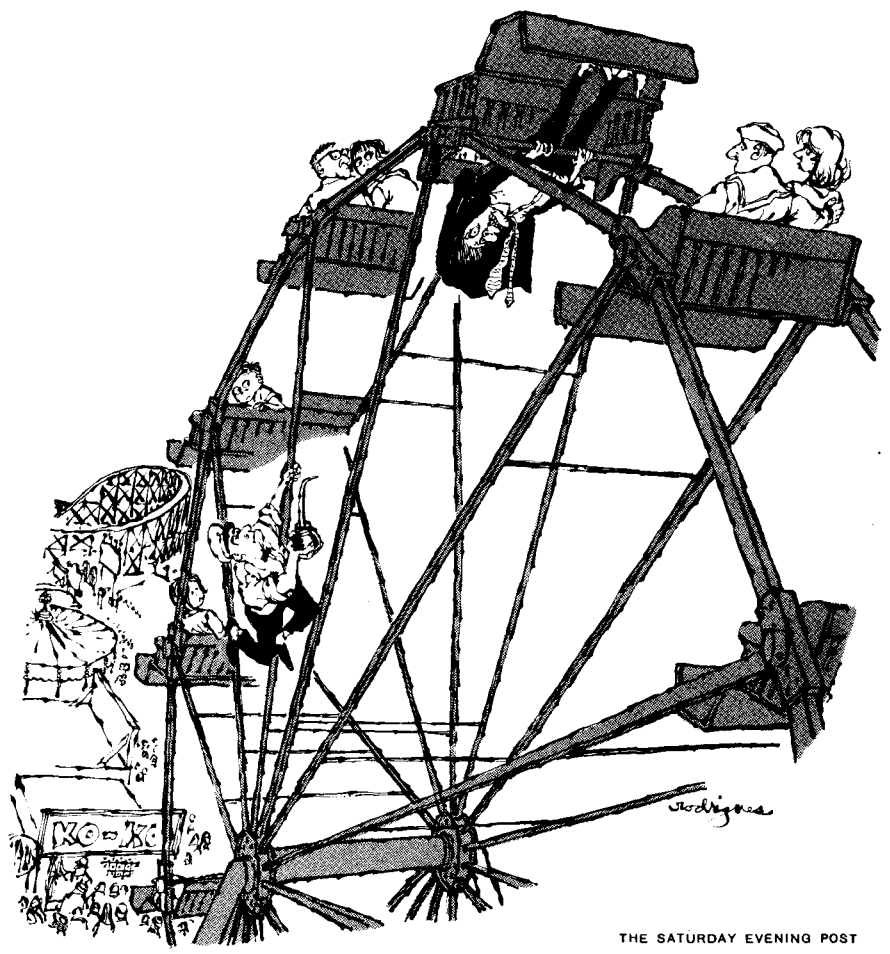

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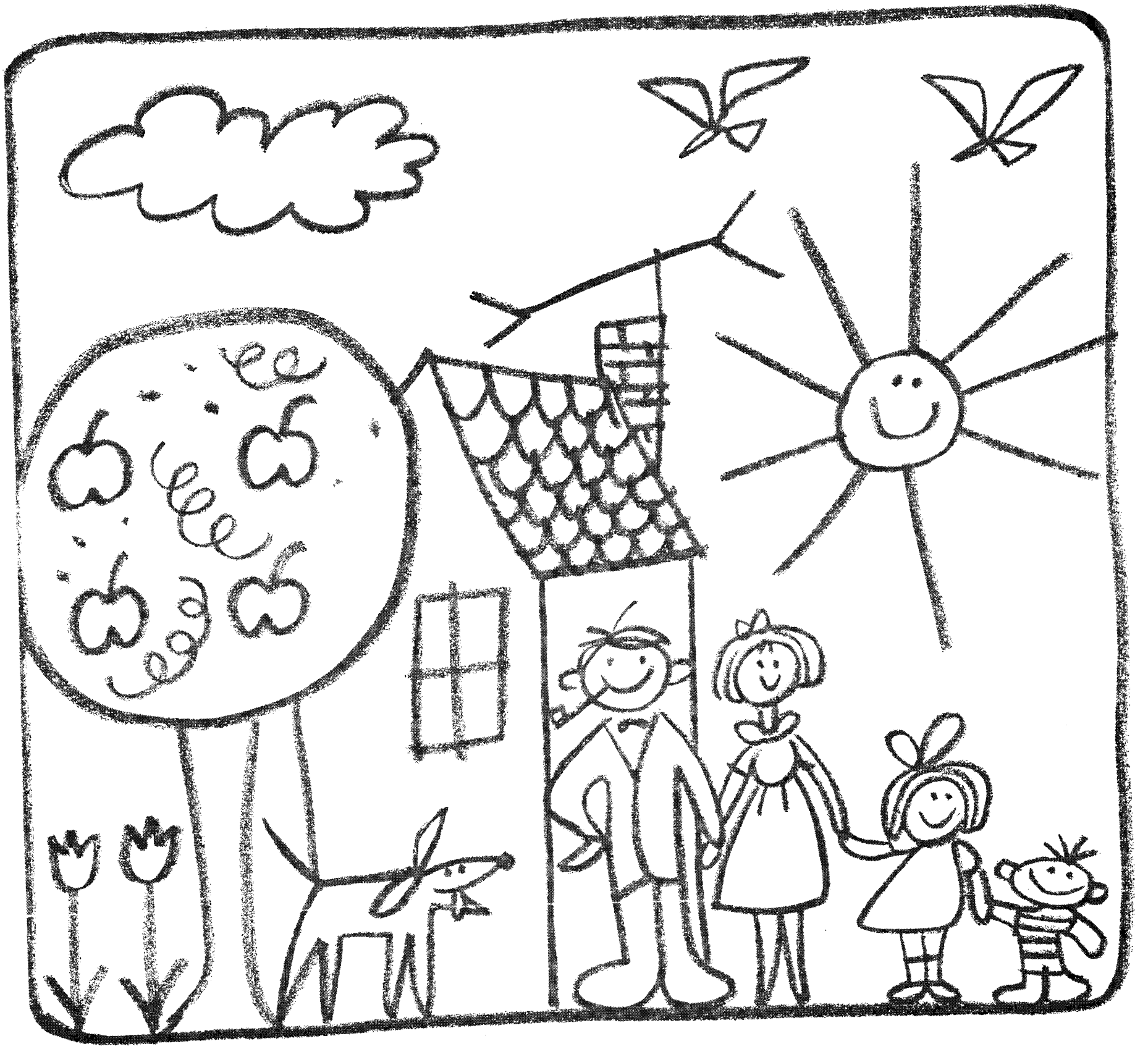

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To be sure you get your money's worth, always choose leadership brands. They're the ones you know and trust... the ones that always give you quality, satisfaction and new and better products.

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You'll see special displays featuring "Wonderful Land of Brands" and the family pictured above at quality stores everywhere.

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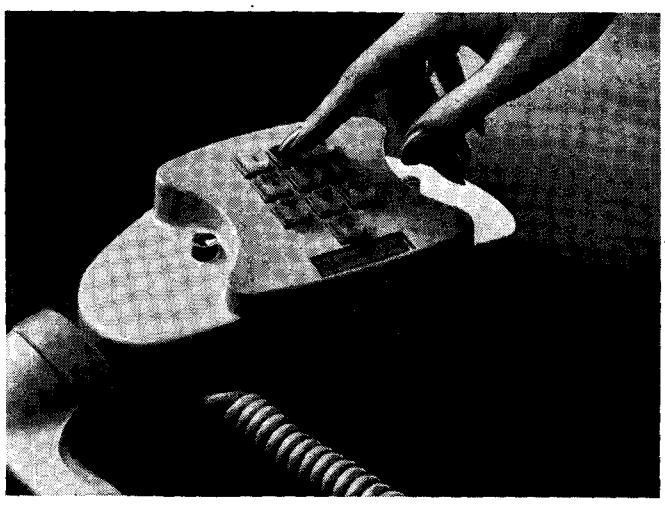
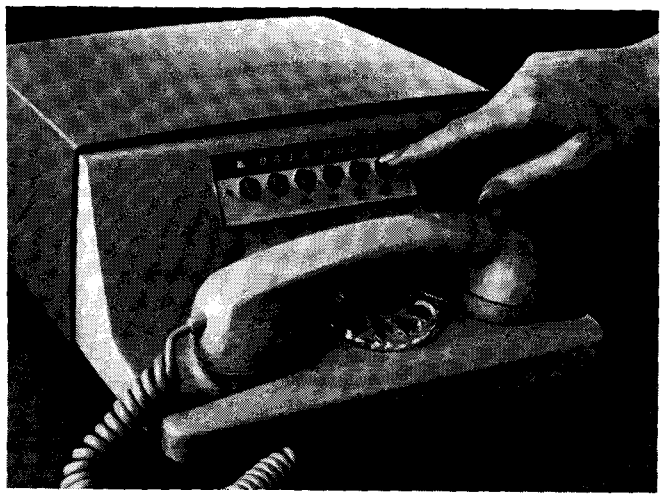
What will $3¾ billion buy in communications for the United

That's the sum the Bell System will spend in 1965 to keep moving ahead with the country's growth



New Touch-Tone service speeds your calls with push buttons.



Data service uses telephone lines to connect business machines.

To maintain our present services and provide for more . . . build new facilities to handle them . . . lay additional lines for intercity telephone and television links . . . introduce dynamic new service improvements for the future . . . all costs money. Just to provide for construction alone will cost $3¾ billion this year.

America's communications needs grow each year. To anticipate and meet them, and serve them better, we must continually expand and improve our facilities. For the past 14 years we have been making billion-dollar annual investments in new plant and equipment—$36 billion since World War II.

This growth has been beneficial in many ways. It has had the substantial effect of helping other business firms grow, and has created new jobs in a broad variety of industries and services.

Aid to the Economy

There have been technological contributions too. The Bell Telephone Laboratories' invention of the transistor has led to the creation of a whole new industry in electronics. And the success of the Telstar® satellites helps advance the era of worldwide communications via space.

Last year, to pay its way in the economy, the Bell System returned over $2⅓ billion in taxes to local, state and federal governments.

A wage bill of $5 billion was spent in communities across the country, and dividends of more than $1 billion were paid to share owners. Purchases by Western Electric Company, the Bell System's manufacturing and supply unit, totaled over $1¼ billion spent with some 40,000 other firms—most of them small businesses that contribute to the technical excellence of our products.

What's Ahead for Our Customers?

The telephone services available to American homeowners are the most plentiful in all the world.

Phones can be selected in styles and colors to fit any room and color scheme. The push-button ease of Touch-Tone® phoning will steadily be made available to more areas. Trimline® phones, which put the dial right in the handset, will begin to be offered in 1965.

And this year the first Electronic Switching System goes into use—

Artificial larynx is one of many services for the handicapped.

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better States?

Users dial calls direct from the car with the new Mobile Telephone.

Picturephone service lets both parties see as well as hear.

capable of new optional services which you'll be hearing more about. This is the switching system of the next great age in American telephony, evolved over a decade at a development cost of more than 2000 man-years of scientific and engineering work.

Direct Distance Dialing, which makes Long Distance calling faster and more convenient, is available to 84% of our phones now and will reach millions more this year.

Prospects for Business

Every business enterprise we serve, whether large or small, nationwide or neighborhood, can have communications tailored to its needs and nature—neither more nor less than is needed.

Bell System Communications Consultants are trained to make searching reviews and practical recommendations, drawing upon the world's largest and most diversified line of communications for business.

More and more public phones are right at hand where needed.

New applications of data transmission—which allow business machines to "talk" to each other over regular telephone circuits at regular telephone rates—are transforming the telephone line into one of the most versatile business tools ever devised.

Banks, for instance, will soon begin to use centralized computers to process individual accounts on the basis of data fed in by customer calls. And doctors will use phone lines to transmit data from portable electrocardiogram units to distant clinical centers.

Activity in Special Services

Schools and colleges are employing Bell System telephone and television networks to help classrooms share expert instruction and uncommon knowledge.

Improved services for the handicapped are available, including special phones for the hard of hearing, instruments for the voiceless, switchboards for blind operators, and a service to help shut-in children keep up with classes from home or hospital.

Picturephone service, introduced last year in three large cities, is under continuing development.

In the area of defense, the Bell System is working on a number of contract assignments. In addition, and at its own expense, the System is expanding its "hardened" network of underground communications circuits which are protected from disaster. This is part of our responsibility to provide ever more dependable service under all conditions.

Benefits of Efficiency

Throughout our business we wage an aggressive campaign to keep costs down while improving quality and dependability.

As a result, Bell System communications—voice, written and data—were never a better buy than they are right now.

Manufacturing economies at Western Electric Company promise that they will continue to price out attractively.

And, on February 1st and April 1st, we put into effect a two-stage reduction in interstate Long Distance rates—the 21st in the past 50 years. The benefits of increased efficiency are thus passed on to our customers.

All these are significant facts. But the most important effects of our large annual investments have been to give America the finest communications in the world, and to help preserve its security.

We shall hold to these as our constant goals.

FREDERICK R. KAPPEL
Chairman of the Board

American Telephone and Telegraph Co.
Parent Company of the Bell System

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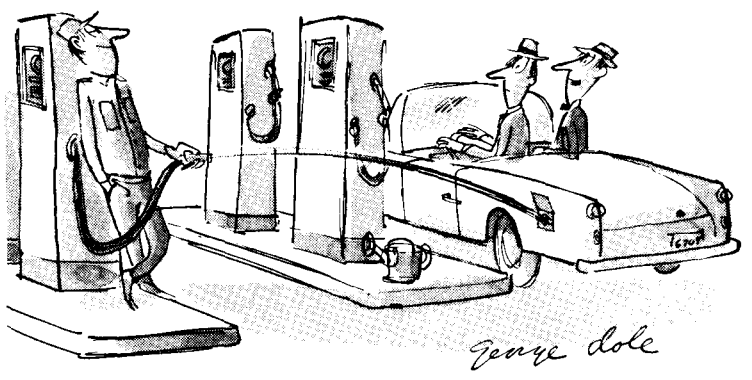
Post scripts

"Bob's heading the prom entertainment committee, which means he's got to go out and line up a big-name agitator."

"By golly you're right. It was just the safety catch!"

"I don't mind constantly feeling hungry as much as constantly feeling edible."



"Talk about deft."

"It's not such a bad life, except my fingers get wrinkled."

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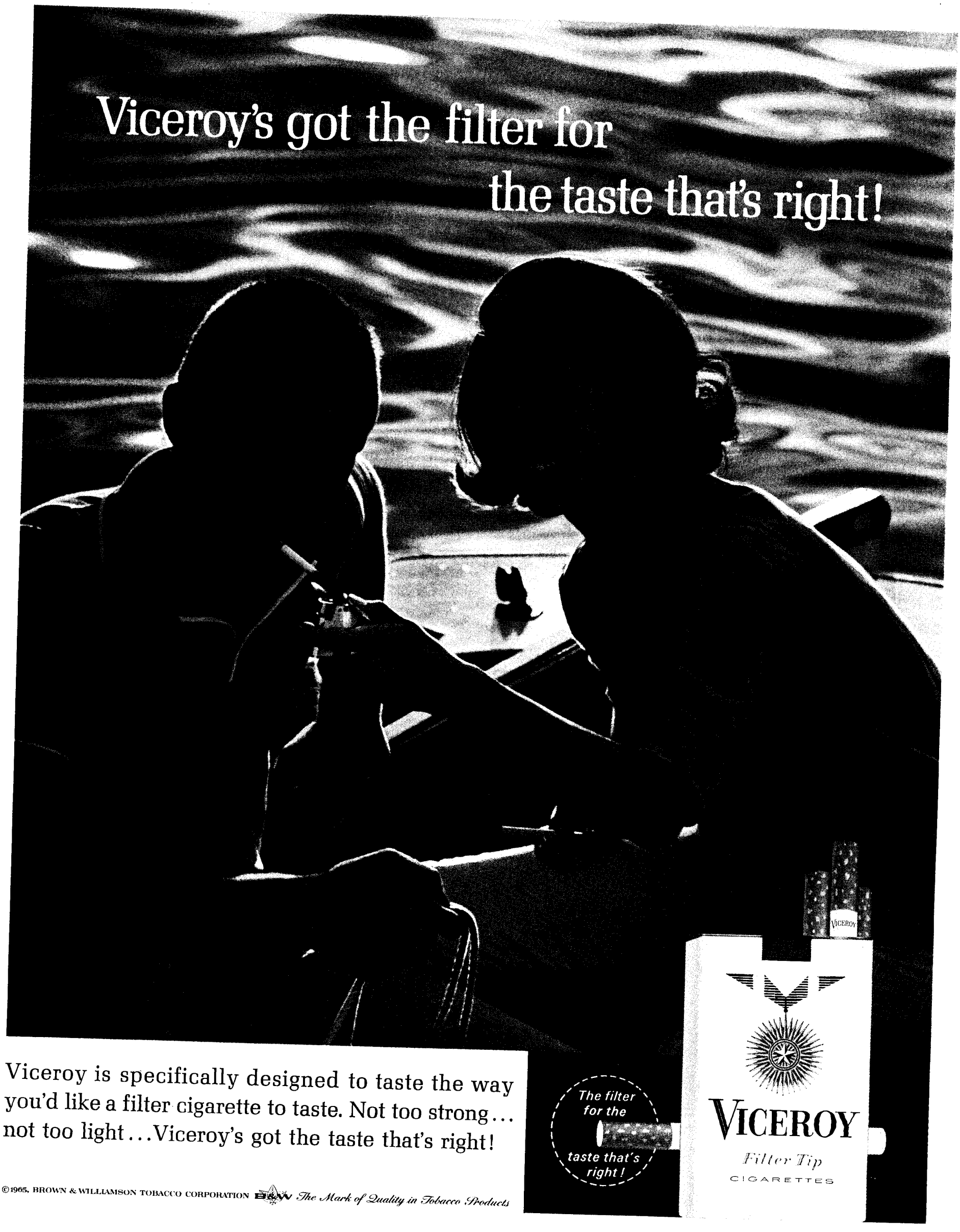

Viceroy is specifically designed to taste the way you'd like a filter cigarette to taste. Not too strong... not too light...Viceroy's got the taste that's right!

©1965, BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION B&W *The Mark of Quality in Tobacco Products*

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Fashion House in Moscow is the scene for regular shows. Models displaying slacks and babushka (top) or cocktail outfit (bottom) attract no more notice than the stoutish mannequin (middle) in the business dress. In Red fashion salons, the dumpy model stays on as a sound example of "Marxist realism."

SOVIET FASHIONS: A HESITANT HINT OF GLAMOUR

After waiting 40 years, the Soviet male at last is getting something to look at.

By ANNE CHAMBERLIN

At a stoplight in Leningrad, not far from the spot where Prince Youssupov and his friends poisoned Rasputin, pumped him full of lead, trussed him in a gunny sack and threw him into the Moika Canal, I noticed a young woman who epitomizes the current Soviet situation in *haute couture*. She was wearing navy-blue coveralls, men's boots, flaming-red nail polish, had a dainty lace handkerchief tucked in her breast pocket, and she was driving a tractor. While this is not a costume likely to put her on the cover of *Vogue*, it is still a long way from babushkas and hobnail boots. Russian fashions may be causing little consternation at the House of Dior, but in a country where women sweep the streets, run cranes and tend pigs, there has been little incentive for style at all.

For many blissful years the question of fashion never came up, except in the form of attacks on Western materialism. Russian women were out rebuilding Soviet cities and plowing the fields, and it was a state virtue not to care how you looked. Then, as a relative prosperity crept across the land and consumer goods began filtering into the stores, a whiff of glamor got salted into the Five Year Plan. Only a few years ago *Izvestia* was muttering that concern for one's coiffure was "a narrow Philistine interest," but now fashion has been declared "a definite sphere of culture."

So far, leading designs have been more or less functional—clothes that won't get tangled up in the machinery. A 25-year-old designer named Vyacheslav Zaitsev, once called the "Dior" of the Moscow Experimental Clothing Factory, titled his first big portfolio "Clothes for the Working Woman." But next fall his less earthy designs, now described as a mixture of St. Laurent and Norell, will be seen in a leading London shop, and in department stores in Brussels and Zurich.

The women's pages are moving cautiously ahead with such statements as: "A becoming hair style and well-cared-for nails are as important to creating a good mood for work as a comfortable and well-cut pair of overalls." An article in the teachers' newspaper last summer upheld a colleague in a village school who had been derided by her students for wearing a pair of fashionable shoes. "I am on your side, Ludmila," wrote the Chief Artistic Director of the House of Fashions in Moscow. "You have come up against provincialism. Culture and dress are an indestructible part of general human culture. When you see a well-dressed person, you get the same aesthetic pleasure as when you see a good work of painting or architecture. Training in good contemporary taste in clothing is an important state affair."

He wasn't joking. The state *is* the ultimate arbiter of female clothing. The styles are set by the Light Industry Department of GOSPLAN, the State Planning Organization that is also in charge of coal and steel output and norms for the wheat crop. It is as though Seventh Avenue were run by the Department of Commerce.

Most of the actual designing is done in a *Dom Modele*, or House of Fashion, of which there are 34 scattered throughout the land. The House of Fashion in Khabarovsk is so small that even my Intourist guide couldn't find it. Others, like the ones in Moscow, Leningrad and Riga, have a prodigious output. The 80 artists of the House of Fashion in Leningrad turned out 4,000 different designs last year to be mass-produced in 49 clothing factories in the area. A *Dom Modele* not only fuels the dress factories but puts out fashion magazines and supplies designs for the immense pattern industry.

At a yearly summit meeting called the All Union Conferences of Methods, the regional Houses of Fashion submit their designs, and those accepted become the year's "main trend." (This year it is "simple, natural, elegant, not heavy, not fancy.") The decisions are published and implemented by something called VIALEGPROM, the Institute of Light Industry and Culture of Dress, which is responsible to the Light Industry Department of GOSPLAN and charged with coordinating textiles, shoes, and accessories—so you don't have the shoe industry grinding out green shoes the year the purse people are turning out purple purses.

A Soviet fashion show is as spirited as a ladies' volleyball match and usually takes place in some echoing arena like the third-floor auditorium of GUM, the mammoth state department store across from Lenin's mausoleum in Red Square, or on the assembly line of the Gorky automobile works. The several hundred hard seats at GUM are filled for as many as four showings a day. The models stride athletically along a runway while an eight-piece jazz band blasts through the sound barrier.

Every Russian fashion show not only includes several male models and several middle-aged women, but at least one lady who is as wide as she is high—a sensible reminder that most of Soviet womanhood in maturity presents a massive silhouette. "We show ordinary women, not special women," a GUM fashion director explained. "We have realistic models in various shapes who fit in the standard sizes, including sizes for middle-aged women over fifty. Young, small, or big, all are realistic."

Bigness is so basic to Soviet fashion design that after one showing at GUM, which had featured no fat ladies' clothes because the current stout model was on vacation, there was an uprising among the many overweight ladies in the audience, who demanded to know why no clothes had been designed for *them.*

Once in a while a fashion show will include a long evening dress, but they are worn only at a few formal Kremlin receptions or by someone giving a concert or singing with one of the restaurant jazz bands. There are a few "kokteil" dresses, although "kokteils" are seldom served. There are also dinner dresses, although dining out in Moscow has the social decorum of a football scrimmage. Most restaurants are in huge colonnaded halls bathed in blinding lights, and most Russian men dine in sport shirts unhampered by coat, tie or even long sleeves. It enables their friends to get a good grip on them if they need to be helped to the door. The only formally dressed men I saw were

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN LAUNOIS

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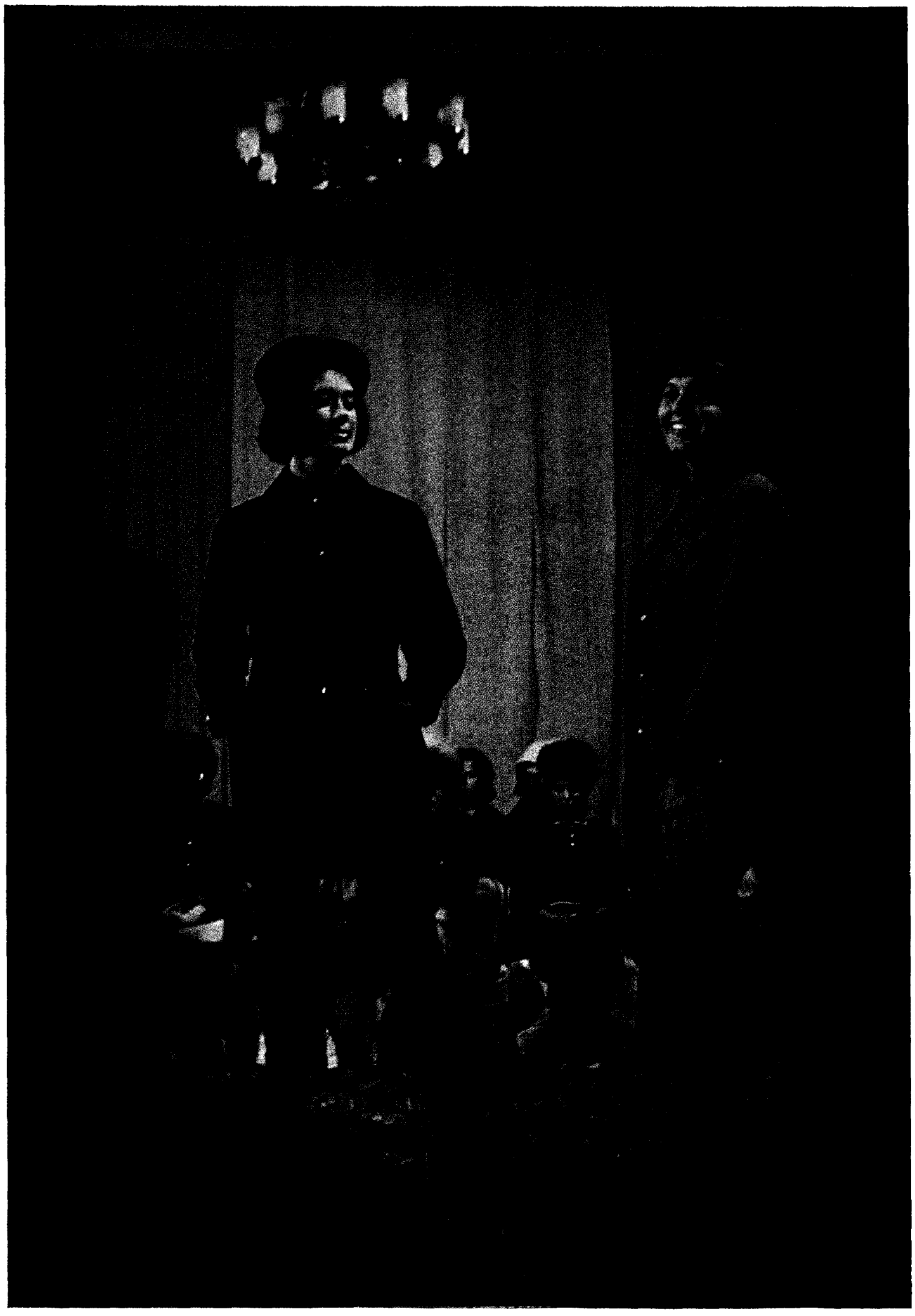
Russian models are not forbidden to smile. These two Fashion House girls exhibit the "sportif" look that hit Paris and America last year. In the audience: fur hats, sweaters, skirts, and—chic this year—textured hose.



the orchestra leader at the Bolshoi Theater and the headwaiter of the Pekin restaurant. On the audience side of the footlights, even in the gold-and-red-velvet splendor of the Bolshoi, the ladies often wear shirtwaist dresses, ankle socks and wedge-heeled shoes, and carry a sack of oranges bought at the theater buffet. The only people who wear theater clothes to the theater are celebrities, diplomats and tourists.

Russians who pay *too much* attention to style—another headache for the state planners—don't land on the Best Dressed list. Instead, they are denounced as *stilyagi*—the Soviet equivalent of a well-heeled but degenerate beatnik. There is a fast young *stilyagi* set in Moscow, seldom glimpsed by outsiders, many of them sons and daughters of the Party elite, who wear as many Western clothes as they can get their hands on. Even the dowdiest American tourist will be approached by Soviet young people and asked to sell his or her clothes. In fact, next to jazz records, fashion magazines are the most popular cultural exhibit an American can take to Russia.

Nonetheless, 17,446 answers to a recent questionnaire in a Soviet youth paper ranked "imitation of Western fashions" as a leading negative trait in the younger generation. It shared top billing with addiction to alcohol, ethical and aesthetic ignorance, bad manners and contempt for work.

Well, nobody really expects Soviet youngsters to come out in favor of alcoholism and bad manners, and a stirring denunciation of Western fashion is still to be expected from time to time. A fashion writer complained recently that Western designers are "often motivated not by the lines of the human body, not by the purpose of the specific article of apparel, or the demands of hygiene, but by a desire to achieve striking effects."

Still, striking effects are what the game is all about, and despite the carping and the questionnaires, it is likely that the Soviet male will find the new thaw in fashion to be the most appetizing aspect of de-Stalinization that has come along yet. □

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I WROTE 'THE DRINKING MAN'S DIET'

By Robert Wernick

It began on a golf course, and soon a new craze hit the millions who like cocktails but not corpulence. The fad was launched by an ad man, an insurance man, a West Coast promoter and . . .

For a laborious quarter of a century I have been turning out novels, articles, scripts, love letters, letters of parental advice, notes accepting invitations to literary parties—all the reams of paper which pass through a writer's typewriter—and never had the slightest observable effect on the great world around me. Now suddenly, as the result of a month's work as the pseudonymous author of a small yellow pamphlet called *The Drinking Man's Diet*, I seem to be stirring the currents of American life to their depths.

At this very moment, at my behest, people at cocktail parties are ignoring toasted canapés and gobbling down miniature sausages and cheese dips. Their talk has turned from op art and topless bathing suits to carbos and how to count them. Across myriad dinner tables women are warning their husbands, "Don't touch it, Leroy. That strudel will bring you up to 80 grams." Ladies who yesterday sat in the Colony or the Pump Room and ordered carrot juice and yogurt are now having two Daiquiris before their double lamb chops. And that voice whispering, "Cut the carbos," which has entered so many homes across the land—more than half a million of them, if the latest figures are assumed to be accurate—that's my voice.

It all began one day last summer when an insurance man who lived upstairs in my apartment building in San Francisco, one Carroll Lynch, dropped by with a couple of sheets of mimeographed paper in his hand. "This," he said, in the tones of a man who has licked his weight in whiskey many times in his day, "will change your whole life."

The mimeographed sheets turned out to be something called "The Air Force Diet." Other forms of the same then circulating were labeled the "Astronauts' Diet" or the "Airline Pilots' Diet." Contemporary folklore had it that this diet was worked out by medical advisers to these prestigious groups. But even if true, this could never be confirmed, because no one was ever going to admit officially that an astronaut or a pilot ever touched a drop of liquor. And liquor was the essence of this diet. It was based on the counting of carbohydrates (carbos or carbies to the initiated) instead of calories. Carbohydrates form one of the three main components of our nutrition—the others are proteins and fats—and they are to be found in large quantities in bread, breakfast foods, potatoes, sugar, most fruits and a few vegetables like green peas and Lima beans. Cutting down on such foods is a lark compared to any low-calorie diet, for most of the things people really love are exempt. There are no carbohydrates at all, or practically none, in meat and fish and butter and eggs. And booze.

For some weeks Lynch had been following the main rule of the diet—keep under 60 grams of carbohydrates a day—and he had lost a good deal of paunch. So had two of his golfing-and-drinking pals, Herb Drake and Bob Cameron. One day on the greens they got to talking about the Air Force Diet and what a shame it was to leave it in the public domain. Why couldn't someone dress it up with a fancy little text and publish it? It was really only a matter of getting some print onto some paper and selling the outcome for what the traffic would bear—basically no different from Mr. Cameron's previous marketing problems, such as manufacturing and promoting miracle

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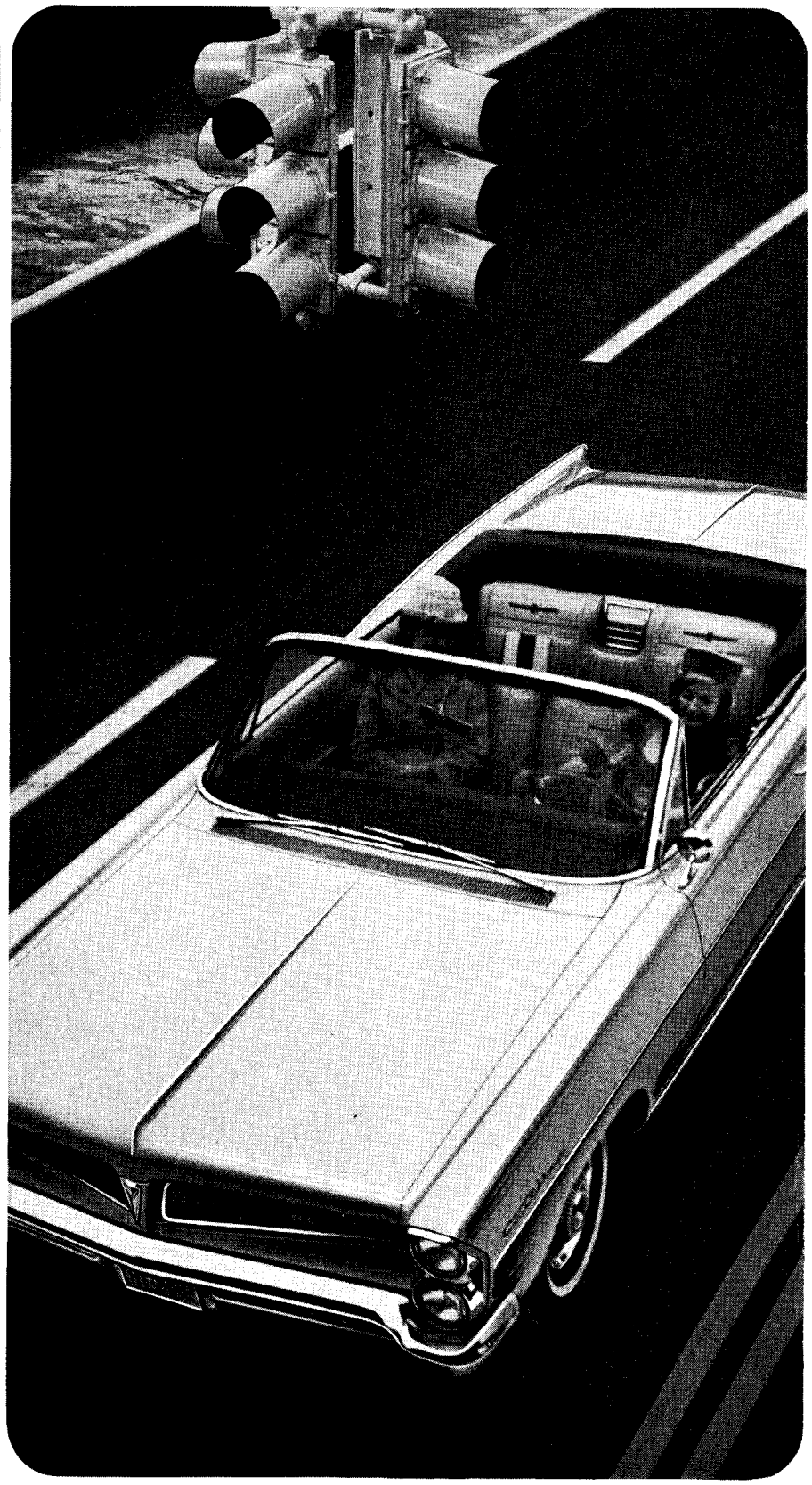

Your assurance of a smooth trip . . . around town or cross-country

GM dealer servicemen stay in step with each General Motors engineering advance. They learn about all the latest developments at the nation-wide network of 30 GM Training Centers. Keeping your transmission smooth and reliable is just one of the many ways these service experts stay ahead in their field! Wherever you travel this summer—around town or cross-country—Guardian Maintenance quality service is your best assurance of factory-trained technicians, specialized equipment and Genuine GM Parts.

GENERAL MOTORS *Futurama*
NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

GUARDIAN MAINTENANCE

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • OPEL KADETT • CADILLAC • GMC TRUCK

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shampoos and bar accessories. By the 19th hole a new publishing company had been born. Lynch and Drake agreed to put up the small amount of capital required. Cameron would provide the merchandising expertise.

Now all they needed was a product. Drake, who is an executive at N. W. Ayer (and is sometimes credited with having dreamed up "The Thinking Man's Filter"), didn't have to dip far into his subconscious to come up with a winning title: The Drinking Man's Diet. As for the text, Cameron thriftily proposed to do it himself. But his partners objected: The monkey chained to the typewriter in the famous experiment might bat out *King Lear* the first time around, but it would be prudent in this case to call in a professional.

I had given a couple of my books to Lynch as a neighborly gesture, and now the waters, so I thought at the time, were about to bring back the bread. He said I was just the man for the diet job and he took me down to the Sheraton-Palace Hotel to have lunch with Cameron, a benign gentleman with silver hair and white teeth. We had a handsome low-carbo meal of navarin of lamb, asparagus with hollandaise, a couple of bottles of an adequate claret, and agreed to pool our talents.

Cameron was obsessed with the necessity for speed. He might have been sobered by a fairly recent venture, one which provides his favorite dinner-table story: How haste in making samples led to a temporary tendency of the product—an aerosol can dispensing a miracle spot remover—to blow up. But Cameron was thinking back to a dark time when he was about to sell scarves printed with reproductions of contemporary paintings, only to have the market flooded by cheap competition from Japan.

"I can't be the only man in this country with an eye for a fast buck," he said. "Somebody else is going to get the same idea any day now, and we have to beat him to it."

Thus spurred, I pressed my wife into service, and we plunged into three and a half strenuous and sometimes confusing weeks.

We thought it only fair to start with a little self-experimentation and tried the diet ourselves. We lost about eight pounds apiece in a week. We tried it out on our friends, even nondrinking friends, and they reported equally gratifying results.

Clearly, the diet was effective. Finding out why was somewhat more complicated. We prowled libraries, wrote for government publications, leafed through specialized books with titles like *Eat Fat and Grow Slim*, consulted doctors and dentists and nutritionists.

The orthodox position, we learned, is that you cannot lose weight without cutting down on calories. Since a gram of carbohydrate represents four calories, a low-carbo diet means drastically lowering your caloric intake to begin with. In addition, carbohydrates don't remain in the stomach as long as protein and fats. It takes several hundred calories of evanescent apple pie to give you the stable feeling of fullness supplied by a 100-calorie steak. Therefore, said some doctors, your low-carbo diet is only a conventional low-calorie diet in disguise.

But other doctors pointed to studies indicating that some calories are more nourishing than other calories. You get more value per calorie out of meats and vegetables, for example, than out of starches and sweets. And our own experience showed that our weights kept going down, or at least remained steady, even when we were eating well over the standard calorie rations.

We also learned that in general doctors do not recommend diets which cut down severely in any food department—except fats—and we realized, of course, that the low-carbo diet was intended only for people with basic good health. Even among responsible nutritionists, however, there is nothing approaching unanimity.

"Hell," said one doctor, "nutrition isn't an exact science. Cutting down on your carbohydrates can't possibly hurt you. Just be sure you get enough of them so your liver can handle the liquor you drink. So why not try it?"

As a matter of fact, we discovered, people have been trying it for a century. The diet was invented by a Dr. William Harvey for William Banting, coffin-maker to the Duke of Wellington and one of the fattest men in London. Banting gave the diet to the world in a book called *A Letter on Corpulence*, published in 1863 and a best-seller for many decades. He was denounced by the medical profession as a charlatan, but his advice to avoid "saccharine and starchy matter" (which is just old-fashioned terminology for what we now call carbohydrates) was followed by faithful thousands on both sides of the Atlantic and gave to the English language the word "to bant," or "go banting," meaning to go on a reducing diet.

As we pressed on with our work, we were periodically interrupted by telephone calls from Bob Cameron, generally announcing a crisis: "How many pounds have you lost? Do you think we're losing too much? . . . My cholesterol count has gone up! We must put in something about that."

We put in a warning that many low-carbo foods are high in cholesterol—so watch out, heart-watchers. Cameron had other worries too. "Don't you think we might jack up the price of the book to $1.25?" Cameron was talked out of that by a friend who had been successful in publishing *Peanuts* books. He told him not to be greedy; one dollar was the perfect price. It sounded like a bargain, and the customer didn't have to stand around fishing in his pocket for the extra quarter.

Whatever apprehension he displayed, Cameron had no lessons to learn from any established publisher on the art of getting a book out cheap. His own personal expenses were kept to a minimum. His office on Market Street was the size of a comfortable bathtub, and his only employee was his son Todd. The proofreading was an amateurish job, and the printing was of low quality on cheap paper. Little that mattered to the public; they just wanted the message. The first copies were published last September, and never have good tidings flown so fast from mouth to mouth. There were no reviews and no advertising, but the first printing of 2,000 copies was snapped up almost immediately. In the financial district of San Francisco, the book's first beachhead, the status-conscious young broker was soon to be identified by the little volume which he would pull ostentatiously out of his breast pocket to prop up against the poker-dice box on the bar while he figured out what to order for lunch.

In those early days, Cameron himself went trotting around with sample copies to bookstores and liquor stores. But as the printing orders went up to 100,000, 200,000 and over, a distributor rushed in to help spread the word throughout the nation. Counting carbos became a game, and when jokes about the diet appeared on the Johnny Carson *Tonight* show and in the Religion section of *Time*, our book could well be said to have acquired national status.

Actual sales figures are a little hard to come by because Mr. Cameron does not believe in modesty in the matter of public statements. At a time when he was reporting to his collaborators a sales figure of around 4,000, he was quoted in the Herb Caen column in the San Francisco *Chronicle*, giving a figure of half a million.

As news items about the book began to filter into the papers and television, some observers were puzzled by the fact that no one ever mentioned the author. The title page listed two authors, but these were fictitious names, constructed out of the middle names of the people concerned with producing the book. On the draft which went to the printer, my middle name figured with Cameron's and Lynch's and Drake's.

But about that time an unseemly squabble over royalties broke out between author and publishers, and some very harsh words were exchanged. In apparent pique and not knowing how else to get back at me, the publishers dropped my middle name from the title page and put in somebody else's. For the next few months I was something of an unperson. *Time* magazine reported the book was written by five collaborators. At last the indefatigable Herb Caen discovered my identity and trumpeted it to the world. And now, at cocktail parties, people approach me with some curiosity. "You've changed my life," they say.

And so I have.

As I look around today, I see dietary conceptions which have been planted in the modern mind for generations being turned topsy-turvy. Housewives leafing through my ill-printed pages are trying to ram into their minds the realization that from the point of view of keeping below a 60-gram daily carbo ration, heavy whipping cream is preferable to half-and-half, which in turn is preferable to skimmed milk. Orange juice is high and suspect (26 grams to a cup), mayonnaise is low and welcome (barely a trace to a tablespoon). Corn flakes for breakfast will use up almost half of a daily ration, while bacon and eggs will hardly make a dent in it. A plate full of meat smothered in gravy is less menacing than a single apple.

The economic consequences of such new attitudes could be considerable. If the diet proves safe and effective for healthy users, growers of sweet potatoes (36 grams per baked tuber) and watermelons (29 for a 4-by-8-inch wedge) will grieve, while growers of asparagus (3 grams for an average portion), broccoli (8) and mustard greens (6) will have cause to rejoice. So will importers of *pâté de foie gras* (1) and of caviar (zero).

And so of course will the distillers and the winegrowers. For followers of The Drinking Man's Diet, provided they don't overdo it and get cirrhosis of the liver, will be well on the way to solving one dilemma of many American drinkers: how to keep pleasantly high without getting unpleasantly plump. □

Hazel by Ted Key

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Now who can tell me what Harold did wrong?"

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Diamonds bespeak an ever-growing love

The diamond is the never-stilled voice of love.
Every memory, every feeling that shall remain unforgotten
is reflected in the deep, eternal fire of the diamond.
Therefore, there is no more wonderful gift for a woman on an anniversary or a special day.
Nothing that fills her with greater gratitude and joy.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

Pin, about $285; pendant, about $3200; ring, about $700; earrings, about $1300. Your jeweler can show you many such pieces.

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Dad put the dent in the fender.

But Mom had to get the claim handled.

So she stopped at the Allstate Drive-In Claim Center

...on her way to the supermarket.

If convenient claim service is important to you when you're shopping for auto insurance, Allstate is for you.

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THE MEANING OF SELMA

right past the two oak trees in front of the Rolen School at Trickem Fork.

"I remember the day," Jesse Favor said, "when we planted those trees. I was ten years old then, and those trees weren't no bigger 'round than my wrist. The school was in good shape at that particular time."

The school is in bad shape now. It sits up on red bricks, and there are five wide unpainted wooden steps leading up to the two front doors. Half of the second step has rotted away and has never been replaced, and there are holes in the walls where the asphalt shingles have been broken and have fallen to the ground. Inside there are three classrooms, for the first through the sixth grades, and three teachers, and there are broken blackboards and holes in the floor with Alabama license plates nailed over them. There are pot-bellied stoves in the rooms, but in the winter the Negro kids wear their outdoor clothing, because the wind comes through the walls and up through the floor, and the latrine is out in back.

"In my day," Jesse Favor says, "there was a sign out here that declared this was a school, and they had four teachers, and the principal's name was Professor Wiley Thomas. One mornin' in January of 'Thirty-one he sent seven of us to get two trees, and we went back about a quarter mile. It was forest then, and it became farmland, and now it's pasture. I remember we watered them trees two-three days, and then we had a good rain, and we didn't have to water them no more."

Jesse Favor would know. Once Jesse Favor rigged up a gallon water jug over a watermelon. He rigged it so it would drip slowly onto the roots of the melon, and each day he'd refill the jug, and the melon grew to 80 pounds. Jesse Favor knows a lot of things. He was the 11th of 12 children, and he learned to read when he was six by following a story about a one-eyed ape that appeared every day in the newspaper. He couldn't go to school regularly because he had to help out in the fields. "In the fifth grade," he says, "I stayed out of school five years and went back and in five months finished two grades. Then I stayed out two years and finished through the ninth grade."

After Jesse Favor grew up, though, he spent about $400 on books, and he learned to do electrical work, and he studied veterinary medicine by mail. Then he got what he calls "the tools," and people used to come to him when they wanted their cows vaccinated and their horses shot.

Jesse Favor is 44 now and five feet nine and 160 pounds and all solid, and he and his wife, Zola Mae, live with their six children in a four-room cabin two miles north and west of Trickem Fork. He works for the railroad, in a track gang, but last year they gave him only four months' work, and he made only a little over $1,600.

"You know somethin'?" Jesse Favor says, with the pride almost everybody has in the place where he lives, bad as it may be. "If you're in Los Angeles or Dallas, you can go to a bus station and buy a ticket for Trickem. It'll say Trickem on that ticket, and that bus is gonna stop and let you off right by those trees."

"Here they come now!" somebody standing under one of the oak trees said. "Here they come now."

There had been about 3,200 outside Brown's Chapel in Selma the morning before, and there must have been about 200 inside, milling around in the aisles, and under the balcony that runs around the two sides and back, and up on the stage where there is a white cross with lightbulbs in it over the altar. Most of the big people were inside—Dr. Ralph J. Bunche, an undersecretary of the United Nations; Paul Screvane, New York City Council president, and Mrs. Constance Baker Motley, Manhattan Borough president—and by the time the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. got there the bare floorboards were strewn with paper coffee cups and sandwich papers, and smoke from a garbage fire was coming through a window.

"Hey, you stop that!" somebody hollered at the four Negro kids feeding the garbage fire in the backyard. "You put that out!"

Outside on the steps was a lectern covered with a white cloth. The smoke from the garbage fire was coming between the church and the parsonage, and cinders were falling on the crowd when Martin Luther King spoke.

"You will be the people that will light a new chapter in the history books of our nation. . . . This is one of the greatest demonstrations for human rights in history. . . . We have waited for freedom. We are tired of waiting. Now is the time. . . . Walk together, children. Don't you get weary, and it will lead us to the promised land. And Alabama will be a new Alabama, and America will be a new America."

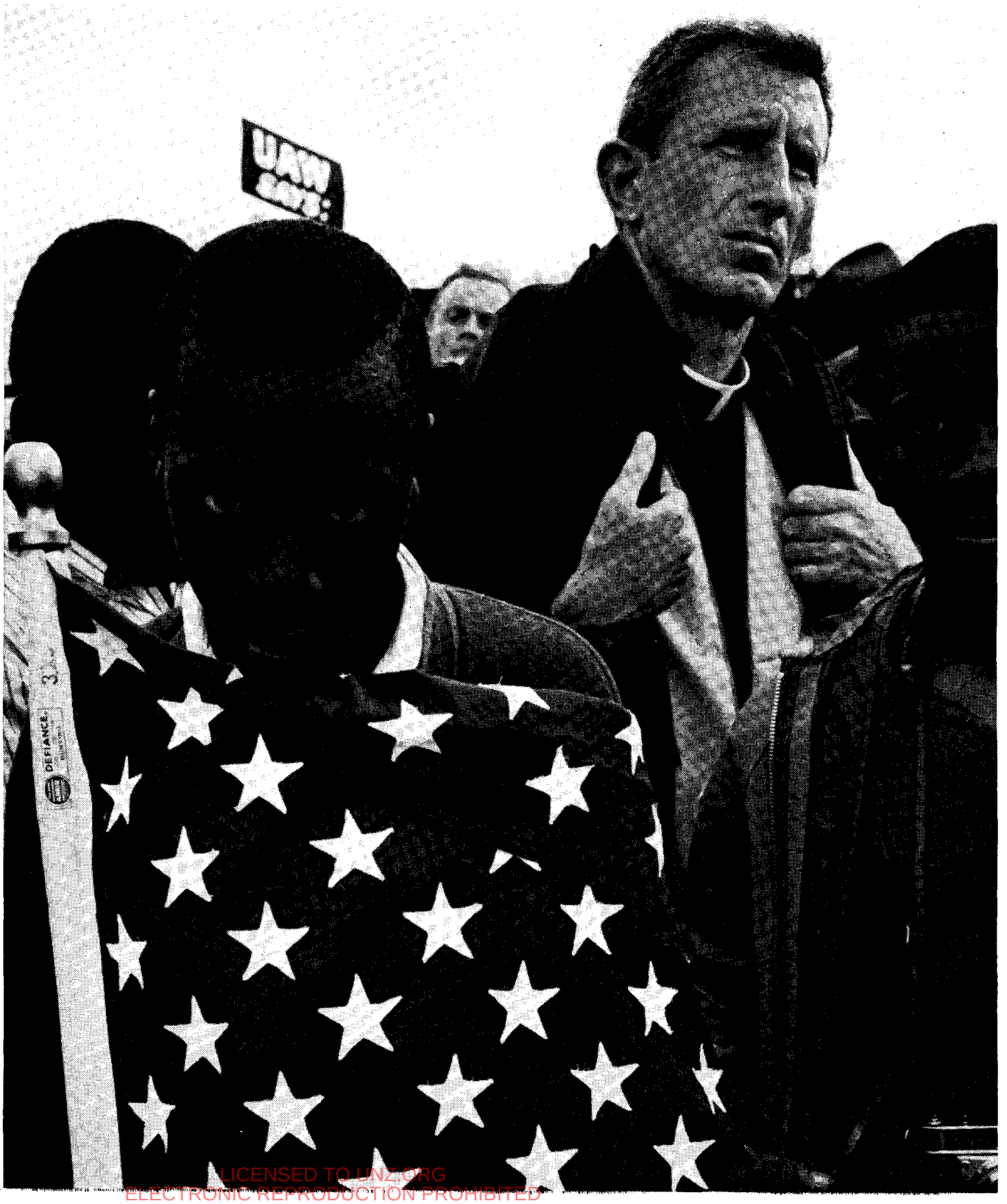
As soon as they had left Brown's Chapel and turned right on Alabama Avenue, they had encountered hostile whites. The women were the worst. The white men watched from the sidelines and, for the most part, smirked and said nothing, but the first two women, in their early 50's, plump, dressed for Sunday and their gray hair professionally set, were standing opposite the Selma Arms Company.

"I ain't seen a nigger I know yet," the one in the brown-and-white-checked coat said to the one in the gray coat.

"If I see any I know," the one in gray said, "I'll run out and kick 'em."

"Look!" the one in the brown-and-white-checked coat said, liking the idea that had just come to her and shouting it, not at her friend, but at the marchers. "You ever see a white nigger? Look at the white niggers! White niggers!"

Father Sherrill Smith came from San Antonio, Tex., to march. "I just had to put my feet on this highway," he said. "I just had to walk."



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"If somebody'd just throw a rock at us . . ."

SELMA MARCH

"You should hear this," said a thin, middle-aged man in a gray suit, a transistor radio to his right ear, "They're playin' *Bye, Bye, Blackbird!*"

"White niggers! White niggers!" the woman in the brown-and-white-checked coat was shouting.

"We shall overcome," the marchers were singing, their eyes straight ahead. "We shall overcome, someday."

Then they were across the Edmund Pettus Bridge where, two weeks before, the state troopers had tear-gassed them and clubbed them, and at the first crossroad a white woman in her early 30's was standing with a boy of about six and a girl of about four. She was wearing a car coat and corduroy slacks, and when she began to shout, the boy and the girl turned and looked up at their mother.

"You all got your birth-control pills?" their mother shouted. "You all got your birth-control pills?"

The white nuns took the worst of it. What Sister Patrice, from San Mateo, Cal., and Sister Mary Leoline, from Kansas City, heard concerning their chastity out of the mouths of the white women of Alabama cannot be transmitted in public print.

Lordy!" Mrs. Mary Jane Jackson said now, standing under one of the Trickem Fork oak trees with her husband, Will, and his brother, Gulley, and Mrs. Juanita Huggins. "Look at 'em come!"

To see them, they had to look into the sun, so that the marchers came to them almost like silhouettes. There were only 300 of them now, because a court order cut down their number when the highway narrowed to two lanes, but, walking three abreast and with the vehicles, they stretched back around the curve of the road. First there were the two Alabama Highway Patrol cars, the Confederate flags painted on the front bumpers, the speedometers holding between 2 and 2.5 miles an hour, and then the four unmarked Government cars, an Army Jeep, the big open truck with the TV and newsreel cameramen and the photographers, and then the marchers. Then there were the ambulances, two more Army Jeeps, the communications van, the latrine truck and then the press cars, and overhead were the helicopters and the light planes.

"Lordy!" Mrs. Mary Jane Jackson said. "I didn't ever thought I'd seen anythin' like this!"

Mrs. Mary Jane Jackson is a Negro. She is 73, and her husband is two years older, and they have lived here all their lives. Mrs. Mary Jane Jackson says she got into the second grade in school but she never did get out. She and her husband farmed eight acres, until they both got what she calls "the arthrite," and they reared 10 children, and now seven of them live in Detroit where, she says, some do housework, and some are in steel work, and some work at the auto place.

"The first time I hear of Martin Luther King," she says, "was when they bomb his house. Then I always love to hear his name called and look at his picture, because I hear nice things about him. I believe God like him, too.

The front line of the march was at the two oak trees now. The Rev. Andrew Young, the executive assistant to Dr. Martin Luther King, saw the Rolen School, but he did not recognize it, unmarked and barnlike, as a school, and so he called attention instead to the Mount Gillard Baptist Church.

"Now, look at this!" the Rev. Andrew Young was shouting, turning in the front line of the march, and calling it back and pointing. "Look at that church with the shingles off the roof and the broken windows! Look at that! That's why we're marchin'!"

As he said it, the front row of the marchers stopped, and the rest halted behind them. When they did, the women ran out from under the trees.

"I done kissed him!" Mrs. Juanita Huggins cried. "I done kissed him!"

"Who?" somebody else said. "Who you done kissed?"

"The Martin Luther King!" Mrs. Juanita Huggins said. "I done kissed the Martin Luther King!"

"Who? You?"

"That's right." Mrs. Mary Jane Jackson said, "and me too. I told him that I pray that God would keep His arms around him, and he say: 'Yes. Trust in Him.'"

"You scared?" somebody else said.

"I weren't scared at all," Mrs. Mary Jane Jackson said. "I trust in God, and I'll hug the Martin Luther King anytime I see him. They can't bother me 'bout huggin' the Martin Luther King."

"Now are you people gonna register to vote?" the Rev. Andrew Young asked. "We're not just marchin' here for fun."

"Yes, sir," they said, nodding. "Yes, sir."

At the end of the trek to Montgomery, the marchers crowd into the plaza in front of Alabama's capitol to hear Martin Luther King's address. Among them was Mrs. Viola Liuzzo, white civil-rights worker from Detroit, who five hours later was shot and killed.

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Ten miles past Trickem Fork, in the heart of Alabama's "Black Belt," 300 marchers stream slowly through the forbidding countryside. Despite the military guard, the marchers felt menaced, and some—including a priest, a college boy, a university chaplain—cracked.

The Rev. Andrew Young had known that the second day was going to to be a tough day, with the first flush of enthusiasm gone, and the muscles tightening in the legs, and the blisters forming on the feet, and that is why he had used the Mount Gillard Church to keep them going. He had known it was going to be a tough day when he had looked out of the pink-and-white communications van in the middle of the campsite at 7:10 A.M. and had seen them standing in the chow line.

It was a long chow line, snaking out and around and back, and it was below freezing, and there was frost on the ground, and they were all cold. They had not washed, and few of them had slept after most of the kerosene space heaters had burned out in the two big tents. There was one young, dark-haired white woman with a dark-blue blanket over her shoulders and wearing blue jeans and black sneakers, and she was standing, trying to warm her feet, in ashes and oatmeal. She said she was from Portland, Oreg., and a writer, and the ashes were warm from a refuse fire of the night before and, as the others came by and tossed the paper plates with the remains of the breakfast on them into the ashes, there was still some warmth in the oatmeal too.

They came from everywhere. Charles Campbell, a Negro high-school teacher, came from Hawaii where, he said, there is proof that the races can live together. An inflamed tendon in his right heel was giving him pain, and he was embarrassed that the lei he was wearing was made of plastic. Charles B. Rangel, a Negro lawyer, came from New York where, he said, he had never heard from a white woman, or from anyone else, the cry: "Niggers! Niggers! Kill the God-dam niggers!"

"I was in Korea," he said, "and I got the Bronze Star and the Purple Heart, but when I woke up at the campsite this morning, under similar surroundings, I had a strange feeling. I mean this was America, but American troops were guarding *me*."

"Actually, on a march like this," Dr. William Lyon, a clinical psychologist from Los Angeles, said, "you need constant stimulation. After we got away from the populous areas, where we got the jeering, things kind of flattened out. You'd think: 'If somebody'd just throw a rock at us. If a guy everybody liked had a heart attack.' You can't kill dragons if there aren't any."

Doctor Lyon is 37 years old and has an actor's good looks, and he is married and has two children. He is studying now at Bloy House Theological School of the Episcopal Diocese of Los Angeles, but both he and his wife are from the South, and he said that they both felt that at least one of them should have a stake in this march.

"I don't mean it's being easy," he said. "Most of us aren't used to having people shout at us: '—— you! Go home!' Most of these ministers haven't heard a cross word in ten or fifteen years, and it's been scary at night. I mean, you look out and see the campfires burning, and the troops standing around them. The troops don't exactly reassure you, either. At night we were trying to get one of our medical vehicles into the campsite, and this National Guard Jeep was partially blocking the entry. We asked them if they'd please back up a little, but they didn't look at us or say a thing, and they didn't move the Jeep. Later another one of them walked by one of our cars and, with his bayonet, he put a scratch from one end to the other.

"The college students here," he said, "they're above average in intelligence, and they really care, but they're mostly the disinherited. You rarely see a good-looking one, or an athlete or a wealthy one. These kids here are mostly the semioutcasts.

"I'd say that I've talked with about fifteen people," he said, "and seven or eight knew I was talking professionally. On the first day, there was this older man from San Francisco who was disoriented—not sure why he was here—and I convinced him that he'd fulfilled his obligations, and he went back.

"Then there was a college kid who would have done all right, except that he'd gone two or three nights without sleep, and he hadn't eaten regularly. He was agitated physically, with his lips moving, and a priest spotted him and brought him to me.

"On the first night, just as dusk came, a priest came up, and he'd seen a lot of combat in Europe. With the darkness coming on he'd started to panic, so I told him he was showing good judgment in confessing. I said

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In winter at the Rolen School, cold wind comes through the walls and the floor.

SELMA MARCH

I'd get him back to Selma, and I went looking for transportation. When I got back they were babying him, and he was sitting there crying, with a nurse holding his hand, afraid now to go back to Selma.

"The most extreme," he said, "was this university chaplain. The students had taken up a collection, and they wanted representation, and he'd had to come. Somebody had spotted him early, and we'd noticed at speeches he'd stand up in front with his arms folded across his chest and a kind of defiant look on his face. Then, at about two-thirty in the morning, I saw him standing around one of the fires with a group of young Negroes. He had a can of vegetable soup in his hand, and he was using the label for a religious text and delivering a sermon about southern okra.

"I got him out of there, and I wanted to get him to sleep, but he couldn't find his bedroll. So I gave him mine, and I put him down where I could watch him, and a few minutes later I looked for him, and there was my bedroll, with him inside of it, moving across the ground like a caterpillar.

"We got him into a car then, and we took him into St. Jude in Montgomery. On the way he was ranting, and it turned out he hated Negroes, Catholics, Episcopalians, almost everybody. At St. Jude they had him on the surgical table to give him a shot to quiet him, and there were four of them holding him when he got his arms loose, and he sat right up. There was a nun in white standing at the foot of the table, and he looked right at her and said: '————, Sister!' There was a Negro doctor there who said he'd take care of him and see that eventually he'd get back to his university."

"All right!" The Rev. Andrew Young was saying now. "Let's get movin' again. Let's move out!"

So the great Freedom March passed the two oak trees at Trickem Fork, three abreast. The federalized Alabama National Guardsmen, the Confederate flag sewn over their left breast pockets, leapfrogged the column and covered the crossroads and the culverts and the bridges that the Regular Army demolition men had already searched. At the end of the line, as the open, slat-sided truck with the four latrines on it started to pull back onto the highway, the white marshal named Frank Soracco, from Oakland, Calif., came running back. "Now listen to me!" he hollered to three Negroes on the truck. "I don't want you ridin' anybody in those toilets!"

"What's that?" one Negro said.

"You heard me," Soracco said. "Some people have been ridin' in those toilets instead of walkin'. If there's anybody in those toilets, you stay there until they get out, and if you're a half mile back, you let 'em run."

A half mile down U.S. 80 from the two oak trees in front of the Rolen School, a Negro named Frank Haralson came walking across the fields on the left. He is 62 years old, and he has lived around Trickem Fork all his life, and he walks with a cane because, after he fell off a construction job over in Tyler five years ago, they never did get his left ankle set back quite right. From the porch of the four-room cabin where he lives with his wife and the two youngest of his seven children, he had seen the marchers coming away off to the right, and now he was waiting for them under a stand of pine.

"If I educated," Frank Haralson said, "I don't know—oh, Lordy!—what I woulda been. My Daddy he put two of his girls through school, and he put me to plowin'. Then one year he had bad luck. He'd paid all his debts, and he had nine bale left, and a bale bring fifty, sixty, maybe seventy dollars, and I coulda gone to school. Then a fella burned him out, the whole nine bale, and it just an old grudge.

"But I never did get on welfare," Frank Haralson said. "I always did have a little piece of a job. The lowest I ever work was a dollar and a half a day for carpentry work, but then I work me up to two dollar. But if I educated, I just don't know. Maybe I coulda been a blueprint man.

"I tell ya," Frank Haralson said. "Around here the average man just make out. The big fish eat the little fish. I'm sixty-two now, and they still call me 'Boy.' There's a man here, and he's ninety, and they call him 'Old Man'. Around here you just go from boy to old man."

"Do you remember," the reporter said to him, "when you first heard of Martin Luther King?"

"Sure," Frank Haralson said. "In 'Fifty-five, when he started the bus boycott. I workin' there in Montgomery in a chair factory at the time. I had transportation, and I picked up many people on the streets. The people practical give up, but they hold out."

So Frank Haralson stood under one of those pine trees and waited for the first row of marchers to reach him.

When they did, he walked right out with that cane and stuck out his right hand, and a man in the middle of the front row took it.

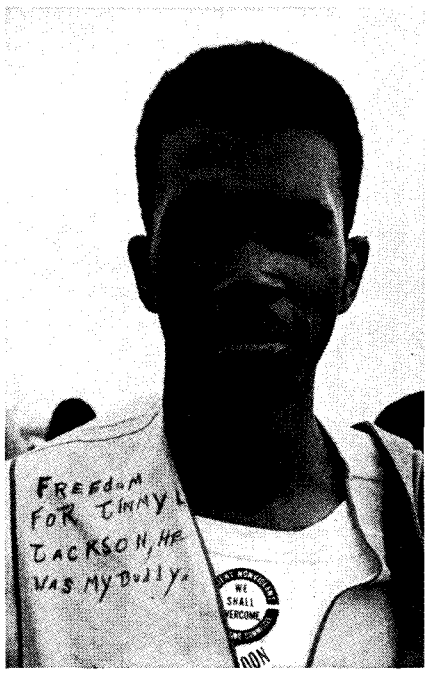
"Did you ever see Dr. Martin Luther King?" another man in the front row said to Frank Haralson.

"No, sir," Frank Haralson said.

"Well, you're shaking hands with him now," the man said.

"Oh, Lordy!" Frank Haralson said.

Then Frank Haralson, with his cane, got into the line next to Martin Luther King, and he walked the two and a half miles to the next campsite.



Marcher wears a tribute to a slain Negro.

Back near the end of the column the Rev. Sherrill Smith, a Roman Catholic priest from San Antonio, Tex., was marching, his aquiline, almost handsome face burned red by the sun, his black raincoat over his right shoulder, his breviary in his hands, his lips moving with the words: "May He not suffer your foot to slip; may He slumber not who guards you."

At seven o'clock that morning the Rev. Sherrill Smith had been standing outside the men's tent, watching the others in the chow line. The collar of his raincoat was up, and he had his hands deep in the pockets.

"How did you sleep, Father?" a reporter said to him.

"Not at all," he said, smiling. "I was near the tent flap, and it was too cold, so I got up, and I walked around and I stood by the fire."

"Are you the outdoor type?"

"Hardly," he said, smiling. "Once, with a friend, I went fishing up near Eau Claire, Wisconsin, and we caught no fish, and we slept out on the stony ground and got no sleep. I said: 'That's the last time, brother.' I was thirty then, and now I'm forty-three. Unfortunately I'm also rather fastidious, so I'd be wrong if I said this is easy."

"I want you to think about something, Father," the reporter said. "We know why the Negroes are here, and we know why some of the extreme white types are here, but I doubt that you're an extremist. When I see you again, I'd like you to tell me exactly why you're here."

"I know what you mean," he said, "and I'll give it thought."

They next saw each other during a 15-minute rest break. The Rev. Sherrill Smith was sitting on his raincoat on a grassy bank on the side of the highway. "I've been thinking," he said, "and I suppose that each of us is here because of what he is himself, and it isn't always easy to explain ourselves."

He grew up on the north side of Chicago, and was graduated from Northwestern, and in World War II he served four years in the Navy, first on an old World War I destroyer and then flying Curtiss Helldivers. After the war he was in charge of a group of women in the mail-order department of a chain store.

"I was twenty-eight," he said, "and I was sitting up all night reading theology and smoking cigarettes. I was engaged to be married, and it was a difficult decision. It was one or the other, and I broke my engagement.

"From my youth, I was a typical Northerner. I brushed shoulders with Negroes daily, but I never really saw them. While I was in service, though, we came up through Georgia, and I saw for the first time the terrible gulf between the Negro and the white man. It was like another country.

"Of course," he said, "as a priest I represent the church, and I've felt great anguish about the silence of the church in the South. We've made enough high-sounding statements, and it just seemed to me that the time had come when we should be eyeball to eyeball. As a man I've felt this keenly.

"All I know," he said, looking right at the reporter, "is that I just had to put my feet on this highway, and I just had to walk."

The marshals were blowing their whistles now, and he got back in line. One of the Negro marshals was holding up an olive-green alpaca-lined jacket.

"Whose is this?" he was shouting. "Whose is this?"

"Leave it there," the marshal named Soracco said.

"But it belongs to somebody," the other said.

"If they're stupid enough to leave it there," the marshal named Soracco said, "they don't deserve to get it back. Just leave it there."

"It's mine," a Negro girl said. "Thank you."

The next day there was a light drizzle sifting down, the earth smell coming up out of the ground when they started out again at eight o'clock. Those who did not have raincoats fashioned coverings out of clear plastic, and where they went through the Big Swamp, U.S. 80 is elevated and the National Guardsmen, in their olive-green ponchos, stood facing away from the marchers and toward the swamp and the tangle of old oaks hung with Spanish moss and the scrub growth and the dwarf palmettos.

At 9:55 the rain started, and at 10:25 the big rain hit. It hit with drops as big as quarters, pouring down on them with a great clap of sound, and coming back off the blacktop and crushed-gravel highway in a spray as high as their knees. When it hit, a short sigh went up from the marchers, and then their faces changed. Their faces seemed to fill with a joy, and their next strides to lengthen, and then their mouths opened and the cry came out: "Free-dom! Free-dom! Free-dom!"

On the cars of the state troopers and the Army Jeeps and the trucks the headlights were on, and the rain fell on the bedrolls and sleeping bags and blankets and on a maroon flannel blazer with brass buttons, all wedged between the backs of the latrines and the slatted side of the open truck. None of these things ever dried, and the clothes never dried, and the next day, when the sun came out between showers, there were the odors. There was the odor of wet clothing and of

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unwashed bodies and of opened oranges, and there was the sweet smell of the lotion they rubbed onto their burned and even blistered faces. They stepped over a brown dog, killed by a car, and over many a dead yellowhammer, which is the state bird of Alabama.

Where U.S. 80 widens out to four lanes again they became, on that fourth day, a flooding stream. New marchers poured in from the side roads, and some came out from Montgomery in cars and some in buses. They carried flags and banners. Their clothes were clean. The new white faces were unburned by the sun, and the new Negro faces were open with laughter. On the last day there were more than 25,000 marchers and, as they walked through Montgomery six abreast, they were calling to the Negro women on the old wooden porches along Oak Street.

"Come on!" one old Negro marcher was calling, waving to the women. "Come on! We're not afraid!"

At the barricades in front of the state capitol they filled the plaza of Dexter Avenue, up which, 104 years before, had moved the inaugural parade of Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederacy. From his office in the white marble capitol, George Corley Wallace, governor of Alabama, looked down through the Venetian blinds at the upturned black and white faces.

"I say to the white citizens of Alabama," the Rev. Ralph Abernathy was saying from the flatbed truck, his voice booming out of the loudspeakers, "how long can you afford the luxury? . . . This march is to give courage to the white citizens of Alabama who, for too long. . . . To the Negro citizens of Alabama, you are not an island. . . . Will you march your children to the library? Will you march yourselves to adult education centers? . . . What do we want?"

"Free-dom! Free-dom!"

"When do you want it?"

"Now!"

"We have been drenched by the rain," Martin Luther King was telling them. "Our bodies are tired . . . our feet are somewhat sore. . . . They told us we wouldn't get here. And there are those who said we would get here over dead bodies."

"Speak! Speak!" . . . "Yes, sir."

"Segregation is on its death bed in Alabama, and the only thing uncertain about it is how costly the segregationists and Wallace will make the funeral."

"Speak! Speak!" . . . "Yes, sir!"

One of those listening was Mrs. Viola Liuzzo, 39, white, a civil-rights worker from Detroit and the mother of five. In three hours she would drive a group of marchers back to Selma and then, in the light-blue 1963 car with Michigan license plates, a 19-year-old Negro named Leroy Moton riding with her, she would return along U.S. 80 toward Montgomery. As she listened now, she had five hours to live.

About 300 yards east of the two oak trees in front of the Rolen School at Trickem Fork, a dirt road runs south from the highway. Three miles down the road, in the middle of a field, 42-year-old Ella Mae Williams, which is not her name, lives with the youngest of her nine children. A Negro, she lives in a weathered three-room shack with a tin roof and no panes in the windows and no electricity, and the nearest water is a mile away.

"Is she married?" a reporter asked John W. Moorer, who was sitting in front of the fire in Ella Mae Williams's shack. John W. Moorer, also a Negro, is 65, and he lives a quarter mile across the fields, and he was wearing a pink shirt and dark-brown trousers and a brown fedora.

"No, sir," he said, shaking his head. "She ain't never been married."

"How do you support yourself and your children, Miss Williams?" the reporter asked.

She was wearing a faded lavender flannel robe and soiled white sneakers over men's socks. One sock was black and the other blue, and she had her youngest child in her arms.

"Just what I make by the day on the farm," she said, "when they hire me."

"She do hoein'," John W. Moorer said, "and she pick cotton."

"How much cotton can she pick a day?"

"Babe?" John W. Moorer said. "How much you pick?"

"A hunnerd," she said.

"That's a hundred pound," John W. Moorer said. "That get you a dollar twenty-five."

"When you pick cotton, Miss Williams, what time do you start in the morning?"

"Oh, work at six. Stop at eight."

There were two double beds in each of the two main rooms, the bedding—blankets and comforters and pillows—tumbled and faded and gray. The walls and ceilings of the rooms were covered with graying, yellowing pages from magazines, and on one page there was a picture of Ford Frick, the baseball commissioner, and on another, Charles de Gaulle. One page was titled: THESE RECIPES ARE MONEY MAKERS.

"Miss Williams," the reporter said, "what do you and your children eat?"

"Mostly fatback and bread."

"Your children who go to school, do they take their lunch?"

"Dog!" Ella Mae Williams said, raising her voice. "Shut your mouth!" A brown-and-white dog had been running around outside the shack. Now he was under it, sniffing up through a hole in the floor, and barking.

"They take their sandwich and carry their water."

"What kind of sandwich?"

"Peanut butter mostly," she said, and then, raising her voice, "Shut up your mouth, dog!"

"Do they always have sandwiches for lunch?"

"No, sir. Sometimes it be a week they don't have anything."

On top of the blankets on one of the beds there was a book. The title was *Neighbors on the Hill*, and the name Belva Ann was printed in it in pencil, and the reporter read the first paragraph: "Far out in the country, away up on a hill, there lived a boy named Dick and a little girl named Nancy. They lived in a big white farmhouse on the hilltop."

"Miss Williams," the reporter asked, "did you ever go to school?"

"Yes, sir. I went three year."

"Did you like it?"

"Yes, sir. I like it very much. Then my mamma took sick, and they couldn't keep me in the school."

"When you were young, what did you want to be?"

"I wanted to be a teacher. My teacher was Miss Mary Frances Owens, and she was just nice to the children and try to teach them everythin', and that's what I wanted to be."

"What do you hope your children will be?"

"I hope they decide to be teachers or nurses or secretaries, or whatever they like to be. I just do my best to keep 'em in the school."

"Have you heard about the Freedom March that went by Trickem Fork last week?"

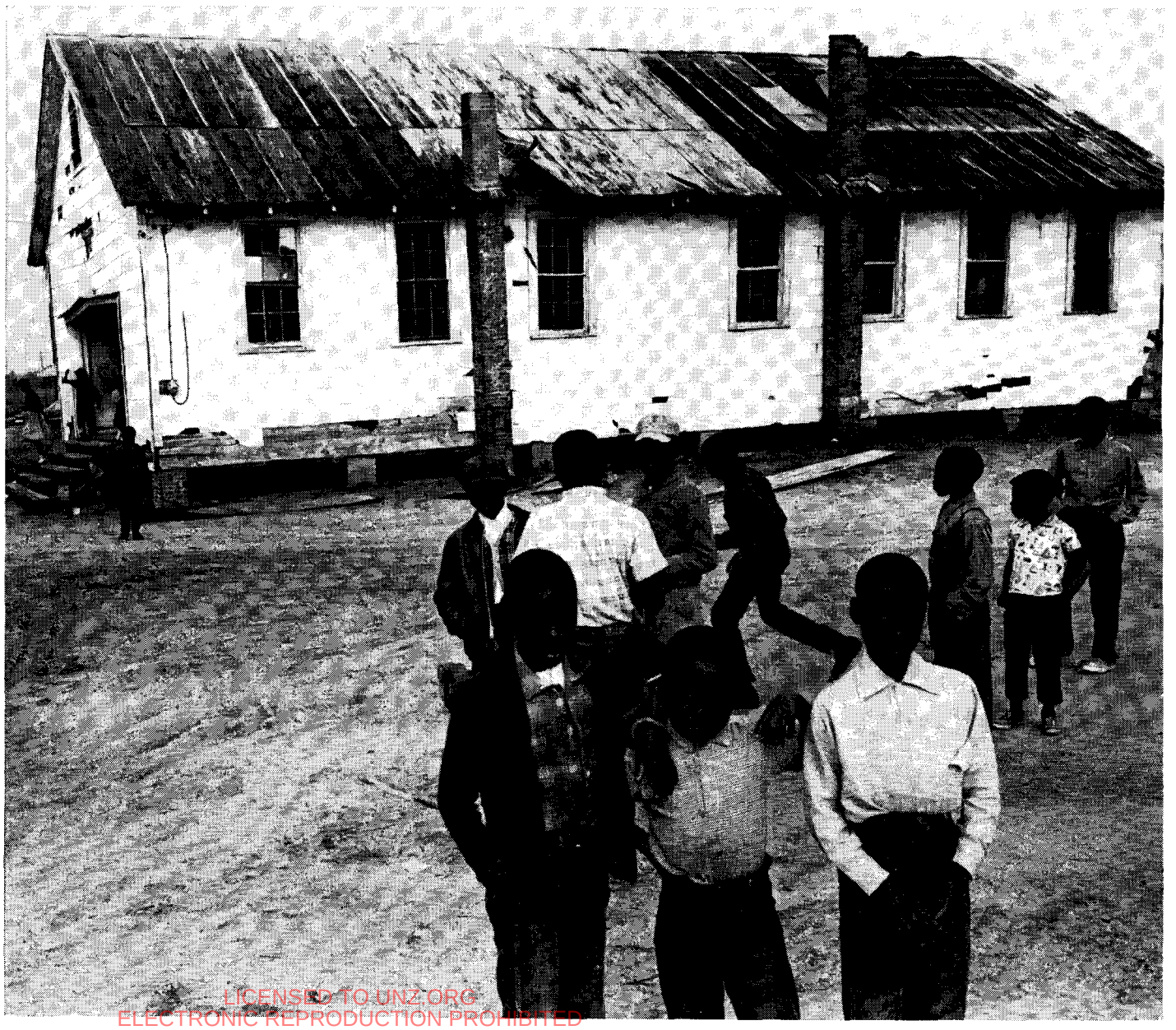
"Yes, sir. I hear about it."

"Do you know why people from all over the nation came to march here?"

"No, sir," Ella Mae Williams said. "I don't know why they march."

Jesse Favor was sitting in Mary Cosby's general store, a mile north of U.S. 80 where it passes the Trickem Fork oak trees. In Mary Cosby's general store they sell Cabin Home Corn Meal and Goody's Headache Powders and Scotch Snuff and Tampa Nugget cigars and at this time of the year they used to sit around there and talk mostly about the Trickem Eagles. The Trickem Eagles are the New York Yankees of the Lowndes County Baseball League, and Jesse Favor was the Eagles's first manager.

Youngsters dawdle outside the ramshackle Rolen School in Trickem Fork. When the civil-rights marchers came by, they failed to recognize the unmarked, neglected old building as a school.



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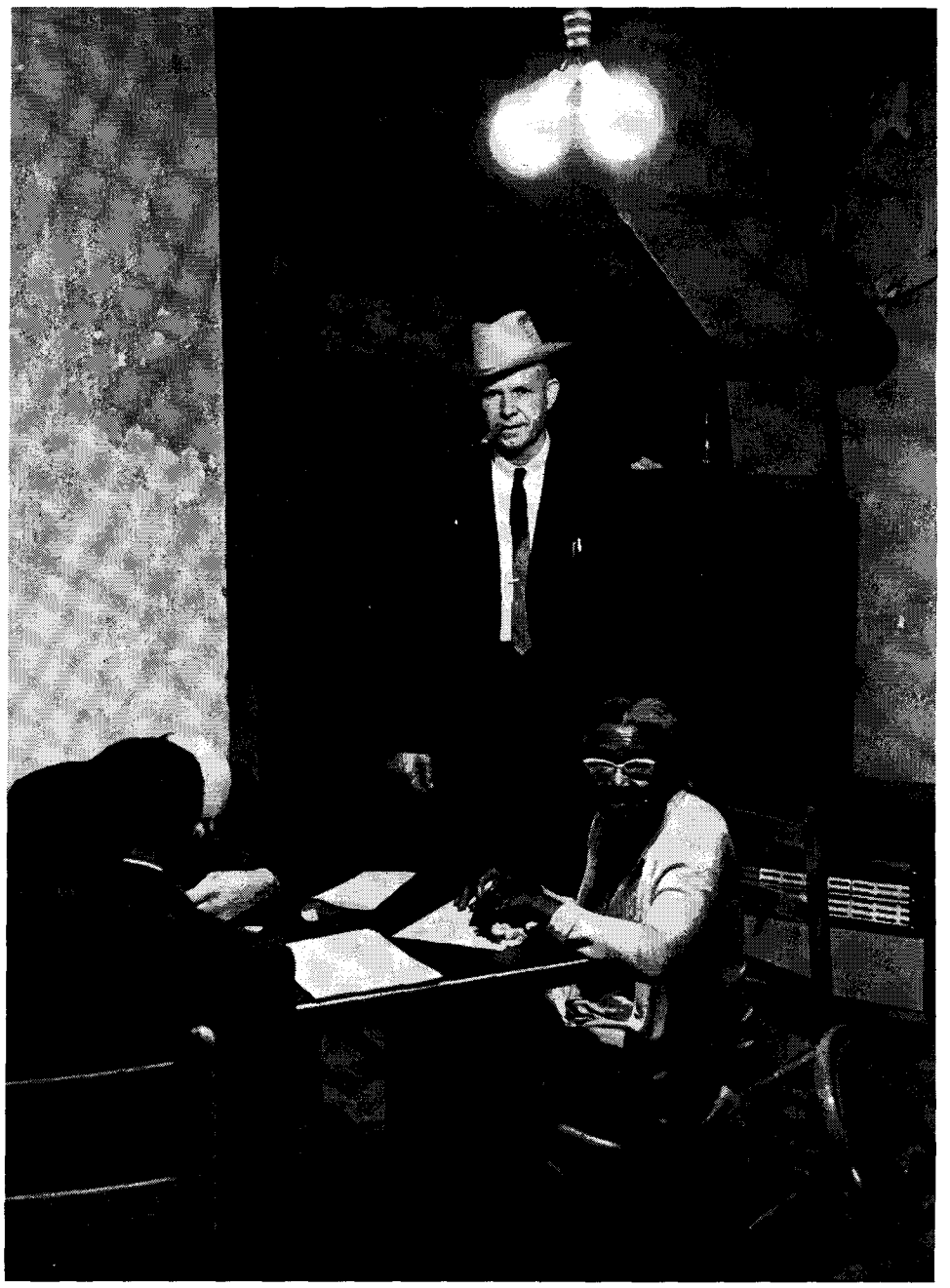

After the march, Negroes finally get a chance to register, in jailhouse at Hayneville, Ala.

What did the march accomplish? It emboldened the quiet people of Trickem Fork to register to vote.

SELMA MARCH

"I'm a guy like this," Jesse Favor was saying now, the half dozen others sitting, and standing around, and listening to him. "I always have tried to fight for what I thought. Up to now I've just been talkin', but now I got somebody behind me."

"That's right," someone said.

"You know when it come to me?" Jesse Favor was saying. "It come to me that day in February when the Reverend Bevel came out here from Selma." The Rev. James Bevel is a short, wiry, hard-faced Negro, a Baptist minister out of Dickson, Tenn. He is the Alabama project director of Dr. Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference.

"He come out here right to this store," Jesse Favor said, "and he said, 'Take me around.' There were eight people here in this store," Jesse Favor said, "and most of them just left. That made me mad."

"I remember," one of the others said.

"If just a few of us get registered," Jesse Favor said, "it won't mean much. That's why we got to get as many of the people as we can to go down."

"That's right," someone said.

Trickem Fork is in Lowndes County, and the county seat is at Hayneville, 17 miles to the southeast. In Lowndes County the Negroes outnumber the whites almost four to one, but until the week before the Freedom March not one Negro voter had been registered in Lowndes County in 65 years.

"We went down there," one of them said, "more than thirty of us, to register on the first Monday in March, and they told us one of the registrars was sick, and they didn't know where the other was. We went back on the third Monday, but they wouldn't let us in the registrar's office. You know where they had it set up to register us?"

"Where?" one of the reporters said.

"In the old jailhouse. They had the two tables set up in this room with the gallows on the left. While you're fillin' out the paper, one white man is sayin', 'I guess many a guy dropped through there.' Then another is sayin' 'I wonder if the old thing still works.'"

"And the literacy test wasn't easy," Bill Cosby said.

Bill Cosby is 35 now, and he does well. He owns 81 acres, half in cotton, and runs the general store with his wife. He finished the 10th grade and had three years of vocational training. Starting in 1948, he put in three years, nine months and 27 days in the Army, 33 months and 13 days of that time in Korea and on Okinawa. "And still can't vote," Frank Haralson said.

"They gave me hard questions," Bill Cosby said. "The first was: 'What part does the Vice President play in the Senate and the House?' The second was: 'What legal and legislative steps would the State of Alabama and the State of Mississippi have to take to combine into one state?'"

"In eight hours," Jesse Favor said, "they registered sixteen. They got to do better than that, and we got to get more out. You know, when the march stopped here the people said that for the first time they knew what it's about, and they're gonna participate. I know they mean it, because they had their own children in the march."

"They tell us," Frank Haralson said, "that we better not have the mass meetin' Sunday night."

"I heard that," Jesse Favor said, "but they always pick some weak mind to tell it to."

"I'll be there," Frank Haralson said. "Even if nobody else be there, I'll be there."

There were more than 170 of them, men, women and some children, there at seven P.M. The day before, Jesse Favor had spent four hours bringing electric cable through the siding of the Mount Gillard Baptist Church, so that the outside of the church would not be shrouded in darkness while they sat inside.

"You know how much longer this church is gonna be here?" a young Negro from the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee said, standing on the front step. "About two weeks."

"You really think so?"

"A lot of people are gonna get killed. I say, 'Get your soul ready.'"

Inside they filled the worn and scarred oak pews. In the humid air their faces glistened. Up on the platform, with the altar behind him, sat Jesse Favor, as recording secretary of the Lowndes County Christian Association for Human Rights.

"Keep your eyes on the skies. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" they were singing. "Keep your eyes on the skies."

"Now I hope," the first speaker was saying, "that tomorrow morning at eight o'clock we'll have the same number at the Lowndes County jailhouse that we have here tonight."

"I'd like to say something," someone else said. "We must have some means of communication for safety, because you never know at what hour of the night you might need help. I think we should have two-way radios, walkie-talkies, like the people on the other side have. I say this because we've had quite a few accidents along here on lonely roads where cars have been forced off the road, and people have been beaten to death and then put back in the car, and the car run off the road like it's an accident."

"Now you each have an application for voter registration," the main speaker was saying, holding up the piece of paper. "There's nothing to be afraid of. It's just as if you apply for a job. It's just a questionnaire. What is a questionnaire? Nothing but a series of questions. You take an oath. What is an oath? A sworn statement, and you don't have anything to be dishonest about. Your residence address. What does that mean? It means where you live. Length of residence. What does this mean? Not how long your cabin or house is, but how long you have been living where you live."

"I do believe," the next speaker was saying, "that somebody out there is spyin' tonight. I don't care, whoever you are. The Uncle Toms are the people we got to understand. They are scared, and we got to feel sorry for them."

"As you may be aware," said a gray-haired man, standing up off to the right, "I can't see. I went down to register, and I can read and write Braille, but the registrar can't read Braille. So I was asked one question. That's all. Then I got the paper in the mail, and it said I failed."

"All right, then. You should write to the Justice Department and tell them what happened."

"Yes, sir."

"Now, be there tomorrow, all that can, and don't be ashamed and don't be afraid. You got nothin' to be ashamed of, and I know that people in Lowndes County just don't go to mass meetings, because it just ain't safe. You're here tonight, so I know you're not afraid."

Hayneville is a quiet farming town, its streets tree-shaded, its older homes white-painted, its newer ones red-brick ranch types with white trim. The old, two-story, peaked-roofed, red-brick jail sits on a mound at the edge of town.

"Now I wanta tell you," said one of the registrars, in a dark-blue suit and white shirt and dark tie, standing on the front porch of the jail and looking down at the more than 50 Negro faces sweating in the sun and looking up at him, "that I welcome you here, because you have a right to be here."

"Yes!" they said, all in one voice.

It was 9:50 in the morning, and some

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of them had been there since 7:30. They had come with their children packed into their cars, and some by truck, and most were wearing Sunday clothes.

"Now you have a right to make your application for registration," the registrar was saying. The other one, in a brown fedora and green zipper jacket, was standing up on the porch with him, along with the deputy sheriff, and nodding. "That's the law, and we live by the law here. If there are any outsiders here, from Selma or anywhere, they're not gonna help you a bit. You don't need 'em, because we're here to respect your rights. Now, there are only two of us here, and we're gonna process you as fast as we can. How long it takes depends on you. We had one here last time took an hour and forty minutes. That's not our fault."

"And if any of you have a record," the registrar in the five-gallon hat said, "if you've been in the pen, forget it. You're wastin' your time and our time. That's the law."

"I'm a sergeant in the United States Army," a Negro said. "Can't you get more people to make the registrations? I mean, you only got two. . . ."

"Look," the registrar in the blue suit said. "We don't get paid much for this job, and I have to leave my own business, and I'd much rather be there. I'm here because you're here. . . ."

"But some of these people been here since seven-thirty. They got work to do too. When does this start?"

"It starts," the registrar said, "when you're finished askin' questions."

They registered them four at a time at two tables in the bare, damp, 15-by-15-foot room with the three barred windows and the steps leading up to the gallows on the left. One of them was Mrs. Fannie Robertson, who is white-haired and wears glasses and was born in Lowndes County 76 years ago.

"Now, that's the oath you take," one registrar was saying, pointing to the paragraph on the paper. "Be sure you read it before you sign it."

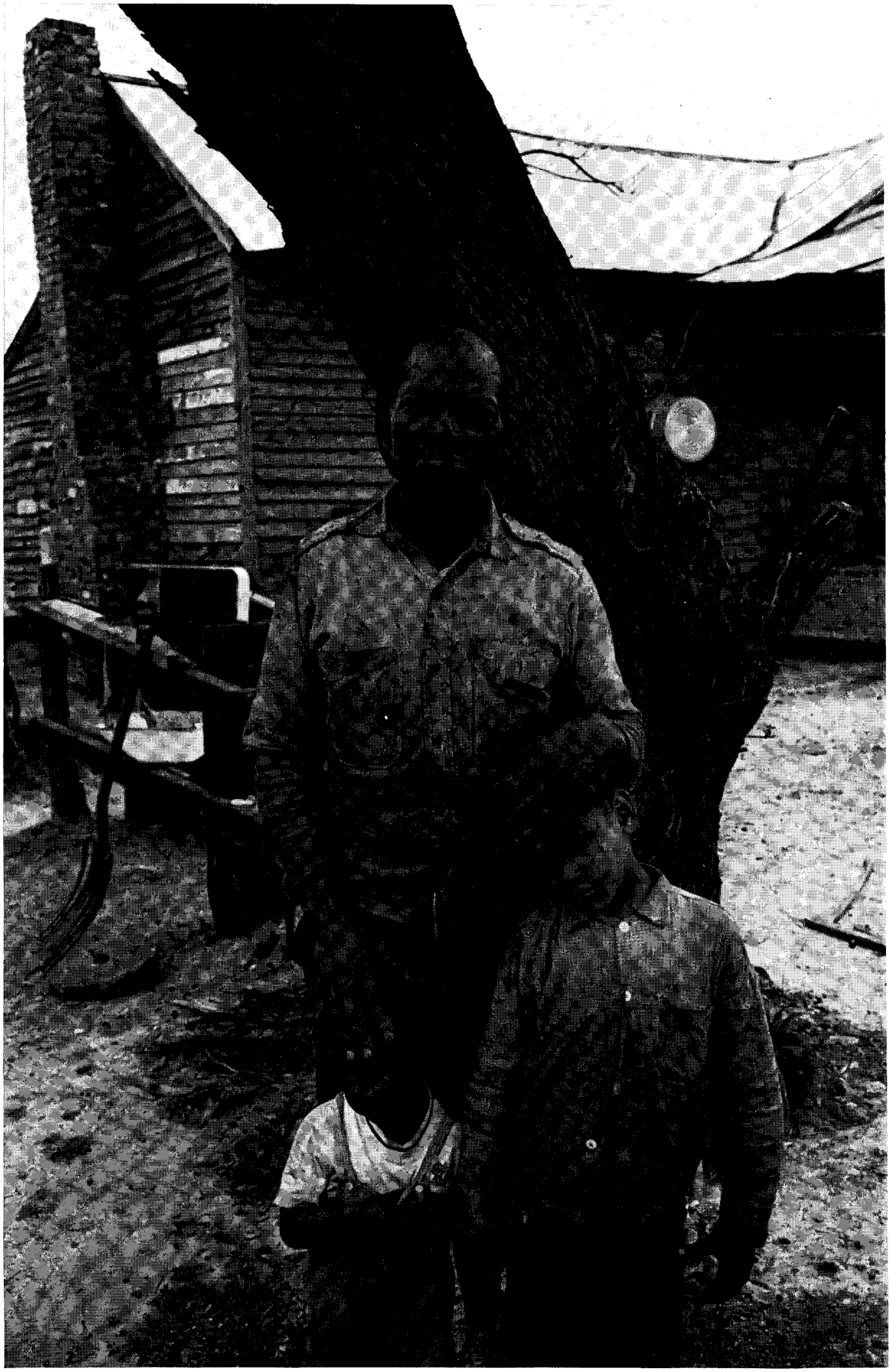
"Yes, sir."

Mrs. Fannie Robertson has seven children and 19 grandchildren and two great grandchildren. She read slowly, following the words with the index finger of her left hand, her head nodding with each word.

"It were hard," she said later, standing outside with the others, "but when they say everybody can vote in the county, I thought I better try it too. I pays my taxes and everythin'."

"Right," somebody else said.

Just west of where the road from Hayneville joins U.S. 80 at Lowndesboro, the country is gently rolling and, where the marchers had come, one hill looks like another. Already it was difficult to find again the spot, at the right of the highway leading toward Montgomery, where Mrs. Viola Liuzzo was shot and killed the night of the last day of the march. The wheel tracks, left by the car where it went off the road, had weathered and become indistinct, and the grass was growing in them again. The four-strand barbed-wire fence, straddled by the car, had been put back up again, but where the wheel tracks ended someone had placed in the grass, under the bottom strand of barbed wire, a bouquet of now faded pink flowers. □



Frank Haralson, still called "Boy" at 62, stands outside his cabin in Trickem Fork. A cripple, he joined the march when it came by his place and walked two and a half miles.

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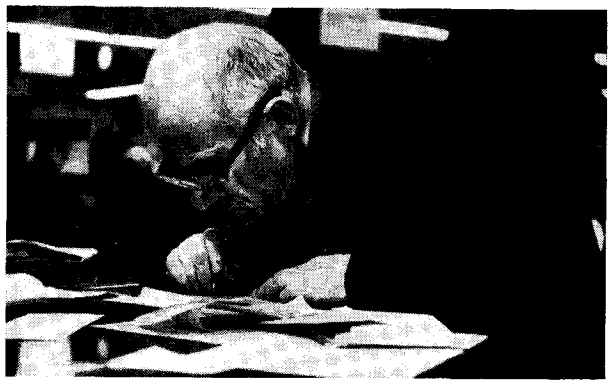
Editorial



Postmortem on April 15

By now the acute pain has turned to a general numbness, but the taxes have been paid. The small but cherished savings account has been ravaged, the plan to buy a new kitchen stove has been postponed, and the doctors' bills will have to wait for a while, but the taxes have been paid. We are in favor of the Great Society, if it really means better housing, better schools, more hospitals and more jobs, and we are prepared to pay our share for the creation of a better America. But we fail to see why every April 15 must be a day of disorder and despair. Now that the annual bloodletting is over, there is no reason for the Administration or the Congress to assume that our continuing need for tax reform has been solved. It hasn't been and it should be.

We are not concerned here with the intricacies of depletion allowances and accelerated write-offs, nor do we have any master blueprint for reform. But we do have some grievances that we think are shared by millions of others who have to pay for the Great Society.

1. The basic law is simply too complicated. By now it is a volume over 1,000 pages thick and virtually incomprehensible to anyone without a doctoral degree in jurisprudence. And although the tax writers have done wonders in translating this volume into the relative brevity of Form 1040, that form nonetheless represents a kind of cruel and unusual punishment. And for anyone who has to use the additional Schedules A, B, C, D, E, F and G it is pure torture. The complexity of the tax law means that the ordinary citizen not only has to pay heavily but has to devote hours of unpaid labor to figuring out what he owes. And the odds are good that he won't figure it out right.

2. Withholding taxes should be more closely aligned with actual taxes. Last year they were reduced from a standard 18 percent to a standard 14 percent in anticipation of a tax reduction that won't take full effect until the end of this year. The immediate effect last year was to leave the taxpayers an additional $14 billion in buying power, which has contributed to the nation's continuing prosperity. The more recent effect, however, was that an estimated six million taxpayers found themselves stuck with the bill last April 15. We wouldn't want to suggest that this was done to keep the boom going through the last election—Lyndon Johnson himself, as it turned out, had to borrow to pay his taxes—but we do suggest that any serious discrepancy between withholding taxes and actual taxes works a major hardship on the unwitting taxpayer.

3. Deductions for ordinary citizens ought to be higher. The standard $600 for each child, for instance, once bore some relationship to the expense of raising a child, but the deduction hasn't changed since the year 1948. Trying to raise a child on $600 a year nowadays is about like trying to get a two-cent newspaper or a nickel cup of coffee. Commuting, too, may not have loomed large when the income-tax law was devised in 1913, but today the expense of commuting is just as essential to earning one's living as deductible items like union dues, special equipment and training fees. When it comes to the taxpayer's health, the authorities have decided that it is normal and nondeductible to spend three percent of your income on medical expenses. But isn't a taxpayer's health also an essential condition of his ability to earn a living? Increasing such deductions would naturally reduce tax revenues, which would have to be raised elsewhere, but we think reform along these lines would benefit the ordinary taxpayer far more than the percentage reductions now being put into effect.

This is not, as we have said, a blueprint for reform. It is simply a series of suggestions for change—and a declaration that further change is needed. It is too easy for the Government to accept the present tax structure as an insoluble tangle, just as it is too easy for citizens to acquire the idea that they are justified in any cheating they can get away with. No government truly represents its people—as the founders of this country proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence—unless the people understand and support the tax system by which they pay for their society.

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